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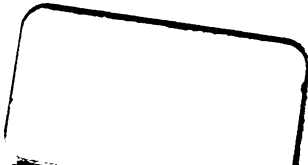
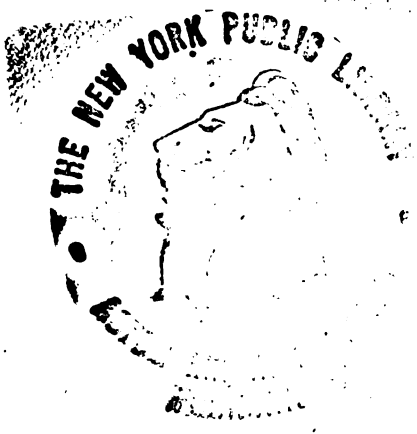
From Atlanta to the sea

# FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA



BYRON A. DUNN

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**FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA**

**THE YOUNG KENTUCKIANS  
SERIES**

**BY**

**BYRON A. DUNN**

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**GENERAL NELSON'S SCOUT  
ON GENERAL THOMAS'S STAFF  
BATTLING FOR ATLANTA  
FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA  
RAIDING WITH MORGAN**

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CHICAGO**







HUGH REVIEWS THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The Young Kentuckians Series

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# From Atlanta to the Sea

BY

Byron A. Dunn

Author of "General Nelson's Scout,"

"On General Thomas's Staff,"

"Raiding with Morgan,"

"Battling for Atlanta"

FIFTH EDITION



Chicago  
A. C. McClurg & Co.

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**The Lakeside Press**  
**R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY**  
**CHICAGO**

**To J. M. G. CARTER, M.D.**

**OF WAUKEGAN, ILL.**

**WHO AS A SOLDIER BOY MARCHED WITH SHERMAN**

**FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA**

**THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**



## PREFACE.

This, the fourth volume of "The Young Kentuckians Series," deals with the march of Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea, with Hood's campaign in Tennessee, with Sherman's raid through the Carolinas and with the closing scenes of the war.

While flavoring the story with a spice of romance, the author has been careful never to sacrifice truth to partisanship. So far as these tales depict the young hero's joys and sorrows, his wooing and his wedding, their object is to entertain; but so far as they depict important events in the war, their aim is to instruct.

In the present volume, many even of the minor incidents are true, except as regards the names of the actors. It was not Fred Shackelford, but Captain Duncan of General Howard's scouts, that brought to the fleet the news of Sherman's approach; the name of the officer who rallied the stragglers to save the train on Franklin Pike was not Hugh Raymond, but Major Steele, of General Stanley's staff; nor was it Hugh, but Colonel J. S. Fullerton, that saw to the passage of the corps over the river after the battle of Franklin; it is true that a Confederate officer stood alone in front of the Federal Army, calling to his retreating troops, and

then galloped back unscathed, though his name was probably not Cal Pennington; the name of the young lady who tried to rally the panic-stricken Confederates at Nashville was Mary Bradford; Fred's exploit with the canister shot, and the incident of the "lie detector," are substantially true, except as regards names, and the tragic story of the death of Annie Pickens is true, both as regards name and circumstances.

Some day the author may add to this series a fifth volume, detailing the adventures of Calhoun Pennington as a raider with Morgan, the story to be written from the Confederate standpoint.

BYRON A. DUNN.

WAUKEGAN, ILL., June, 1901.

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# FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### AN INTERRUPTED FURLOUGH.

**O**N the morning of October 2, 1864, a train of cars, to which was attached a wheezy engine, drew out of the station at Atlanta, Georgia, bound for Chattanooga, Tennessee. The train consisted entirely of box-cars, except the rear car, which was a dilapidated passenger-coach. The box-cars were crowded with human freight, feeble, pallid soldiers who lay on their blankets on the hard floor, but uncomplaining and happy, for were they not on their way to the North, "God's country," as they called it?

The passenger-coach was well filled, mostly with officers, on their way North on furlough. There were several ladies among the passengers, wives of officers with the exception of one, and this one deserves more than a passing notice. She was young, not over twenty years of age, and very beautiful. Her shapely head was crowned with a wealth of red-gold hair, her eyes were of a deep blue; tender, melting eyes, but containing a hidden

fire that could flash forth hatred and scorn. Her nose was Grecian, her mouth sensitive, but firm. Many were the admiring looks flashed upon her, and more than one heart was envious of the young Federal officer who sat by her side.

He was a captain, bronzed from the exposure of many campaigns, and would readily have passed for three-and-twenty, though he was no older than his fair companion. So much did they resemble each other, they were generally taken for brother and sister, but in reality they were cousins.

The officer was Captain Frederic Shackelford, chief of General Sherman's scouts, a young Kentuckian who had greatly distinguished himself by his bravery and dexterity. He had been captured on the Stoneman raid, but had escaped from a Confederate prison pen, and after wandering through Georgia for a month, had found his way into the Federal lines at Atlanta. He was now on his way North on a short furlough.

His cousin, Kate Shackelford, was a resident of Nashville, Tennessee. She had been South to nurse her father, who was a colonel in the Confederate army, and who had been severely wounded in one of the early battles of the Atlanta campaign. She had been passed through the lines at Atlanta, and was now on her way home. Kate was as intensely Confederate as her cousin was Union, and although she declared she hated the sight of a Yankee, they were the best of friends.

As they passed slowly along—for the train

merely crawled—Fred, as we shall call the young captain, pointed out to his cousin the points of interest, and told her how the army had fought over every foot of ground. When Kenesaw Mountain was reached, the Stars and Stripes were proudly floating from its summit, and Fred spoke with kindling eye of the fierce battles which raged around its base for two weeks, of the thousands who fell, and at last, how Johnston had to give up his stronghold.

“And you think that rag will always float there, do you?” asked Kate, with scorn, as she pointed at the waving flag.

“Certainly,” answered Fred, in a matter-of-fact tone.

“It will come down! It will come down!” she cried, excitedly, “and that before many days.”

Fred smiled. “What makes you think so, Coz?” he asked.

“Because it will not be long before Sherman will be scurrying back with his army,” she answered.

“Here is where Andrews stole the engine,” said Fred, as Big Shanty was reached.

“Hanged, wasn’t he?” asked Kate.

“Yes, and it was a great pity. He was a brave man. That escapade was one of the most thrilling that have occurred during the war.”

“Pity!” Kate retorted. “It’s a pity they were not all hanged, every one of them.”

At Allatoona Kate noticed the immense pile of commissary stores collected there, and remarked,

with a sigh, "Oh that our hungry soldiers had them! Wouldn't it be jolly, though," she continued, with animation, "if Hood should come and take these rations?"

"No danger of that, Kate," replied Fred.

Little did he think that in less than three days he would be in the midst of the fire and smoke of battle, defending those very stores from capture.

As the train drew up at the station in the little village of Kingston, Fred noticed an excited group of officers and soldiers standing on the platform, all talking at once and gesticulating fiercely.

"I wonder what the excitement is," he exclaimed. "I reckon I will step out and see."

Just then the conductor came through the car, shouting: "The train will go no farther!"

"Why, conductor, what's the matter?" the passengers all asked at the same time.

"Matter!" answered the official, with a growl, "matter enough. The bridge over the Oostanaula at Resaca is washed away, and what is worse, Wheeler is reported on the road at Dalton raising particular hell."

"Then we are stuck here!" exclaimed Fred.

"Stuck! I should say we are. It may be days before we see Chattanooga."

Fred uttered a low whistle. "What do you think of that, Kate?" he asked, turning to his cousin.

But to his surprise that young lady did not appear to be cast down by the news. Instead of

that, she was clapping her hands and crying, "Good! Good!"

"Why, Kate, what do you mean?" stammered Fred; "we may be detained here for days."

"What do I care? I hope Wheeler will destroy every mile of your old railroad. It means starvation for your army; it means Sherman will have to get back from Atlanta."

"But, Kate, what will you do? As for Sherman, he will take care of himself. It makes little difference if my furlough is cut short, I can go back to Atlanta. But, Kate, you can't stay here, and I doubt if I can even get permission for you to return with me."

"I don't want to return," pouted Kate; "I ask no favors of General Sherman, nor will I have you ask any for me."

Fred was nonplussed, although he could not but admire the spirit of the girl. At last he asked, despairingly, "Kate, what can I do with you?"

"How far are we from Rome?" she asked.

"Not far. Why do you ask?"

"I have a friend there, a Miss Olive Arnold. I think she is there now, that is, if Sherman has not served the citizens of Rome the same way he has served those of Atlanta—driven them all out."

"No," replied Fred, "there has been no such order issued relative to Rome."

"Wonderful! Why this clemency on the part of Sherman? But, Fred, see if you cannot get me to Rome."



"All right, I will see what I can do."

Fred went out to investigate, and he found the rumors most alarming. The report was that Wheeler had captured Dalton and destroyed miles of railroad. He also found that the train had been ordered to Rome, so that the sick and wounded soldiers on board could be cared for.

Fred came back and reported to Kate that she was in luck, for the train had been ordered to Rome, and to Rome they would go.

That city was reached without incident, and to Kate's delight she found her friend, who gave her a joyful welcome.

"Oh, Kate, you don't know how glad I am to see you," exclaimed Miss Arnold, after they had hugged and kissed each other, as girls will when they meet. "I have heard nothing from the outside world while the Yankees have been here."

Kate now introduced Fred as her cousin. Miss Arnold looked at him in surprise. "Your cousin!" she exclaimed; "and in the Yankee army?"

"Yes. Fred is a disgrace to the Shackelfords, but we have to put up with him."

"Put up with him!" answered Miss Arnold, contemptuously, "why, he is worse than a Yankee."

"Thank you, for your kind opinion," answered Fred, coolly. "But I will relieve you of my disagreeable company as I wish to report to General Corse."

Miss Arnold flushed, and excused herself, saying that Fred would be very welcome to stay as

long as Kate was there, but that it surprised her very much to know that Kate had a cousin in the Federal army.

Fred accepted the apology, and went to pay his respects to General Corse, who was in command at Rome.

No sooner was he gone than Miss Arnold exclaimed in distress, "Oh, Kate, I am afraid I have offended him, but I was so surprised. What a pity! He is just splendid looking. Why, Kate, come to think about it, he looks like you; how can you bear his being in the Yankee army?"

"We do hate it. It has nearly broken all our hearts, especially his father's. Olive, don't you know he is a son of General Richard Shackelford?"

"You don't say so? How in the world did he join the Yankees?"

"Well, you see, he is a Kentuckian, and Kentucky is badly divided; then his mother was a Northern woman."

"That accounts for it," replied Miss Arnold, with a wise look; "if Southern gentlemen will go North for abolition wives, they should not be surprised if their children turn out traitors. If Captain Shackelford were a Georgian, handsome as he is, he would be ostracized, considered worse than a nigger."

"In Kentucky it is different," replied Kate. "Fred is one of the noblest fellows alive. He got me out of a Northern prison once."

"Oh, Kate!" cried Miss Arnold; "you must tell me about it. I do love a romance."

Leaving Kate to tell her friend the romance, we will follow Fred.

The first thing he did was to telegraph General Sherman, telling him of his whereabouts. The reply that he received surprised him. It was:

"It is reported that Hood is across the Chattahoochee, with at least two corps of his army. Come—"

Here the dispatch abruptly ceased.

"Line cut," said the operator, looking up; "there is the devil to pay below as well as above."

In a few moments telegrams began to pour in from Allatoona, saying that the rebels were on the railroad between that place and Kenesaw Mountain, and that all communications with Atlanta had been cut off. Fred at once made his way to General Corse's headquarters, and reported.

"I am glad to see you, Captain," said the general. "On Sherman's staff, did you say?"

"Yes, his chief of scouts. I was on my way to Nashville on a short leave of absence, but find myself cut off by the break in the road above Resaca."

"Yes, and now the rebels are on the road below Allatoona. Hell seems to be breaking loose all around."

"Do you really believe, General, that Hood is making a raid to the rear in force?" asked Fred.

"It looks like it. He may be after those rations at Allatoona, or he may be aiming for this place."

"I can hardly see," replied Fred, "how Hood can escape if he should move directly in Sherman's rear. It seems like madness, to me, that he should make such a move."

"Boldness wins sometimes," answered the general. "Sherman will be loth to move back from Atlanta, and may let Hood get too much of a start. It may be lively around here in a day or two."

"Well, General, all I can do is to await developments. If I can be of any service to you, let me know."

"Thank you, Captain, I shall be pleased to do so."

Fred lost no time in returning to Kate and telling her the situation. She fairly beamed with delight.

"What did I tell you?" she cried; "Sherman's army will be coming back like a drove of sheep before long."

"Hurrah!" shouted Miss Arnold, jumping up, and waltzing across the floor.

"You ladies seem to be excited," laughed Fred; "Kate won't feel so jolly if she is penned up here a month or two."

"Oh! I can afford to wait that long, and make a triumphant entry into Nashville with General Hood."

"And with me bound to your chariot wheel as a captive," replied Fred; "or will it be Captain Raymond who will have that distinguished honor?"

"Come to think about it, it will be Captain

Raymond," retorted Kate; "it may take some of the conceit out of him. As for you, I will turn you over to the tender mercies of Miss Arnold."

"He needn't expect any mercy from me," exclaimed that young lady, with a toss of her head.

"To be a captive to such a lovely being as you," gallantly responded Fred, "would reconcile me to almost any fate."

Miss Arnold blushed, tried to look angry, but ended with looking pleased.

"Oh, what flattery!" laughed Kate. "Olive, beware of him, Yankees are dangerous."

"Especially one, Captain Raymond," replied Fred, solemnly.

It was Kate's turn to blush, but before she could retort, Fred continued: "Much as I regret it, ladies, I must tear myself from your presence; it is very important that I should keep informed of the latest news."

"Isn't he just splendid," whispered Miss Arnold to Kate, as Fred went out.

"Who?" asked Kate, abstractedly.

"Why, your cousin, Captain Shackelford, who else could I be talking about? It's a pity he is a Yankee. But, Kate, who is Captain Raymond?"

"Another Yankee," answered Kate, shortly.

"Kate Shackelford," cried Miss Arnold, jumping up in her excitement, "I believe you are in love with Captain Raymond."

"And I believe you are a goose. This Captain Raymond is a silly boy who imagines he is in love

with me, and Fred likes to tease me about him. But, Olive, I would not vouch for you, if Fred were around long. Those blushes of yours are, to say the least, very suspicious."

The girls looked at each other for a moment, and then both commenced to laugh. Just then a servant came in and handed Miss Arnold a card. She glanced at it, and said: "Kate, you will have to excuse me for a moment; one of those abominable Yankee officers has called."

A moment afterwards, Kate heard her, with every evidence of pleasure, welcoming a fine-looking Federal major.

"What hypocrites we girls are," sighed Kate, as she went to her room.

When Fred went out he found the wildest rumors afloat. Many would have it that General Hood, with his whole army, was marching on the city, but the scouts sent out by General Corse reported no Confederate force near.

So the day and night passed; but the next day a telegram came, ordering General Corse to take a brigade and hasten to Allatoona with all speed. Just at that moment Fred came in and found the general all excitement.

"Captain," he cried, "I have just heard from General Sherman. I am ordered to take a brigade, and proceed to Allatoona with all possible speed; the rebels are marching on the place in force, and it may be attacked at any moment."

"Why, General!" exclaimed Fred, "I thought

there were no telegraphic communications with Atlanta."

"Neither are there, the order was signaled from the top of Kenesaw, over the heads of the rebel army to Allatoona. From there it was telegraphed. There are nearly two million rations at Allatoona, and only seven or eight hundred men to guard them. It will be a sad blow to Sherman if they should be destroyed."

"Is it possible," asked Fred, "that those rations are in danger, and Sherman not in striking distance?"

"So it seems," replied the general, "for all my telegrams from Allatoona report the country around Big Shanty just swarming with rebels, and a large force marching north from that place. General Sherman would hardly have signaled to me to reinforce Allatoona if he had any hope of succoring it from Atlanta."

"It looks like it," answered Fred; "but, as I said, I cannot understand how Hood can be near Allatoona with his whole army, and Sherman not near enough to give battle. But from what you say, if Allatoona is to be saved, you must save it. General, I should like to go with you."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Consider yourself as one of my aides. I shall start as soon as I can get a train here, but that is the misery of it. There are only two engines between Resaca and Allatoona; the roadbed is, also, in a horrible condition from the incessant rains. A train is liable

to be ditched at any moment. The outlook is anything but favorable."

"I am sorry to hear it, General, but I shall be ready." So saying Fred hastened back to Kate, to tell her of the new arrangement.

"Hood marching on Allatoona," she cried; "that's where we saw all those rations, is it not?"

"Yes."

"And Hood will get them! Hood will get them!" she exclaimed, joyfully, clapping her hands. Our poor soldiers will have a feast. Oh, I am so glad!"

Fred looked amused. "Kate," he said, "you talk as if Hood had those rations already. With General Corse there, if he get them at all, it will be after a bloody fight. This may be only a scare; I may be back in a day or two. But," and his air grew serious, "if anything should happen to me, Kate, you have papers and passes which will take you to Nashville. Go there as soon as the road is opened; that is, if I do not come for you. But you had better remain here until you hear from me, or of me."

Kate's levity was all gone. "Must you really go?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Yes, Kate."

"But why? You don't belong to this command. Then," and she brightened up, "you have a leave of absence in your pocket; they can't make you fight. Oh, Fred, don't go!"

"Kate, no true soldier will shirk his duty. It is only a coward who is driven into a battle. So,



good-bye, Kate. Good-bye, Miss Arnold. Take good care of Kate, and I will see that that major of yours comes to no harm."

"What in the world do you know of Major Spaulding?" asked Miss Arnold, in surprise.

"I have met him," said Fred. "I am afraid another Yankee has been made captive. But I must be going, so, once more, good-bye."

As Kate looked after him, her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed: "Oh, how I hate to see him go!"

"You seem to feel as badly as if Captain Shackelford were your brother," said Miss Arnold.

"He is a brother to me, the only one I have. My only brother was killed at Perryville."

"And my brother, Ned, fell at Sharpsburg. Oh, Kate, what misery this war has brought! Is it any wonder we hate the Yankees?"

"Do you hate every one of them, Olive? How is it with Major Spaulding?"

"The major is nice—that is, for a Yankee. But, my sakes, Kate, a girl must have a few admirers. All our young men are in the army, and I have to take up with Yankees or go without."

"I have often said," answered Kate, "that I would rather die than marry a Yankee."

"Well," replied Miss Arnold, "if it comes to death or Major Spaulding, I—I—I reckon I would prefer the major; and Kate, if it came to death or that Captain Raymond, you would take the captain, now, wouldn't you?"

"You may think so," replied Kate, a little sarcastically; "but," she continued, as if anxious to change the subject, "what a glorious thing it would be if Hood should take this place, and then go and capture Nashville. I could almost marry a Yankee, to see the flag of the South float from the dome of our capitol once more. But what is that?"

Both girls ran to the window. A regiment was marching by, with colors flying and music playing.

"They are going to the depot," said Miss Arnold. "See how careless they look, and how merry they are; yet they may be going to their death."

Kate shuddered, but said nothing.

"Oh! There is Major Spaulding," suddenly cried Miss Arnold; "he is saluting us"; and she returned the salute.

The girls watched until all the soldiers had passed, and then returned to their seats, but they were no longer gay; the thought that those soldiers were going forth to battle oppressed them, even if they were enemies.

Just as Fred reported to General Corse, a telegram was placed in the general's hands. He read it, and uttered a smothered curse.

"Twenty cars off the track this side of Kingston!" he exclaimed. "Great God! must we fail?" And he telegraphed back: "Move heaven and earth to get as many cars on the track as possible, and then come on."

For the next few hours General Corse was like a caged lion. Telegrams from Allatoona came thick

and fast. "Big Shanty, Ackworth are in the rebels' hands," they read, "and their little garrisons captured. The smoke of the burning railroad ties can be seen for miles, and it is creeping nearer and nearer. A portion of the rebel army, at least, are making for this place. Hurry, hurry, or it will be too late."

But hour after hour passed, and still no train. It was dark before the shrill whistle of the engine was heard in the distance; the train was coming. The soldiers raised a mighty cheer; they would yet reach Allatoona in time.

At last the wheezy little engine came puffing in, but it was not dragging cars enough to carry half the brigade. No more could be placed back on the track.

"I will go with as many men as I can take," cried the general; "the train can then come back for the rest."

There was barely transportation enough for a thousand men. Every one of them knew that this little band would probably have to meet the whole of Hood's army, but not a man wavered. Instead there was a strife among the regiments for the privilege of going. Those who were chosen jeered at those who were left, and those who were left bemoaned the fate which prevented them from going.

"The roadbed is in a horrible condition," said the officer in charge of the train to General Corse, "and we can only creep. It will be almost a miracle if we get there at all."

Exactly ten hundred and fifty-four men were crowded on the train—a demi-brigade, under the command of Colonel Richard Rowett. Amid the cheers of their comrades who were left, and cries of, "We will follow you," the train moved slowly away into the darkness of an October night. General Corse looked at his watch. It was just half past eight.

"We ought to be there in two hours," he said; "it is only thirty-five miles."

"It will be nearer six hours, if we get there at all," answered the conductor.

To the anxious soldiers, the train seemed scarcely to crawl, but at last, Kingston was reached without accident.

"Hurry! for God's sake, hurry!" was the telegram they received at Kingston. "Our outposts are already being driven in."

"On!" cried Corse, and the train once more began to crawl through the darkness.

"Can't you run faster?" asked the impatient general of the conductor.

"Impossible," was the reply. "The roadbed is simply a quagmire. Even at the speed we are running, we are liable to run off the track. General, I will land you at Allatoona some time to-night if you let me have my own way. Command me to run faster, and all may be lost."

"Have your own way," groaned the general.

Cartersville, at last. "All safe yet, but continued picket firing," was the word from Allatoona.

General Corse began to take courage. "Boys, we may be in time yet," he cried.

The Etowah was reached. They found the guards at the bridge standing at arms, fearful of an attack from rebel cavalry, but they reported, "All quiet."

The train now entered the Allatoona hills, and the utmost caution had to be used. For aught they knew, they might run into the enemy's lines at any moment. The few miles were slowly passed, but at last, Allatoona was near.

"Hark!" said Fred, suddenly.

They all listened intently. Above the rumbling of the train, the dull, heavy boom of cannon was heard.

"That is beyond Allatoona," said the general; "they must be bombarding one of the blockhouses south of the place."

"It may be the advance of Sherman's army," suggested one of the officers.

Well would it have been for those soldiers if it had been; but the salvation of Allatoona depended, not on Sherman, but on their strong arms and brave hearts.

The train came to a stand just before the forts were reached. To the south, the faint sputtering of musketry could be heard, but it was picket firing; there had been no general attack.

"Thank God, we are in time," said the general. Fred looked at his watch. It was just one o'clock in the morning of October 5th. They had been

four hours and a half in coming the thirty-five miles. "Go back for the rest of the brigade," said General Corse to the conductor, "and bring them up as soon as you can."

The train slowly moved back into the darkness, and a curve in the road soon hid its headlight. But its work was done. Before it reached Rome it ran off the track, and Allatoona had to be saved by the soldiers it had already brought.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOLD THE FORT.

**T**HE Allatoona Mountains are a succession of rough, wooded hills, thrown together carelessly, as from the hand of some giant sower. The little hamlet of Allatoona is situated at the southern end of a deep cut where the railroad passes through one of the highest of the hills. This cut is some sixty-five or seventy feet deep, with sides almost perpendicular, and renders passage from one side of the railroad to the other almost impossible.

When General Sherman forced Johnston to evacuate this natural stronghold, by his flank movement through Dallas, he saw the advantage of the place, and ordered it to be fortified, and made it a depot of supplies. Captain O. M. Poe, General McPherson's chief engineer, laid out the plan of two forts, one on each side of the track. There was also quite an extensive line of earthworks marked out, but these were never fully completed.

The post was placed in command of Colonel George C. Rogers of the Fifteenth Illinois, with orders to build the forts as planned by Captain Poe. Colonel Rogers found that the plans called for but four embrasures for cannon in each fort. If the forts were attacked from the rear, or from the flank,

not a cannon could be brought to bear upon the foe, neither could the forts aid each other. Colonel Rogers saw the defect in the plans, and asked General McPherson that he might be permitted to change them.

"Colonel," replied McPherson, "put as many embrasures in those forts as you wish."

Colonel Rogers constructed the forts with two embrasures on each side.

He built better than he thought.

When Allatoona was attacked, the main charge of the enemy came from the rear, and the embrasures facing north and west saved the forts from capture.

But the two forts were separated by the deep cut spoken of. If attacked, they would be as incapable of reinforcing each other as if a hundred miles apart. Colonel Rogers saw the danger, but he had no orders to build a bridge, nor was he furnished with any plans for one, and to span the deep chasm with a suspension bridge would be no slight engineering feat.

One day a private soldier of the regiment came to Colonel Rogers, and said: "Colonel, this cut should be spanned by at least a foot-bridge. In case of an attack, it would be utterly impossible, without a bridge, to reinforce one fort from the other."

"I know it," replied the colonel, "but I have no orders to build a bridge, nor have any plans of one been furnished, so I guess we shall have to let it go."



"Colonel," replied the soldier, eagerly, "give me permission to build one; I can do it."

"Go ahead," replied the colonel, and he gave the necessary orders to that effect.

With no tools but axes, saws, and hammers, this soldier went to work, and in time, a foot-bridge, rough but safe and sound, and a marvel of ingenuity, was thrown across the chasm. This bridge, which had not been thought necessary, or had been overlooked by the engineer of the army, proved its worth in the attack on Allatoona, and it was the thought and work of a private soldier.\*

A short time before the battle of Allatoona, Colonel Rogers, with his regiment, was moved to Ackworth and Big Shanty, and the command of the post devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Tourtellotte of the Fourth Minnesota.

With barely eight hundred men under him, Colonel Tourtellotte saw what he believed to be the whole Confederate army en route to attack Allatoona. The ominous cloud of smoke which marked the destruction of the railroad crept nearer and nearer. But he had no thought of surrendering. At the foot of the bluff were stored nearly two million rations, and these rations meant life to Sherman's army. It was his duty to defend them to the last, and defend them he would.

But would not General Sherman come to his aid?

\* General Rogers, in speaking of this circumstance to the author, said: "It has always been a source of regret to me that I have forgotten the name of the soldier who planned and built the bridge. Whoever he was, he deserves a monument, but he is one of the unknown heroes of the war."

Was it possible that Sherman would let Hood get in his rear, without being near enough to strike a blow? From the top of Kenesaw, eighteen miles away, waved a signal flag. Colonel Tourtellotte watched what it said with eager eye, but it brought him no encouragement. General Sherman was miles away, had just started with his army from Atlanta. The signal station itself was isolated, and might be attacked and captured at any moment. But there was one signal that flashed over the heads of the Confederate army from Kenesaw to Tourtellotte that brought that brave officer a ray of hope. It was the order to General Corse to reinforce Allatoona. Help, then, was to come from the north instead of the south. Quickly did Colonel Tourtellotte telegraph the order to General Corse, and anxiously did he wait for the response. What that response was, we have seen. But as the hours passed, and Corse did not come, Tourtellotte almost despaired. Darkness came, and Corse had not yet started from Rome. At last came the telegram that Corse had started. But scattering shots already began to be heard in front; his pickets were being driven in. The little garrison lay in line with their arms by their sides; all they could do was to watch and wait.

Slowly the hours dragged along. Would Corse never come? The picket firing grew more spiteful, and the outposts were slowly pressed back. At last from the north came the rumbling of a train. The reinforcements were coming. A thrill of joy

went through the heart of every man in the garrison.

"Corse has come!" "Corse has come!" was whispered from man to man down the line.

In the darkness of the night General Corse and Colonel Tourtellotte clasped hands. It was a meeting that neither ever forgot.

"How many men did you bring, General?" was Colonel Tourtellotte's first question.

"About a thousand," was the answer.

"Only a thousand? Where are the rest?" asked Tourtellotte, in a tone of disappointment.

"It was all the train could bring. I have sent it back for the rest of the brigade. It should be here by morning."

"Morning will be too late," answered Tourtellotte. "They are creeping around us. By morning they will be in our rear, and reinforcements will be impossible."

"We can surely hold the fort until Sherman comes," answered the general. "When did you hear from him last?"

"A little before dark, General Vandever signaled from Kenesaw that Sherman had just started from Atlanta. I do not see how he can help us for at least twenty-four hours. If Allatoona is to be held to-day, we must hold it."

"And hold we will. But, Colonel, tell me about the fortifications, and the disposition you have made of your forces."

Colonel Tourtellotte gave the desired informa-

tion, and then the general posted his men as best he could in the darkness, and anxiously awaited the coming day. In the gray of the morning, the Confederates crept around in the rear of the forts, and Allatoona was surrounded. There were now no hopes of further reinforcements from Rome. The salvation of Allatoona depended on the nineteen hundred men shut up in its fortifications. The summons to surrender came at 8:30 A. M. A flag of truce was seen approaching from the rear, borne by a single officer.

"Captain, go out and meet him," said the general, turning to Fred.

Laying aside his arms, Fred advanced to meet the officer. To his surprise, he saw it was his cousin, Captain Calhoun Pennington, the chief of the secret service of Hood's army. Calhoun's surprise was fully as great as his.

"Fred!"

"Cal!"

The two clasped hands. For the moment they forgot they were enemies. They were boys again roaming through the woods, running races, studying from the same book—boys swearing eternal friendship to each other. But the scene before them quickly brought them to their senses.

"Cal," said Fred, "at any other time I would be overjoyed to see you; but now—"

"The same to you, old fellow; but, Fred, how in the world is this? I heard you were drowned in escaping from Andersonville."

"All a mistake, Cal. Be sure to get word to father that I am all right."

"Now," gravely replied Calhoun; "but who can answer for to-day—that is, if you refuse to surrender? I have a communication from General French to your commanding officer, Colonel Tourtellotte, I suppose."

"I shall be very happy to deliver the communication to General Corse. Colonel Tourtellotte is not in command," answered Fred.

"General Corse in command!" exclaimed Calhoun, in surprise. "When did he come?"

"Ask no questions," replied Fred, with a smile, "and I will tell no lies."

The two cousins then gravely saluted each other, and Fred retraced his steps to the fort, Calhoun awaiting his return.

This was the communication that Fred handed to General Corse:

AROUND ALLATOONA, October 5, 1864.

COMMANDING OFFICER U. S. FORCES, Allatoona.

Sir: I have placed the forces under my command in such a position that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war. I have the honor to be

Very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH,

Major-General, Commanding C. S. Forces.

General Corse smiled grimly when he read the communication, and hastily writing a reply, handed it to Fred, saying: "Here take this to the officer

in waiting. We will not keep General French in suspense the five minutes."

Here is the reply that General Corse sent:

**HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.**

**ALLATOONA, GA., October 5, 1864.**

**MAJOR-GENERAL S. G. FRENCH, C. S. Army:**

Your communication demanding surrender of my command I acknowledge receipt of, and would respectfully reply that we are prepared for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it is agreeable to you. I am,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

**JNO. M. CORSE,**

**Brigadier-General, Commanding U. S. Forces.**

Fred lost no time in delivering the reply to Calhoun, and had only time to say, "God bless you, Cal, and keep you safe to-day."

"The same to you Fred, but Corse is foolish to fight. We shall run right over you."

"Don't be too sure of that," answered Fred.

Saluting each other, they turned and went their respective ways.

"What a meeting," thought Fred, "with one whom I love as a brother!"

When General French read Corse's reply, a deep frown came over his face, and turning to Calhoun, he said, sharply: "How is this, Captain? You reported to me yesterday that the place was garrisoned by scarcely nine hundred men, and that Colonel Tourtellotte was in command."

"That is what I reported yesterday," replied Calhoun; "and at that time it was strictly true.

General Corse must have come from Rome during the night. I heard an engine puffing."

"He could not have brought more than a brigade with him, then," replied the general. "It will only make my task a little harder, but take the place we must, and will."

General French gave the order to attack at once, and the onset came sudden, fierce, desperate, and from three sides, south, west, and north. Outside of the west fort was a slight line of breastworks facing west, protecting the western slope of the hill on which the fort was built, and it was on this line of works that the principal force of the charge fell. The Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Seventh Illinois, both regiments numbering but little over five hundred men, held this line. After a fierce engagement, the Confederates were driven back. General French now threw a whole brigade on the north. This side of the fort was protected by only two companies of the Ninety-third Illinois. If these companies should be driven back, the Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Seventh Illinois could be taken in flank and rear, and this was what General French intended to do.

General Corse saw the danger, and sent over to Colonel Tourtellotte for reinforcements. It was now that the foot-bridge, the work of that unknown private soldier, proved itself one of the main factors in saving Allatoona. Without this bridge, it would have been impossible for Colonel Tourtellotte to send reinforcements to General Corse.

But before the reinforcements came, the blow fell. General Corse rushed to where the two companies of the Ninety-third were stationed, and pleaded with them to hold their position. But they might as well have tried to breast a tornado; they were swept back like so much chaff. The way to the flank and rear of the two devoted regiments was open. Most of General Corse's troops were in the intrenchments on the outside of the fort, the fort itself being almost undefended. If the charge were not checked by the troops outside, the fort must fall. To General Corse it was a moment of the greatest anxiety. Turning to Fred, he said: "Present my compliments to Colonel Redfield, and tell him he must hold until I get reinforcements from the other side."

Away went Fred across the battle-swept field to where Colonel Redfield stood with his gallant Iowans.

"Colonel," cried Fred, "the general says hold until reinforcements come from the other side, hold if every man falls."

"Hold I will," replied the gallant colonel.

Now the wisdom of Colonel Rogers in placing embrasures on every side of the little forts became apparent; for from the western embrasures of the east fort a storm of canister swept across the gorge of the railroad, striking in the flank the Confederate line charging from the north, crushing it and rolling it back. But farther to the west the flank and rear of the Seventh Illinois were gained, and



after losing nearly half of its numbers, this regiment and the right of the Thirty-ninth Iowa were swept from the field.

This left Colonel Redfield with only three companies of his regiment. The colonel called to his men to rally around the colors.

"Fight to the last," he cried, and his men answered with cheers.

Fred stayed with the colonel after he had delivered his orders to hold, and was now in the thickest of the fight. From front, flank, and rear, the Confederates closed in on the little band.

"Surrender!" cried the Confederates.

The answer was "Never!"

Fred never exactly remembered what occurred during the next few minutes. His blood coursed through his veins like fire. A demoniac fury seized him. His only thought was to kill! kill! Having emptied his revolver, he fought with his sword, until it was broken in his hand. Then seizing a gun from a fallen soldier, with bayonet and butt of musket he thrust and struck at the gray mass closing around him.

Colonel Redfield cheering on his men, fell, pierced by four balls. Officer after officer went down, until only Fred was left.

Around the colors the fight raged with terrible fury. Gray arms snatched at the flag only to be beaten down. The ground became soggy with blood. Shrieks, groans, and curses mingled with the din of the clash of arms and roar of musketry.

At last the colors went down never more to be lifted by the brave hands that had defended them.

Just then, above the roar of battle, Fred caught the sound of cheering from the fort. He knew what it meant; the reinforcements from the east side had come.

“To the fort!” he shouted. “Follow me!”

There was but a little squad to obey, but so fierce was their onslaught, they broke through the swarming foes that surrounded them, and reaching the fort, flung themselves over the parapet, and lay on the ground gasping, panting for breath. Of the three companies that had so gallantly fought around the flag, only nine men reached the fort with Fred. The rest lay on the field with their gallant colonel.

So desperate and unexpected had been the resistance of the Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Seventh Illinois, that the Confederate lines were broken and disorganized.

Before General French could follow up his advantage in having carried the outer works and storm the fort, he had to halt and re-form his lines. This gave time for the reinforcements to arrive, and for the soldiers who had been driven back to recover from their panic. Colonel Redfield and his brave men had given up their lives that Allatoona might be saved.\*

\*General Corse, in his report of the battle, says: “The extraordinary valor of the Thirty-ninth Iowa and Seventh Illinois saved to us Allatoona. The Thirty-ninth Iowa went into the fight with 284 men and officers, and came out with 114. Only two officers in the regiment escaped unscathed. The loss of the Seventh Illinois was almost as great. It went into the battle 267 strong and came out with 126.”

When the Confederate lines had been re-formed, they swept forward in magnificent array, and with loud yells, but they were met with storms of shot and shell, and sent reeling back, torn and bleeding. The fort on the east had by this time been invested, and both of the little fortifications became volcanoes of flame and smoke.

Again and again did the Confederates hurl themselves against the forts, only to be driven back. At last, despairing of taking the forts by storm, the enemy crept up behind tree and log and rock, and poured a hail-storm of balls into the forts. The ditches ran red with blood, and the dead and wounded almost equaled the number of the unhurt. How long could the thinning ranks stand that fearful rain of death? Would relief never come?

Through the rifts of the smoke, the signal officer caught sight of a flag waving on Kenesaw. With eager eyes he read what it was saying:

"HOLD THE FORT, I AM COMING!"

"Sherman is on Kenesaw," cried the signal officer. "Sherman sees us; he is hurrying reinforcements to our relief."

The soldiers heard, and with cheers answered: "Tell him we will hold until the last man falls."

The fight raged on with the greatest fury. A ball struck General Corse on the cheek, and he fell senseless. Rowett was bleeding from two wounds. Colonel Hanna lay desperately wounded. Over in the east fort Colonel Tourtellotte had been shot through both hips. The highest officer left un-

touched was a lieutenant-colonel. But all unmindful of the loss of their officers, the soldiers fought on.

General Corse came to his senses just as he heard the command given, "Cease firing." He thought it meant that the fort was to be surrendered, and staggering to his feet, all gory, he shouted, "Don't surrender! Don't surrender! Sherman is coming."

But his men were not thinking of surrendering; they had just repulsed a charge of the enemy, and the order was given them that they might rest and breathe.

As long as the little level place around the fort was swept by the artillery, so long was it impossible for the Confederates to cross it. But suddenly from the artillerymen came the cry, "We are out of ammunition. We have no more canister."

"Is there not plenty of ammunition in the east fort?" some one asked.

"Yes, but who will attempt to get it? Who will volunteer to cross that foot-bridge now, swept as it is by the fire of the enemy? It would be sure death," was the answer.

"I will attempt it," calmly replied Fred, and before any one could enter a protest, he sprang over the parapet, and was speeding toward the bridge. The enemy saw, and a storm of balls swept around him. Breathless the soldiers watched him. The issue of the battle might depend on his single life. Once he faltered, and a great groan went up. "He

is hit," they cried. "No! no! he has reached the bridge! He is half way over! He is over! He has reached the fort! He is safe!"

"What is it?" asked the commander of the east fort as Fred sprang over the parapet.

"Canister! Give me canister!" he gasped.

"You are wounded," kindly replied the officer; "can you carry it?"

"Yes, it is only a scratch."

They heaped his arms with canister shot.

"More! More!"

"You cannot carry more."

"I must, I will," he cried; and they heaped high his arms with canister, a load he could not have lifted, much less carried, in his calmer moments; and with it he staggered back.

He had to go slowly now. But both the forts opened a furious fire, distracting the attention of the foe, and in a measure protecting him. He reached the fort, slowly climbed the parapet, and sank fainting, his precious load falling around him.

With eager hands the canister was seized and rammed down the smoking throats of the cannon. None too soon had it come, for the Confederates were making their last desperate charge. The cannon vomited forth their deadly contents, and with a despairing cry, the charging columns fell back. The fight was over; Allatoona was saved.

Leaving their dead and badly wounded on the field, the Confederates fled; for Captain Penning-



**FRED CROSSING THE BRIDGE FOR AMMUNITION.**



ton had come riding in hot haste to General French and said: "An hour more and we shall be cut off. Sherman's advance is but five miles away."

Baffled, chagrined, with a third of his men killed and wounded, General French had to retreat. That "needless effusion of blood" had cost him dear. During the fiercest of the fighting, General French could have burned the rations, but he forbore, thinking he was sure of capturing them.

When it became known that they had to retreat, a Confederate officer stole forward with a lighted torch to fire the warehouse. A negro camp-follower, who had taken refuge in the warehouse during the battle, saw the officer just as he was applying the torch, and shot him. Thus the rations were saved at the last by a humble negro, and Sherman's march to the sea was possible.

Fred soon recovered from his fainting fit. It was found that he had been slightly wounded three times, but he laughingly declared the wounds were all nothing but scratches; and in fact they were not much more, although a couple of them bled quite freely.

Then commenced the work of gathering the wounded. The Confederates had left three hundred dead and about four hundred desperately wounded on the field. Added to these were seven hundred dead and wounded Federals. It was a ghastly harvest that the surgeons gathered. In passing among the Confederate wounded, Fred heard one wounded Confederate officer say to an-



other, "This has been a bad deal, but it will not deter Hood from going on."

Fred stopped and apparently was busy administering comfort to a wounded soldier, but his ears were open.

"What do you think Hood will do now?" asked the other officer.

"Keep right on; avoid the strongly fortified places, strike the railroad again somewhere in the vicinity of Resaca, and then make for Tennessee."

Then Fred knew that this move of Hood's was something more than a mere raid. It meant a backward movement of the whole Confederate army, and was made for the purpose of drawing Sherman away from Atlanta. If General Hood could once more transfer the fighting to Tennessee, the capture of Atlanta meant nothing. General Sherman should—must know of this at once. Weak and exhausted as he was, Fred must reach Sherman at Marietta. For aught he knew, the Confederate army might still be lying between Allatoona and Marietta, but try he would to reach Sherman.

When he told the officers of his determination, they tried to dissuade him. The way was dangerous; he was weak from the loss of blood; he could not stand the ride to Marietta; then the advance of Sherman's army would be in Allatoona by morning; why not wait?

"But," said Fred, "the telegraph is destroyed between here and Marietta, and there would be no communication except by courier. I have impor-

tant news for the general, and must see him. I will avoid the Confederate army by making a detour eastward."

So they tried to dissuade him no longer, but gave him a good horse, and bade him God-speed.

It was long after dark when he started, and by making his detour to the east, he had a ride of over thirty miles before him. Long before it was ended, he knew he had over-rated his strength and endurance. The latter part of the ride he made as in a dream. In fact his mind wandered, but through it all there remained the idea that he must see Sherman before he gave up.

The sun was just rising as he rode up to General Sherman's headquarters. He tried to dismount, but fell fainting. The important message he had for Sherman was not given until days afterwards. Well would it have been for Sherman and the Union cause, if he could have given it.

## CHAPTER III.

### GENERAL SHERMAN OUTWITTED.

**T**HAT the Confederate army had gained his rear before he was aware of it was a source of surprise as well as mortification to General Sherman. He complained bitterly of his cavalry, saying that he could not depend upon it for information.

In all probability, October 5th was one of the most anxious days General Sherman ever spent. The fact that he had gathered nearly two million rations at Allatoona with less than a regiment to guard them, denoted great carelessness, to say the least. If the place were captured, he knew it would reflect greatly on his generalship. The advance of his army was scarcely across the Chattahoochee, and the railroad north of Kenesaw Mountain was a smoking mass of ruins for fifteen miles. All he could do was to signal from the top of Kenesaw Mountain, over the heads of the Confederate army, for General Corse to reinforce Allatoona from Rome. He had no means of knowing whether Corse received the message or not. Why Kenesaw Mountain was not taken by the Confederates is not known. The place was totally undefended, only occupied as a signal station, yet the Confederate cavalry gave it a wide berth. The only explanation

of their inaction that has been suggested is that they supposed Sherman's army nearer than it was. So anxious was General Sherman to know the condition of affairs at Allatoona, that he rode ahead of his army, and by 8:30 on the morning of the 5th, he was on the top of Kenesaw. The day was a beautiful one, clear and balmy. The country for miles around was spread out like a map before him. Northwest, toward Dallas, the horizon was hazy with smoke, showing that a large army was encamped in that direction. From Big Shanty north a line of black smoke told of the destruction of the railroad. With a glass he could see the Confederate cavalry riding to and fro and engaged in tearing up the railroad and feeding the flames with the ties.

But it was not the smoke of the camp-fires of a hostile army, nor the ruins of the railroad that most deeply engrossed the attention of Sherman. His gaze was fixed on Allatoona. As he looked, a white haze began to arise over the place. The haze grew denser and thicker, until the glass through which the signal officer was looking revealed nothing. But faintly across the intervening miles came the reverberations of cannon.

General Sherman paced back and forth with quick, nervous steps. He made no attempt to conceal his anxiety.

"Can't you catch some signal, at least the flutter of a flag?" he kept asking of Lieutenant Fisk, who was in charge of the station.

"Nothing," answered the lieutenant; "the smoke hides everything."

"Oh, if I knew Corse was there!" the general would exclaim, as he resumed his walk. Then, with clouded brow, he would note the progress of his army. He had given orders to General J. D. Cox, who had the advance, to build fires to indicate the head of his column. As the little clouds of smoke arose one after the other, each one farther to the north than its predecessor, Sherman would express his disgust.

"Why!" he would exclaim, "they are crawling, only crawling. See how close together the fires are. They will be too late, too late."

Yet, the soldiers in that column were straining every nerve to reach their comrades in peril. Hundreds were sinking by the roadside exhausted, and yet their officers would urge them on. The soldiers were doing all that flesh and blood could do.

All this time Lieutenant Fisk had been closely watching through his telescope the cloud of smoke which hung over Allatoona. Suddenly he exclaimed: "General! General! I have just caught sight of a flag through an embrasure as the smoke lifted a little. Keep still, for God's sake!"

It was a lieutenant's turn to order silence on the commander-in-chief of the army. The little group stood as if struck dumb. Their very hearts stood still. They scarcely dared to breathe. Would the lieutenant never cease looking? His eyes seemed glued to the end of his telescope.

At last he arose, rapidly wrote a few letters on a sheet of paper, and handing it to General Sherman, said, "Here is what I caught."

General Sherman almost snatched the paper, and this is what he read: "C r s e h e r."

"What in the world does it mean?" cried Sherman.

"I did not catch all the message," replied Lieutenant Fisk, "but there is no doubt that the full message was: 'Corse is here.'"

"Corse there!" cried Sherman, joyfully; "then he received my message. 'Thank God! Thank God!'"

Then to the brave men in Allatoona, fighting for their lives, went back that famous message: "Hold the fort!"

Colonel George C. Rogers, who had charge of building the forts at Allatoona, was with General Sherman on Kenesaw. Turning to Colonel Rogers, the general asked, "Colonel, are you sure you built those forts with embrasures to the rear?"

"Perfectly sure, General," was the answer; "there are two embrasures on each side."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the general, rubbing his hands.

A few moments passed. There was no diminution of the smoke which hung over Allatoona.

"Are you sure, Colonel, there are embrasures to the rear?" again asked the general.

"Perfectly sure, General. I cannot be mistaken."

"Good! Good!" replied the general, resuming his walk.\*

General Sherman remained on Kenesaw until nearly five o'clock, when the cloud of smoke which had lain for so long over Allatoona lifted, and the joyful message was signaled that the battle was over, that Allatoona was safe, but that General Corse was wounded.

Much relieved, General Sherman repaired to his headquarters in Marietta.

When Fred fell fainting just as he reached headquarters on the morning of the 6th, General Sherman was quickly informed of the arrival and condition of his chief of scouts. Medical attendance was at once summoned. The surgeon reported that he was suffering from three or four slight wounds, which of themselves were of little consequence, but that he seemed to be completely exhausted, and that a low malarial fever had set in, which might prove serious. The patient was delirious and talking incoherently to himself.

"Wounded is he?" said the general; "then he must have been in the fight at Allatoona. I wonder how he got there. I wish he were able to tell me of the battle. See that he has the very best of care. I cannot afford to lose him."

\*General Rogers, in telling the author of this circumstance, said: "I never saw a man as uneasy as Sherman; he couldn't keep still. He plied me with questions relative to the fortifications at Allatoona, and was especially anxious as to whether there were embrasures on all sides of the forts. When I assured him there were, he would exclaim: 'Good! Good for you, Colonel; take a drink,' and would pull a small flask of liquor from his pocket. I didn't refuse the drink. In less than five minutes the question would be repeated with the same result. So often was the question asked and answered, it was not long before the flask was empty."

It was not long before General Sherman was informed that Fred was continually calling for him, as if anxious to tell him something. "He is delirious, but the surgeon thinks it might pacify him, if you could see him, if only for a moment."

"I will see him directly," said the general.

When General Sherman entered the room where Fred was, he was tossing uneasily on his couch, and calling the general's name.

"Sherman—says—hold—the—fort," he exclaimed.

"And you held it," said the general, kindly.

Fred looked at him. A ray of intelligence shone in his eye.

"General! General!" he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, as in entreaty.

"What is it, Captain, what can I do for you?"

"Hood—North—Resaca—Allatoona."

"Yes, yes, I understand," replied the general, trying to soothe him.

"It's all right then?" replied Fred, slowly. "Oh! I—am—so—tired." But his ravings ceased, and he fell into a peaceful slumber.

"He will come out of it all right now," said the surgeon, "but on no account must he be excited. He must be kept perfectly quiet for a few days."

Well would it have been for General Sherman if he had understood what Fred wanted to tell him. As it was, he was completely bewildered by Hood's movements, and groped as a man in the dark. The next few days were to Sherman days of uncertainty.



Instead of rushing his army forward and forcing Hood to battle before he could cross the Etowah, he practically halted, and waited to see what Hood would do. He labored under the delusion that all of Hood's army was not in his rear; that somewhere were two corps of it hiding in the woods, ready to turn and pounce upon Atlanta as soon as he had been drawn far enough away from it. This fear haunted the General, and hampered all his movements. He wrote to General Slocum, back at Atlanta:

"Keep me well advised, for I think Hood will swing against Atlanta and the Chattahoochee bridge, rather than against Kingston and the Etowah bridge. I cannot guess his movements, as I could those of Johnston, who is a sensible man and only does sensible things."

When General Sherman wrote this to Slocum, he unwittingly paid General Hood the highest kind of compliment. A general who keeps his opponent guessing is on the high road to victory. A general who only makes such moves on the chess-board of war as can be fathomed and checkmated, can never surprise or take his antagonist at a disadvantage.

So General Sherman kept guessing, until he was astounded by the intelligence that the enemy were well on the way to strike his communications north of Resaca. He lost no time, now that he knew Atlanta was not in danger, in putting his army in swift pursuit of Hood. But it was of no use; the wily Confederate had too much of a start. He captured Tilton and Dalton, with their garrisons of

nearly two thousand men, and left the railroad a smoking mass of ruins from Resaca to Buzzard Roost. He then slipped off west through Snake Creek Gap, unscathed, and made for the mountains of Northern Alabama. General Sherman followed as far as Gaylesville, and then gave up the pursuit.

In hurrying westward, instead of eastward, when he was at Dalton, General Hood played directly into Sherman's hands; for had he turned eastward, the march to the sea would not have been possible.

Hood's raid to Sherman's rear, with the exception of the unsuccessful attempt to capture Allatoona, was an unqualified success. He had totally destroyed between thirty and forty miles of railroad, taken two thousand prisoners, and with the exception of his loss at Allatoona, had suffered comparatively no injury.\*

General Sherman was completely disgusted with the whole affair, but fails to tell us that it was his own hesitation that led to Hood's success. He saw that there was danger of proving true what the Confederates asserted, that the taking of Atlanta might prove his ruin, as the taking of Moscow proved the ruin of Napoleon.

The nation was surprised at Hood's success, and murmurings began to be heard. The enemies of the government once more raised their voices to predict that the rebellion could never be put down.

\*The author believes that this raid of Hood's was one of the most daring undertakings of the war, and its very daring made it successful. It stamped Hood as a much greater general than his critics would have the world believe.

“A month more will find Sherman back in Tennessee,” they said, “and the same old ground will have to be fought over. The summer’s campaign has gone for naught.”

Even General Sherman expected that campaign to prove valueless, if he should be forced to follow Hood into Tennessee. In his memoirs he says: “There is no doubt but that the month of October closed to us looking decidedly squally, but somehow I was sustained by the belief that in a few days the tide would turn.”

The tide did turn, and it was turned by the genius and foresight of Sherman. Now that Hood’s army was out of the way, the advantages and possibilities of a march to the sea became fixed in his mind. The idea, first thought of after Atlanta was captured, now took tangible form. When first broached to the authorities at Washington, it found no favor. Both Grant and Thomas advised against it. But General Sherman argued so eloquently, and expressed in such confident terms his ability to march through the heart of the Confederacy, that at length a reluctant consent was given, provided that Hood got well out of the way. Thus was the march to the sea made possible.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LIE DETECTOR.

**F**RED'S sickness took a favorable turn from the time he had his interview with General Sherman; but for a week the surgeon enjoined absolute quiet, and forbade all visitors. Fred rebelled against this, but his nurse was inexorable. He was, however, permitted to send word to his cousin Kate where he was, and that he would come to her as soon as he was able, and with that he had to be content.

When he was allowed to hear the news, and learned that General Sherman had remained inactive for nearly a week, and that Hood had slipped around Rome, and was well on his way North, he groaned aloud.

"Oh," he thought, "if I could only have told Sherman, things would have been different," and he nearly worried himself into a relapse over it.

It was a week more before he was able to travel, and then he lost no time in going to Rome to join Kate, who was overjoyed to see him.

"Why, Fred," she exclaimed, "how peaked you look; and to think they wouldn't let me go to Marietta to nurse you. They said the railroad was all torn up, and there might be a battle any

time. I think it was real mean they wouldn't let me go."

"I am glad they didn't, Kate. I had the best of care, and it would have been very awkward for you. But how have you been since I went away?"

"Oh, all right. Olive has taken the very best care of me; and for excitement, we have had plenty of it. First came the news of that dreadful battle at Allatoona, and you don't know how I worried over you and father, for I didn't know but that he was in the battle. And, Fred, you don't know what I did!"

"Not anything foolish, I hope?"

"When General Corse returned, I actually went to him, and inquired about you. He was awfully kind, and, Fred, how he did praise you. He told me all about the battle, and said that your going after that ammunition was one of the bravest acts he ever saw. He said I ought to be proud you were my cousin."

"And what did you tell him, Kate?"

"I told him I should be proud of you, if you were a Confederate, but as it was, I was anything but proud."

"What did he say to that?"

"He looked surprised, and asked if I was a rebel. 'Rebel!' I retorted, 'rebel! No, nor is any Southern man or woman a rebel. We are patriots fighting for our liberties.' At that he laughed, and said he would have to watch me. But he was real kind, for when I inquired after father, he asked me

what command he belonged to, and when I told him, he said I need not worry, for it was only General French's division that was engaged at Allatoona. But, Fred, when I heard you were sick, I was most worried to death."

"I suppose," said Fred, "you have had some excitement here, over Hood?"

"Excitement! I reckon we have. Everybody thought Hood was going to attack the city, and the soldiers here were scared, I tell you. Olive and I went to work, and made a splendid Confederate flag to fling to the breeze when Hood came. But, to our great disappointment, Hood went around the place without attacking, and the miserable Yankee soldiers found the flag, when they searched the house, and took it away with them."

"Searched the house!" cried Fred; "what in the world did they do that for?"

"Oh, they claimed we were secreting a spy."

"What in the world gave them that idea?"

"Because we were," demurely replied Kate.

Fred gave a low whistle. "Kate, I hope you haven't got into trouble."

"No trouble at all. The Yankees think they are smart, but they are no match for two Southern girls, are they, Olive?"

"Not in this case," replied Miss Arnold; "nor is it the first time I have helped to outwit them."

"But, Fred," continued Kate, "who do you think the spy was?"

"How should I know?"

"Calhoun."

"Calhoun!" Fred gasped; "Calhoun a spy in Rome! Did he get away?"

"Of course he got away. Didn't I say we outwitted the Yankees?"

"Why, I saw Calhoun at Allatoona. He it was who brought the summons to surrender."

"Yes, he told us about it. He said that General Corse sent back an awfully saucy answer."

"I reckon he did," said Fred; "but General French found it a true one. But tell me about Calhoun."

"That is what I am going to do, if you give me a chance. One evening, just as it was growing dark, we heard a great hue and cry in the street, and while we were wondering what it meant, a rough-looking country boy darted in at the door. 'Hide me! Hide me, quick!' he gasped; 'for the sake of the South. If caught, I shall hang as a spy.' Then he caught sight of me, looked amazed, and cried out, 'Kate, as I live! Thank God! but how did you come here?'

"To my horror it was Calhoun. But there was no time for explanation, for the soldiers were shouting in the street, and we heard an officer say, 'He must have slipped into some of the houses. Let the block be surrounded and every house searched.'

"During all this time Olive had stood looking first at Calhoun, and then at me, and not saying a word. I wrung my hands, and cried, 'Oh, Olive, what can we do? It's Captain Calhoun Penning-

ton, my cousin. The Yankees will hang him if they catch him.'

"And Olive says, just as provoking as if nothing serious was the matter, 'Another cousin, Kate? Yank or Confed?'

" 'Confederate, of course,' I cried, exasperated with her coolness.

" 'I will try to save him, then; but those Yankees will search every hole large enough to hide a mouse. Let's see. Oh, I have it! Dinah is away, we will turn him into Dinah. Come, quick'; and before I could comprehend what she meant, she had whisked Calhoun into the kitchen, and seizing a dead coal, commenced blacking his face.'

" 'You help me, Kate,' she said, 'the soldiers may be here any moment,' and in less than no time, we had his face and hands blacked. Then we put one of Dinah's old dresses on him, and wound a turban around his head to conceal his hair, and he made as nice looking a kitchen wench as you ever saw.

" 'We were none too soon, for the soldiers were already at the door demanding admittance. Olive went to the door with a look of surprise on her face, and asked them what they wanted.

" 'Madam, we are sorry,' said the officer in charge, 'but there is a spy concealed somewhere in this block, and we have orders to search every house.'

" 'Oh, come in,' said Olive, resignedly; as a rule we keep spies to supply on demand, but, unfortu-



nately, we are out just now. If you will come back in the morning, I will try and have one for you.'

"The soldiers laughed, and the officer looked as if he didn't know whether to laugh or get angry, but he said, 'I prefer to look now.'

"All right, come in; the house is yours'; and in they came, and they searched every nook and corner, but found nothing contraband, except the flag Olive and I had been making.

"I think I shall have to confiscate this, madam,' said the officer.

"Very well,' answered Olive; 'in a few days we will have another made. Come around then, and perhaps we can have a spy for you.'

"When they went into the kitchen, Calhoun was busy with the pots and kettles.

"Yo' git out o' heah, yo' dirty Yanks, trampin' over my clean floah,' screamed Calhoun, shaking the dish-cloth at them.

"When they became fully satisfied that there was no spy in the house, the officer humbly asked our pardon for the trouble he had caused, and took his leave. But no sooner was the door closed on them than I thought Olive was going to faint; she turned as pale as death, and trembled like a leaf."

"No wonder," said Fred; "it must have been a terrible strain. So Calhoun escaped, did he?"

"Yes, he is safe enough now. We kept him until the next night, and then he slipped through the lines."

"Why did he risk so much as to venture into Rome as a spy?"

“To find out how strongly the place was fortified, how many soldiers were here, and to see if General Hood would be justified in attempting to take it by storm. Calhoun told us that he should report against it; that even if it could be captured, it would take too long and cost too many lives.”

“Ah! Allatoona has made them a little careful. But I am glad Calhoun escaped. If he had been captured, no influence I could have brought to bear would have saved his life. Girls, you did well, and Miss Arnold, especially, has my thanks.”

“What! thank me for saving a rebel’s life, as you call all Confederates, and you a Federal officer? I am surprised.”

“You need not be. Calhoun and I are like brothers.”

“I am glad I saved your cousin’s life,” answered Miss Arnold, “for he is a Confederate. But if you should get into any such difficulty, Captain Shackelford, don’t expect any help from me. I could gladly see every Yankee hanged.”

“Mercy, what a blood-thirsty little wretch you are! I shall have to report you as a dangerous individual.”

“If you do, I shall report you as having guilty knowledge of the escape of a Confederate spy,” retorted Miss Arnold.

“Better declare a truce,” spoke up Kate.

“Agreed,” replied Fred, “for I already see defeat before me.”

“I accept the truce,” answered Miss Arnold,

“owing to Captain Shackelford’s being on the sick list.”

Fred remained in Rome a week, during which he and Miss Arnold became the best of friends. She was not only brilliant, but witty, and he did not wonder she was popular with the Federal officers, notwithstanding her sharp tongue.

“Kate,” said Fred, after his week of leisure and recuperation, “I understand we can get through to Chattanooga now, so with your permission, we will start to-morrow.”

The next morning, Kate took a tearful parting from her friend, and started with Fred for Chattanooga, which place they reached without incident. They found the city full of soldiers going north, and the air was thick with rumors of Hood going back to Tennessee. Kate was full of exultation.

“Didn’t I tell you,” she said to Fred, “that Sherman’s army would be coming back faster than they went. Just see them coming back by the thousand now. Where is your gallant Sherman, anyway?”

“I reckon,” answered Fred, “that he must be tired out chasing Hood.”

“He will feel tireder yet, by the time Hood reaches Nashville,” retorted Kate. “I shall begin to make preparations to welcome the Confederate army, as soon as I get home.”

“Don’t be in too great a hurry, Kate, or your preparations may get musty.”

“I will wager a box of cigars against a pair of

gloves, that Hood will be in Nashville in thirty days," cried Kate.

"Done! Now, Kate, I have everything ready for your trip to Nashville. It has been no easy matter, for everything is crowded, but I have been fortunate in procuring you the company of Mrs. Foster, wife of Colonel Foster, who is going North on sick leave. You will find them very agreeable traveling companions. There they come, let me introduce you."

The introductions were made, and Kate was kindly greeted by Mrs. Foster and the gallant gray-haired colonel. There was just time to say good-bye, and the train was off, with Kate leaning out of a window waving her handkerchief at Fred, and telling him he might as well buy that pair of gloves, for he was sure to lose the bet.

Fred lost no time in reporting to General Sherman, whose headquarters were near Gaylesville, Alabama. Even before Fred paid his respects to his commander-in-chief, he went to see his horse, Prince, which he had left behind when he started on his furlough from Atlanta. The horse whinnied with delight when he saw his master, and Fred was as pleased as the horse.

From the general, Fred received a warm greeting. "I have needed you badly," he said. "Why, during the march up here, I found it almost impossible to get any reliable news."

When Fred told him why he had made that midnight ride to Marietta, and what it was that he was

so anxious to tell, the general looked at him in amazement.

"I might have known! I might have known!" he cried; "I should have put your incoherent words together. Had I known what you now tell me, I could have crushed Hood before he crossed the Etowah. But there is no use crying over bygones. Captain, I shall have plenty of work for you soon."

Then he unfolded to Fred his plan for a march to the sea. "The authorities at Washington and General Grant still hesitate," continued the general, "because we do not yet know what Hood will do. With Hood and his army well out of the way, I have the consent of both the authorities at Washington and General Grant. Now, Captain, what I want you to do is to find out just where Hood is, and what he is doing."

Fred's eyes had kindled as General Sherman told him of his intended march to the sea. He now saw the meaning of many things that Sherman had done which, at the time, he had not understood. One was why Sherman had not forced Hood to retreat eastward when he was at Dalton, instead of letting him slip to the south and west through the Chattooga Valley. It was to open wide the door for him to enter Tennessee; in fact, to invite him to do so. Never had Fred realized the genius of Sherman as now. The magnitude, the brilliancy of the proposed raid dazzled him.

"General," he exclaimed, "if it is in my power to find out where Hood is and what he is doing, I

will do so. How many of my scouts are still with you?"

"Lieutenant Darling is here, and I think he has about half a dozen of your old scouts still with him."

"Besides these," said Fred, "let me have a company of cavalry, well mounted."

"Just then General Stanley came in; Sherman asked him if he had a good company of cavalry he could spare, and was told it was wanted to accompany Captain Shackelford on a scout.

"Yes," replied the general; "I have a good company, and with Captain Shackelford's permission, I should like to have one of my staff, Captain Hugh Raymond, accompany him."

"I should be delighted to have Captain Raymond accompany me," answered Fred; "he is no stranger to me. Before Chickamauga he was with me as one of my scouts."

"Indeed?" replied Stanley; "then it will be a treat for him to go."

Captain Raymond thought so when told of his good fortune, and was as happy as if he had received a furlough.

"Oh, Captain," he cried, "this will be like old times for you and me to ride on a scout together again."

"So it will," said Fred; "but I hope we shall not get into as tight a place as we did when we had to climb that tree before the battle of Chickamauga."

“Just think,” laughed Hugh, “how we had to roost in that tree for nearly twenty-four hours. It makes my bones ache yet to think of it.”

For a few miles Fred kept to the north, and then turned west, and boldly plunged into the mountains. He had so large a party he was not afraid of any roving bands of Confederates he might meet, and so kept to the road, which wound in among the mountains.

Toward evening, as Fred was thinking of going into camp, they came to a rude cabin nestling in a small valley. Thinking he might gain some information, Fred rode up to the door. The only occupant of the cabin seemed to be a tall, angular woman, who was busily engaged in rolling out some bread.

Seeing Fred, she turned on him, twirling her rolling-pin around her head, much as an Irishman would his shillelah.

“Now, yo-uns git right out-en heah,” she screamed, “or I’ll bust yo’ head. Don’t yo’ be trubblin’ a lone ’oman.”

“But, my good woman—” began Fred.

“Don’t good ’oman me. I tell yo’ to git,” and she advanced on him, threateningly.

Discretion was the better part of valor, and Fred hastily withdrew.

“Well, Captain, what did you find out?” asked Hugh. “Nothing; but here is a nice place to camp, and I think we may as well halt; and say, Hugh, when I stopped at the cabin back there the

lady of the house was making a nice pan of biscuit. If you could buy some they would go nice with our coffee."

"So they would," responded Hugh; "and if money will buy them, I will get some," and turning his horse he rode back.

The woman was just putting the dough into a kettle, preparatory for baking, and did not notice Hugh when he entered.

"My good woman," he began, "can I not buy a pan of those nice biscuits you are making?"

Surprised, she turned on him, like a fury. "Biskets!" she yelled, "I'll giv' yo' biskets," and before Hugh was aware of what she intended to do, she grabbed the rolling-pin and dealt him a terrific blow over the head. Only Hugh's hat saved him from serious injury. As it was, the blow staggered him, and he beat a precipitate retreat.

Fred told the officers of his reception, and they eagerly awaited Hugh's return. He came back, riding slowly, and with his hat drawn over his eyes.

He was greeted with, "The biscuits, Captain, where are the biscuits?"

He essayed no reply, but he gave Fred a look which meant volumes.

"Why, Captain, you didn't come in contact with that rolling-pin, did you?" asked Fred, with a look of extreme innocence on his face.

"Oh, no; I didn't come in contact with that rolling-pin," ruefully exclaimed Hugh, rubbing his head. "Fred Shackelford, I will get even with you,



if it takes me ten years. Look here," and he removed his hat, showing a lump on his head nearly as large as a hen's egg. "Oh! you may laugh," he continued, looking around on the little group of officers convulsed with merriment, "but I have ten dollars for any one of you who will charge up to the mouth of that rolling-pin."

Hugh looked around with an expectant air, but no one accepted his offer.

The next morning the little company took up their march, moving carefully, for they might run into a party of the enemy at any moment. By nine o'clock Fred had advanced so far westward that he became certain that General Hood was not moving to cross the Tennessee River at Gunter'sville, as reported, for if this had been the case, he would have encountered his army. So he concluded Hood had not moved at all, or if he had, he had marched in the direction of Decatur. To ascertain the truth, Fred turned south. He now advanced very cautiously, and it was not long before they ran onto a squad of Confederate cavalry. Giving chase, they were fortunate enough to wound a horse and capture the rider.

Fred questioned him closely, but he told so improbable a story, that it was evident he was lying. Hugh happened to take out a pocket compass to consult. The captured Confederate was very much interested in it, and wanted to know what it was.

"Didn't you ever see anything like this before?" asked Hugh, with a surprised look on his face.



**"IT'S A LIE DETECTOR," SAID HUGH.**



"No, Captain," answered the prisoner; "I never see anything like that 'ere."

"It's a lie detector," said Hugh, solemnly. "We use them in our army all the time."

As Hugh was talking he edged around until he stood on the north side of the fellow. "Do you see that needle," continued Hugh, "how its point is turned toward me and from you?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner, greatly interested.

"Well, that shows you have been telling us nothing but a pack of lies. If you had told the truth, the needle would point toward you, instead of me."

"Is that so?" faltered the Johnny, turning pale.

"Of course it's so; see," and Hugh turned the compass, "it makes no difference which way I turn the indicator, the needle will turn of its own accord toward me. Take the indicator and try it for yourself."

The fellow at first refused, but at last took the compass with trembling hands, and turned it so the needle would point toward himself; but the little telltale began to travel around toward Hugh. With a howl of fear, the Confederate dropped the compass, and stood trembling like a leaf.

Hugh picked the compass up, and said, in a severe tone of voice: "Johnny, you are an awful liar. Do you know what I am going to do with you?"

"No," he whimpered.

"I am going to hang you, if you don't tell the truth."

"Don't hang me; I will tell the truth, 'fore the Lawd, I will."

"Well, see that you do, or you hang. Remember that this indicator will tell me if you vary the least particle from the truth. "Now, Captain," turning to Fred, "question him."

Fred began to ask him questions relative to Hood's army. As he answered, Hugh slowly began to edge around to the south, and the needle slowly began to turn toward the prisoner. If he hesitated, Hugh stopped, and the needle stopped. No prisoner on trial for his life ever watched the faces of a jury more closely than did the prisoner that needle. He trembled so, he could scarcely talk, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

Fred soon learned all that the prisoner knew. Hood's army was on the march. It was not going to Guntersville, for it was not headed that way. In all probability Hood was going to Tusculumbia, for he had heard a wagon-master say his train was ordered to that place. It was common talk throughout the army that they were going into Tennessee.

This was just what Fred wanted to know, and when he was through questioning the prisoner, Hugh was around on the south of him.

"You have saved your life," coolly remarked Hugh, as he closed the compass and put it in his pocket; "hereafter never attempt to lie to a Yankee."

The fellow heaved a sigh of relief. "I would like to own that thar instrument," he replied.

"Money couldn't buy it," answered Hugh. "It's too valuable. It can make such liars as you tell the truth."

"I'll never lie to a Yank agin, 'deed I won't," he answered, shivering.

"You had better not; but, come along. You needn't be afraid; we will use you well. In fact, as you have no horse to ride, I think we had better parole you, and let you go."

And this they did.

"Now," said Fred, "for Sherman, and that as quick as our horses can carry us."

The party met with but one adventure going back: they were fired upon by a party of bushwhackers. But the firing did no damage, and Fred was in too great a hurry to halt.

In fact, it would have been of little use, for the woods and mountains afforded a secure hiding place. Upon his return, Fred lost no time in reporting to General Sherman what he had learned.

The general heard his report in silence, and then said: "You have brought me good news, Captain. There will now be no opposition to my march through Georgia."

He telegraphed the news to Washington that Hood was well out of the way, and the answer came back that he should go ahead.

Preparations for the grand march were at once commenced. The Fourth and Twenty-third corps

were turned north, while the rest of the army marched toward Atlanta. It was a strange spectacle, that of a great army dividing and marching in opposite directions.

When Hugh Raymond found out that the Fourth corps was not going with Sherman, he was inconsolable. "Just my luck," he growled, as he met Fred; "here you are going away on a grand march, somewhere, I don't care where, but it will be new fields to conquer, while I must go back to Tennessee, which I have tramped over so much, I am sick and tired of it."

"Hugh," replied Fred, "with Hood where he is now, if there is any heavy fighting to do, you who are left behind will be the ones to do it. Your corps and the Twenty-third will have to face the whole of Hood's army. It is General Thomas, and not General Sherman, who will have the difficult task. In fact, if it were any other general than Thomas, I should be fearful of the outcome. If I mistake not, General Thomas will have some desperate fighting, and that before many days. So it is you instead of me who may win high honor."

But Hugh would not be comforted; the idea of a march through the heart of the Confederacy was too alluring. The next day Hugh met Fred and told him he had been ordered back to Atlanta to see that all property belonging to the Fourth corps was brought away, and that in all probability they might see each other again before they were finally separated.

The next few days were busy ones for Fred. He had been commissioned by General Sherman to organize a body of fifty scouts, each one a picked man, mounted on a fleet horse. Fred chose Richard Darling, who had been with him in Andersonville and had been his companion in his escape, as his first lieutenant. Darling had been with Fred ever since the Bragg-Buell Campaign in Kentucky, in 1862. No better, truer, or braver man ever lived. In all, Fred succeeded in picking up about twenty men who had served with him before; for the rest of the fifty he had to take new men. When he had the company fully organized, he had fifty men who could not be excelled for efficiency, bravery, or prudence.

In the meantime, Sherman's preparations went rapidly forward. Everything in Atlanta not to be taken by Sherman on his raid was moved back to Chattanooga. The army was put in the lightest possible marching order. Every soldier not in perfect health was sent to the rear. It is safe to say that no army of sixty thousand men ever equaled in health and fighting qualities the army with which Sherman started from Atlanta to the sea.

Fred and Hugh met for the last time at Kingston. Hugh was on the last train that steamed north from Atlanta. Sherman had given orders for the railroad to be thoroughly broken up from Atlanta to Kingston, and no sooner did Hugh's train pass over the road, than the work of destruction commenced.



"Captain," said Hugh, "I have not yet got over my hankering to go with you. As you say, we may have the most fighting, but you will have the most fun. It makes me sick to see you all going south, and myself headed north."

"Hugh," replied Fred, "neither of us knows what is before us. We may never see each other again. I go to untried fields. But in the army which you will be called upon to oppose, are my father, Kate's father, my cousin, Calhoun Pennington. It may be your fortune to meet one or more of them. If so, tell them where you last saw me, and that my daily prayer is that this war may soon be over, so that I can once more meet with those I love. As for Kate, you must be sure and call on her if you go to Nashville. I really believe the girl thinks more of you than she pretends, but she will never admit it as long as this war lasts. But there goes your train, old boy, good-bye. If we live to meet again, the war will be over. This move of Sherman's will close the war; I feel it in my bones."

"All aboard!" shouted the officer in charge of the train.

The two friends clasped hands, and Hugh sprang on the rear platform of the moving train. There he stood waving farewells, until Fred was lost to view.

## CHAPTER V.

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

**I**F on the 16th of November, 1864, one had stood on the hill which overlooks Atlanta from the eastward, he would have seen a sight he would never forget. With long, swinging stride, thousands of soldiers were marching by, their faces toward the rising sun. Every countenance was aflame with excitement; every heart was beating high with hope.

These soldiers knew not where they were going, or what might be before them; but with sublime faith in their commander, they were willing to go where he led. They had a vague idea that they were going to end the war; that ultimately they would bring up at Richmond, yet Richmond was more than a thousand miles away. Behind these soldiers lay the ruins of a smoking city. They were leaving the scene of their heroism and triumph, leaving the place where hundreds of their comrades had fallen, yet they gave it scarcely a thought.

On his horse, surrounded by his staff, sat General Sherman. He looked on his soldiers, as they marched by, with a proud and kindling eye. Never had a general led forth sixty thousand better soldiers. Every man was a veteran, every one a hero.

No wonder that the men were proud of their general, and that the general was proud of his soldiers.

At last the long lines had passed, and General Sherman and his staff were left alone. The general turned and looked toward the city. The look of pride passed from his face, and one of regret took its place. Long did he gaze in silence. A great cloud of black smoke, like a huge funeral pall, hung over where the city had stood. Here and there red tongues of flame would leap up only to be obscured, in a moment, by the drifting smoke. Black, smoking ruins were everywhere.

The victorious chieftain, as if sick at heart over the cruel sight, gave a deep sigh, and turned his gaze toward the wood where McPherson fell. The grief over the loss of his beloved general was yet with him. The memory of that fierce battle, of the days he hurled shot and shell into the doomed city, must have stirred his heart, for he turned once more toward the black cloud of smoke; but his look was now hard and stern. There was no expression of pity in those steel-gray eyes. A moment he looked, then wheeling his horse, he rode rapidly away. He never saw Atlanta again. Yet none rejoiced more than he, when after the war, it arose, phoenix-like, from its ashes, and became the pride of the South. Few of its thousands of inhabitants ever think of the blood-red waves of war that once beat around it, or of the devouring flames that once swept it out of existence.

When night came, at the close of the first day's

march, General Sherman summoned Fred to his presence and said: "Captain, for a time, I shall be with the left flank of the army. This flank will so move as to appear to threaten Augusta. The first place of general rendezvous for the whole army will be Milledgeville. I hardly think there will be any fighting of any moment on this flank, at least until after Milledgeville is reached. The right wing of the army is to threaten Macon and threaten it strongly, so as to make General Hardie, who is now in command of the Confederate troops in Georgia, think that that city is the point of attack. My object is to hold the rebel infantry at Macon until I have advanced so far eastward that it can do me no harm. Wheeler's cavalry is down toward Macon, so is Kilpatrick. There may be some severe fighting on the extreme right. For this reason I wish you to take your scouts, report to General Howard, and act under his orders; but also remember you have a roving commission. Your duty is to find everything relative to the movements of the enemy that you possibly can. If Wheeler should attempt to pass around me, to get in my front, I should know it at the earliest possible moment. It is also very important that I should know if I am followed by any considerable body of infantry. I shall depend on you for accurate information."

Under these orders Fred rapidly passed to the right of the army, yet so wide was the path through which Sherman was sweeping, it took a day's hard riding to pass from one wing of the army to the

other. Fred found that Kilpatrick had captured a train of cars a few miles east of Macon, had pursued the Confederate cavalry into the outskirts of the city, and had there been met by a large force of infantry, which in turn forced him back. Being elated over their success in driving Kilpatrick back, the Confederate infantry rapidly pushed after him. This fact was reported to General W. B. Wood, who commanded the extreme right division of the army.

“I think,” said General Wood, when Fred reported that the Confederate infantry were pressing his rear closely, “I shall have to read those fellows a lesson.” So he placed Wolcott’s brigade—the soldiers of that brigade being armed with repeating rifles—in position, with orders to meet the attack of the enemy. The attack came, but it was easily and bodily repulsed, the Confederates losing nearly seven hundred men to Wolcott’s ninety-four. The Confederates fell back to Macon in dismay. This was the only attempt made to follow Sherman with infantry.

In all his scouts, Fred was careful to give out that Sherman’s real objective point was Macon, that after he had thoroughly destroyed the railroads to the east he would turn and capture the city. This General Hardie believed, and he strained every nerve to concentrate enough troops at Macon to defend the place, which was heavily fortified. To this end a great effort was made to rally the Georgia militia, or, as they were called, state guards.

The day after Wolcott's victory, Fred captured a Confederate captain named Trevor. When he was searched, a paper was found on him which proved to be a special commission from Governor Brown to rally the militia of the state, for the purpose of opposing the progress of Sherman. This paper set Fred thinking, and he resolved upon a bold adventure, which was no more or less than a trip to the plantation of Judge Chambers. This was the plantation on which he and Darling had lain hidden so long when they were making their escape from Andersonville. It was the place where their old comrade Smith had died, and above all, it was the place where Fred had first met Lucille de Courtney.

When Fred broached the subject to Darling, that person was strenuously opposed to it. "Why, Captain," he exclaimed, "what put that quixotic idea in your head? The danger is too great; our duty does not demand that we should run such risks. What we could find out about the movements of the rebel forces could not be of much value."

"I do not know about that," answered Fred; "the general is very anxious to get the earliest possible intelligence if Wheeler attempts to gain his front, and this trip might be the very thing."

"Captain, General Sherman would veto such a trip instanter, if he knew you thought of it. Just consider the risk. It must be at least fifty or sixty miles from here to Judge Chambers's, and the country is swarming with rebs."

"I have thought all about the risk," said Fred, "and it is not so great as you think. If we can get through the cavalry hovering on our flank, I believe the risk next to nothing."

"How do you make that out?" asked Darling.

"Just look at this paper," said Fred, putting the commission in his hands which he had taken from Captain Trevor. "With that in my possession, and dressed as a Confederate officer, I can travel without fear."

"Don't be so sure; you might meet some one who knows you, Major Kenyon, or Captain Chambers, for instance. Captain, is it not a desire to learn something of Lucille de Courtney that has put this absurd notion in your head?"

Fred turned very red. "I don't ask you to go with me," he exclaimed, tartly. "I shall go, and go alone," and he turned away.

"Captain," cried Darling, "forgive me; go by all means, only let me go with you."

Fred's better nature asserted itself. "Dick," he said, "it is I that should ask forgiveness. I have no cause to be angry; you spoke the truth. My principal reason for wanting to make this trip is that I may learn something of Lucille de Courtney. I fear Major Kenyon and his influence."

"But Miss de Courtney is not at Judge Chambers's," answered Darling.

"I know, but I may hear something of her. Dick, you don't know how I hunger for the least bit of news."

“All right, Captain; I am with you, and you can't start too quick to suit me. Come to think about it, it will be a jolly adventure.”

So it was settled that they should make the trip. Fred placed the scouts under the command of Lieutenant Craig, telling him he and Darling were about to make a dangerous trip.

“Keep on the extreme right of the army,” said he; “I think the army will be about Gordon when we return, so scout to the south of that place, as far as safety will permit. If we do not return by the end of three days, report to General Sherman that we have been captured.”

Accompanied by Craig and his scouts, they passed the extreme outposts of the army, and ran into a party of Confederate cavalry, which they put to flight. They now halted, and Fred and Darling, assuming the Confederate uniform, bade good-bye to Craig, bidding him return, and saying that they would take to the woods.

They made their way through the woods slowly, being careful to keep out of sight. “If we can only get past the cavalry,” said Fred, “I believe it will be plain sailing.”

They made slow progress, and when night fell, Fred advocated taking the road. “The night,” said he, “is going to be dark, and you know how far Prince can smell a Johnny. We can rely on him to give warning.”

Prince, the horse which Fred was riding, was one he had raised from a colt, and which he had



ridden all through the war. Nor was there a trick horse in a circus better trained than he, and he was as obedient as a dog. Better still, he possessed an acute sense of hearing or smell; and it was almost impossible for any one to come upon Fred before the horse would give him notice. Thus it was that Fred relied upon the instinct of his horse for safety, and more than once it had saved him from capture.

Putting Fred's suggestion in practice, they soon struck the road. "Dick," said Fred, "for at least ten miles, we must ride slowly, that Prince may hear and see. The less noise we make the better, and the slower we ride the easier we can hear if any one approaches."

"Now, Prince, old boy," said Fred, addressing his horse, and patting his neck affectionately, "we depend on you. Be careful, old fellow, be careful."

Prince seemed to understand; he stepped carefully, and his ears were thrown forward as if intently listening. Both Fred and Darling had muffled their horses' feet before starting, so as to move as noiselessly as possible.

They had not ridden more than a mile, when Prince gave Fred to understand there was something in front. They halted and listened, and the sound of horses' hoofs could plainly be heard.

"A party of cavalry is approaching," said Fred; "quick, Dick, let us get out of the way."

They withdrew a short distance from the road, where the darkness completely hid them. Shortly

a company of Confederate cavalry rode up, and halted nearly opposite them.

"We must be careful now," said a voice, "for we may run into the Yankee pickets at any time."

"Not for three or four miles, unless they have advanced their lines since dark," answered another voice.

"That last fellow knows what he is talking about," whispered Fred; "he must have been observing our lines pretty closely."

They waited until the cavalry had passed on, when they led their horses back to the road, and continued their journey. For half an hour they proceeded without adventure, when the sound of galloping horses was heard in the rear.

"It's that plaguy cavalry returning," said Fred; "I reckon they found the Yankees sooner than they expected, or they concluded not to go far enough to run into danger. We must hide again, and let them pass."

Once more the friendly darkness hid them, and as the cavalry clattered by, Fred heard one of them say, "Yes, they gobbled up poor Trevor yesterday. I heard Captain Chambers say he had important papers"—the rest of the sentence was lost, but Fred had heard enough to set him thinking.

"Let's follow in their rear," said Fred, "we can make time, and that without danger."

They did so, and as the Confederates rode rapidly, they made progress famously. Then the

faint glow of camp-fires was seen, and a challenge of a picket was heard.

"I reckon we have gone far enough," said Fred. "Now we must take the back track until we reach a cross road, which, if I mistake not, we passed a short time ago."

Riding slowly, lest in the darkness they might miss the road, they were gladdened by the sight of it after going about half a mile.

"We will turn east," said Fred; "I dare not turn west toward Macon, for fear it might bring us into a hornet's nest. But every foot we go takes us out of the way."

They rode some two miles before they came to a road leading south. "Four miles out of the way," groaned Fred, "and I wanted to make Judge Chambers's by morning. Dick, this is a good, plain road, and I make a motion that we keep straight on. If we meet Confederates, it will, in all probability, be small parties, and to get through we must run some risk."

"All right, go ahead, I am with you," responded Darling. They struck into a swinging gallop, and covered the ground rapidly. They met or overtook several small parties of Confederates, who did not seem anxious to scrape acquaintance. Some of these parties they could hear scampering off in the darkness in an endeavor to avoid them.

"Probably absent without leave," laughed Fred. "Well, we are no more anxious for their company than they are for ours." Several times they were

hailed and asked for news; every one seemed to be in terror that Sherman might come their way.

“Sherman is stirring them up in great shape,” chuckled Darling. “Georgia is shaking in her shoes, sure.”

The road they were on led almost directly south. The night, which had been a little cloudy, now became bright starlight, and as the road was a good one, they traveled as rapidly as if it had been day.

“As long as we keep south and west, we cannot go out of the way, remarked Fred. “We must be on the main road from Gordon to Hawkinsville. I wonder how far it is?”

Just then some one hailed them, asking them the news. “Oh, the Yanks are raising thunder, tearing up the railroads and gobbling up everything in their road. How far is it to Hawkinsville?”

“A right smart piece; goin’ thar?” was the answer.

“Yes, want to hurry up a company of state guards to Macon.”

“Good Lawd! the Yanks in Macon?”

“No, nor will they be, if you fellows will hurry up and defend it. Better take your gun and hurry up. Good-night.”

“Not by a jugful,” they heard the fellow mutter, as they rode away.

“We know just about as much as we did before as to the distance to Hawkinsville,” observed Darling. “A right smart piece, in the vernacular of the South, means anything from two to twenty miles.”

"We shall have to inquire again," answered Fred. "I want to avoid the place. In all probability the ferry over the Ocmulgee is guarded, and we might be asked some awkward questions."

"I quite agree with you," said Darling; "but we may run into the place before we know it. If I mistake not, the Ocmulgee is not far to our right now."

"Here is a plantation house," exclaimed Fred, as the dark outlines of a house showed on their left a short distance from the road; "I will inquire."

Riding up to the house, Fred raised a "Hello there!" which would almost have awakened one of the Seven Sleepers.

An upper window flew up, and the affrighted voice of an old man asked what they wanted.

"We are Confederate officers," answered Fred, "on our way to Hawkinsville. Are we on the right road, and how far is it?"

"Five miles, and the road is direct," was the answer. "Where are you from?"

"Macon," replied Fred.

"What's the news?" asked the old man, in a quavering voice, as Fred was wheeling his horse to ride away.

"Not the best. Sherman is between Macon and Gordon tearing up the railroad. Macon is all right yet, but we want to see that every able-bodied man is hurried there to its defense."

"I am the only white man left on the plantation," replied the old gentleman. "Do you reckon

that Sherman will take Macon? Some say he will take Macon, and then go on to Andersonville, and liberate all the prisoners. If he do, the whole country will be overrun, and we may all be murdered."

"Do not be alarmed on that score. Most of the prisoners have already been removed from Andersonville, so there is no cause for alarm. Neither do I think any of the Yankees will get as far south as this, so you can rest easy. By the by," continued Fred, carelessly, "is there any ferry across the Ocmulgee near here without going clear to Hawkinsville?"

"Yes, the first road to the right leads directly to a ferry, but it is tied up nights."

"Thank you," replied Fred. "You can sleep peacefully, for there will be no Yankees down this way to disturb you."

"That was a good hit, Dick," observed Fred, as soon as they were out of hearing. "Now for that ferry the old gentleman so kindly told us about. Oh! here is the road."

Turning into it, they kept up their swinging gallop, and after riding about three miles, they came to the Ocmulgee. All was dark and silent around the ferry.

"That must be where the ferryman lives," said Fred, pointing to a dark-looking pile that loomed up in the darkness. "Yes, it is a house." They rode toward it, and were welcomed by the ferocious barking of dogs.

"Hello, there!" shouted Fred; but it took several hellos before the door was opened, and a rough voice asked what was wanted.

"Call off your dogs; they are scaring our horses; then set us over the river as quick as you can, our business is urgent."

"Ef you-uns think I am goin' to ferry you-uns 'cross the river to-night, you-uns be mightily mistaken. I ferry nobody 'cross nights. It's against orders," answered the fellow, crossly.

"But I have an order from Governor Brown," expostulated Fred.

"Don't keer if you-uns be Governor Brown himself, you-uns don't cross heah 'til mornin'; I tell yer it's agin orders."

"Perhaps this will persuade you," exclaimed Fred, springing from his horse, and presenting a revolver at the head of the astonished man. Now ferry us over the river, and that mighty quick, or I will put a ball through your thick head, and throw your worthless carcass into the river."

Thoroughly cowed, the ferryman lost no time in putting them across the river.

"Here are ten dollars," said Fred, as the ferryman landed them safe on the other side, "for your trouble, and the next time that gentlemen want to cross in the night, see that you put them across without grumbling."

"I hope you didn't give that rascal a ten-dollar greenback," said Darling, as they rode away.

"No," laughed Fred, "I looked out for that.

I gave him good Confederate money, worth one dollar per bushel, and the price continually going down."

They now rode for some time in silence, at last coming out on a road which they judged led directly from Hawkinsville to Oglethorpe.

"Dick," said Fred, "I think we had better keep this road until we reach the main one leading down the Flint. It may be a little out of our way, but there will be less danger of our getting lost."

"A good plan," replied Dick.

The road they were on was a good one, and for the next hour they urged their horses forward at a ten-mile pace. A faint moon was shining, and Dick said: "That dark line in our front must be the woods along the Flint. And here is a road which, to all appearance, is the main one leading down the river on this side. Shall we take it?"

"Yes," said Fred; "but first let me see what time it is," and lighting a match, he looked at his watch.

"Just three o'clock, and we started at five. We have ridden, I should judge, about forty miles, and have at least twenty miles more to go. We shall surprise the judge about breakfast time."

Turning down the road, they had not gone far when Prince gave his master to understand there was danger ahead. They halted and listened. They could hear talking and laughing, as of a considerable company.

"Captain," whispered Darling, "I reckon there



is a hornet's nest ahead. I not only hear talking, but the rattling of arms."

"You are right, Dick, but whoever they are, I believe we had better meet them boldly. We are so far away from our lines now, surely we cannot be mistrusted." Thus saying, Fred rode leisurely forward.

"Halt!" cried a stern voice.

Drawing rein, they found themselves in a company of state guards, who were resting by the side of the road.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," replied Fred, carelessly; "what are you fellows doing here?"

"You had better tell us first who you are and what you are doing here," answered the captain of the company, gruffly.

"That I can easily do, but I would advise you to speak to a Confederate officer a little more civilly," answered Fred. "I am Captain Trevor, especially commissioned by Governor Brown to see that all of the Georgia state guards report to Macon at once. If I mistake not, I am now addressing the captain of one of the companies.

"You are, sir," replied the officer, a little more respectfully, "and we are on our way to Macon now. We need no special officer to tell us of our duty. Excuse me, but have you your credentials with you?"

"Certainly; here they are," and Fred handed him the papers he had taken from Captain Trevor.

Striking a light, the captain of the company

looked over the paper, and handed it back, saying: "Excuse me, Captain, I am sorry I troubled you; but one cannot be too careful nowadays. I know Governor Brown's signature; it is all right."

"You are excused, Captain," answered Fred, pleasantly. "In fact, I am pleased to see you so careful. As you say, these are dangerous times. That you are on your way to Macon shows that you fully realize the dangers that now confront the state. I shall see that Governor Brown is fully informed of your promptness."

If Fred could have seen the officer, he would have laughed, for he was fairly beaming with delight, and was profuse in his thanks for Fred's kindness, but averred he asked no reward for doing his duty. He then asked for the latest news.

"Macon is all right yet, and will be unless Sherman turn his whole army against 'it,'" answered Fred. "It looks now as if Sherman might be making for some place on the sea coast, but whichever way he turns, he will find that Georgians know how to defend their homes."

"That he will," replied the officer. "Captain Trevor, how far down do you think of going?"

"That depends on circumstances. I may go as far as Thomasville. By the by, Captain, do you know a Judge Chambers who lives down this way? I have letters to him."

"Know him, I reckon I do. Then you are making for the judge's, are you?"

"Yes, I have been told he is one of the most

influential men in this part of the country. How far is it to his plantation?"

"Full twenty miles. But the judge is not so influential as he was. In fact, the boys wanted to burn his home, as we came along, but Colonel Kenyon happened to ride up as they were debating the question, and persuaded the boys not to; said the judge was all right, but I doubt it."

If it had been light enough for the officer to see Fred's face while he was making the above speech, he might have had his suspicions aroused. But as it was, the darkness saved Fred and gave him time to collect his thoughts, so he asked, quite coolly: "Who is Colonel Kenyon, and what has the judge done that the boys wanted to burn his home?"

"Colonel Kenyon used to be Major Kenyon; but he has been promoted, and ordered to South Carolina. As for what the judge has done, it is rather a long story."

"Let me hear it, by all means," replied Fred. His voice indicated a little more anxiety than was prudent. "I am surprised to hear there is anything against the loyalty of the judge. I know his son, Captain Chambers of the Fourth Georgia cavalry, and the Confederacy has not a braver or more gallant officer."

"Well, it's rather a long story, as I said. Everybody in this section used to swear by the judge, until about two months ago. He had a niece visiting him from South Carolina, and a couple of Yan-

kees who had escaped from Andersonville had concealed themselves on his plantation—”

“Surely,” broke in Fred, “the judge wasn’t to blame if he knew nothing of it.”

“Hear me out,” said the officer; “only two days before, one of these prisoners, a Captain Shackelford, who is reported to be a perfect dare-devil as well as a notorious spy, killed Captain Floyd Brown, who had discovered and tried to capture him.”

“Ha! that makes a difference,” ejaculated Fred.

“I reckon it makes a big difference. Brown was captain of this very company, and although his death made me captain, if I do say it, a better man than Floyd Brown never lived. The boys all swore vengeance on his murderer—”

“An’ we-uns will have it yet,” broke in the men, who were standing around listening.

“But what has all this to do with Judge Chambers?” asked Fred, to whom the death of Brown was not a pleasant subject.

“I was comin’ to that. As I said, the judge had a niece visiting him, a deuced pretty girl, too, and one day, as luck would have it, her horse ran away, and this Yankee Shackelford saved her life. What did the girl do but fall in love with the villain, and help him to escape? Actually struck Colonel Kenyon’s horse to disconcert his aim and keep him from shooting the rascal. In trying to escape, it was thought at the time that both of the Yankees were drowned in the Flint, so the search

for them was discontinued. But it seems they fooled their pursuers in some manner. In fact, found their way back to the judge's plantation, where they lay secreted until the storm blew over, then made their way safe to Sherman at Atlanta. It is thought the old judge knows more about their escape than he pretends. This is what makes the boys down on him."

"But this Colonel Kenyon," said Fred, anxious to get all the news he could, "what of him? You say he persuaded the boys not to burn the judge's house, and yet the girl prevented him from shooting this Shackelford."

"The colonel? Well, the colonel is reported to be in love with the girl himself. Queer, but privately the colonel says the judge was privy to the Yankees' escape, told me so; yet, publicly, he defends the judge. Don't know what to make of it."

"I reckon I do," drawled Fred.

"What do you reckon?" asked the officer, in surprise.

"Just this; Colonel Kenyon is playing for the girl. He wants to appear as the champion of Judge Chambers, so as to get his influence with his niece; so privately he sets you fellows on the judge, while publicly, he appears as his friend. Boys, take my advice and let Judge Chambers alone. The state of Georgia has no better friend of the Confederacy."

"Gad! I reckon you are right. The colonel is a sharp one, he is."

"We-uns will hang the kernel 'stead of the judge, if he has bin foolin' we-uns," growled one of the men.

"Better lick the Yanks first, boys, then you can tend to the colonel afterwards," Fred replied, with a light laugh. "But we must be going. Good-bye, Captain. I expect to hear a good report of you and your brave men."

"Good-bye," responded the captain; "give my respects to the judge."

"Well, we struck richness that time, sure," said Darling, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Richness with a vengeance; it has upset all my plans," growled Fred.

"How is that?" asked Darling, in surprise.

"I intended to ride boldly up to the judge's house and claim his hospitality. He knows neither of us, and as Captain Trevor and his friend, we should have been royally received. But with Kenyon there, this is impossible; he knows us. I wonder what the scoundrel is doing down here anyway."

"Visiting the judge, before he goes back to South Carolina; or, perhaps, Miss de Courtney is here," answered Darling, a little mischievously.

"I don't believe it," ejaculated Fred, with vehemence; "more probably he is here to plot with the judge against the peace of Miss de Courtney. Oh, the villain! I will be even with him yet"; and Fred, in his excitement, gave Prince free rein, and the miles were rapidly left behind.

Just as the sun was rising, Darling said, "It seems to me this country looks familiar."

"You are right; yonder is Judge Chambers's," and Fred pointed to a house about a mile away, which showed through the leafless trees.

Both reined up their horses, and for a moment gazed in silence over the landscape. Then Fred said: "It will never do for us to ride up to the house until we know whether Kenyon has gone or not. I see a path here which seems to lead through the fields to the river. Dick, let's seek our old hiding-place, rest our horses, and make up our minds what to do."

"Agreed," responded Darling, and turning their horses into the path, they followed it for some two miles, when they came to the river.

"We are above the place," said Fred, "but it can't be far." Riding slowly down the bank of the river, they soon came to the place so familiar to both. There, under the towering pine was the grave of Smith. It had sunk and was covered with weeds. How desolate and forsaken it looked! They sighed as they thought of their old comrade, so faithful, so true. But it was no time to indulge in sentiment. The first thing to be undertaken was the care of their horses. Tethering them in a pine thicket, for the next half hour they busied themselves by giving their steeds a thorough rubbing. They then blanketed them, and gathered them a liberal supply of corn from the very field which had furnished Fred and Darling

with food while they were in hiding two months before.

"I only wish we had as good a breakfast as the horses," exclaimed Darling, sorrowfully, rubbing his stomach. "Oh, Lord! how empty I am. I only wish this corn were green once more."

"If it come to the worst, Dick, we can parch some, but I have not given up hope of dining with Judge Chambers. In fact, I shall fast a while yet with that intention. Dick, you stay with the horses, I wish to do a little reconnoitering. I shall not be gone long," and he started down the river.

Darling looked after him, and muttered: "There he goes to where he first met that girl. That little spring down there is to him the most sacred spot on earth; would risk his neck any time to get a sight of it. Queer, isn't it?" and then he sighed, for he thought of the girl whose fickleness drove him to a life on the Western plains.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MEETING BY THE SPRING.

**D**ARLING was right. Fred lost no time in finding his way to the little spring to which he had borne the unconscious form of Lucille de Courtney, when he saved her from death, as her mad charger was about to plunge into the river. There it was bubbling and sparkling, as it bubbled and sparkled then; its waters were as pure as when they revived the fainting maiden; but to Fred all seemed dark, gloomy. As a miser searches for a treasure, so did he look for the faintest trace of a tiny foot-print that he knew was once there. But time had been cruel; there was nothing left to remind him of Lucille, except the bubbling spring, and the remembrance of what had been. Everything had changed. The chill breath of the coming winter had left the vegetation brown and sere. Only the pine trees preserved their foliage, and bade defiance to the changing seasons—fit emblems of unchanging love.

Fred sat down by the side of the spring and dreamed—dreamed of the pressure of a soft hand, of the lingering fragrance of a kiss upon dimpled fingers, of her wild ride to save him from capture and an ignominious death at the hands of Kenyon.

From that day her image had been engraved on his heart. He needed no photograph to tell him how she looked. She had never told him she loved him, but he knew it, felt it, rejoiced in it.

As he thus sat dreaming, he was startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs. It took him but a moment to conceal himself in a thicket which grew close to the spring. Hardly had he done so, when, to his amazement, Colonel Kenyon rode up, and dismounting, hitched his horse, and going up to the spring, gazed into its clear depths with a scowling countenance.

"So," he exclaimed to himself, "this is where he first met her, and they tell me he is not dead, and that she loves him. Bah! what has come over me that I should fear a skulking Yankee? Lucille de Courtney will yet be mine. Poor girl! she is now alone. Yet it was a fortunate wave that sent to the bottom the ship that bore her father. Judge Chambers is now her lawful guardian—protector. Ha! what was that? I thought I heard something. I see nothing; it must have been the rustling of the dry leaves in the wind. A word from Judge Chambers will now be law to her. I have a letter from him"—tapping his breast—"to her, almost commanding her to marry me. Ha! Ha! I have played it fine on the judge. Secretly I have circulated the report that he knows more about the escape of Shackelford than he would have the world believe. Publicly I have defended him from the mob, and posed as his friend. It will be but a few days

before I shall see Lucille, and I shall be the most devoted of lovers. But win her I will; by fair means, if I can; by foul, if I must."

Fred had listened to Kenyon's soliloquy with every nerve throbbing, and the blood rushing through his veins like fire. More than once he had raised his revolver to shoot the wretch, but each time he forebore. He could not shoot an unsuspecting man from ambush; it was too much like murder. But when he heard that Lucille's father was dead, he gave a start which caused a rustling that caught the ear of Kenyon. Fred thought he would be discovered; but the danger passed. But when Kenyon declared that he would win Lucille by fair means or foul, he threw prudence to the wind and crept up on him as stealthily as an Indian.

"Throw up your hands!" were the ominous words which smote Kenyon's ear.

Had a mine exploded at his feet, he would not have been more astonished. Wheeling, he found the cold muzzle of Fred's revolver in his face. Brave as he was, he turned white with terror, and trembled like a leaf.

"Great God! Captain Shackelford!" he gasped.

"Yes, Captain Shackelford. I have heard every word you have uttered. I ought to kill you where you stand, as I would kill a crawling, poisonous reptile. I will thank you for that letter of Judge Chambers's."

Trembling, the hand of Kenyon sought to go lower than the breast pocket.



**"THROW UP YOUR HANDS!" EXCLAIMED FRED.**



“Stop! That hand an inch lower, and you are a dead man. Allow me,” and Fred reached around and drew a revolver from the hip-pocket of the colonel, and tossed it into the spring. “Now that paper.”

With a muttered curse, Colonel Kenyon drew forth the judge’s letter and handed it to Fred.

“That is well. Now, about face and march. Any attempt to escape, any call for help, and I fire.”

The astonishment of Darling when Fred came marching in his prisoner, can be imagined. He could only stare first at one and then the other.

“Lieutenant Darling, let me introduce you to Colonel Kenyon,” exclaimed Fred, with mock politeness.

“Why, why, where did you capture him?” was all that Darling could say.

“Down at the spring. He was down there speaking a little piece all to himself, which so pleased me, I thought I would bring him up here and let you hear it. The colonel is almost as great on a soliloquy as Hamlet. By the way, Dick, the colonel’s horse is down at the spring. You had better go and get him. The place is a little public, and he may be seen.”

Darling went away, still wondering, and soon came back with the horse. Fred then told him how he came to capture the colonel. “And now,” said he, “we have him, what shall we do with him?”

Darling shook his head. “I hardly know what

to advise," he answered. "You ought to have shot the scoundrel. It will hardly do now to kill him in cold blood, though I must confess I would like to do it."

While Darling was speaking, Colonel Kenyon stood glaring on his captors, his bitter hatred showing in every look. But if he felt any fear, he did not show it. Cowardice was not one of the faults of Colonel Kenyon.

"You had better kill me," he exclaimed, with a fierce oath, "for if I ever get out of this alive, I will have my revenge. Captain Shackelford, I have sworn to have you hanged, and I will yet see that you are."

Fred took no notice of his ravings, but told Dick to take the bridle rein from the colonel's horse, and securely tie the prisoner to a tree.

"I will never submit," yelled the colonel.

But a look into the muzzle of Fred's revolver told him how fruitless resistance would be, and he sullenly submitted.

"Now gag him," continued Fred, after Darling had bound him fast.

"Why not kill me at once, instead of leaving me bound and gagged to die by inches," exclaimed Colonel Kenyon, furiously. "Fool that I was to allow you to bind me," and he struggled to break the strap which held him, and uttered a piercing scream.

But he screamed but once; a gag was forced into his mouth, and that not gently.

“I am sorry to hurt you,” said Fred, for the blood was slowly trickling from the corners of Kenyon’s mouth, “but I can have none of that. Now listen! I shall be more merciful to you than you would be to me. I have no intention of leaving you here to die. I shall see that you are liberated by night. But if that scream of yours brings any one, your life is not worth a farthing. I shall shoot you without compunction.”

Fred and Darling listened for a few minutes, but not hearing or seeing anything, they concluded that Kenyon’s cry had not been heard, and made preparations to leave him, he all the time watching them with a look that a devil might envy.

As they mounted their somewhat rested steeds, Fred said, “Colonel, we are now compelled to leave you. I shall be as good as my word, and see that you are released by night. Until that time, you must remain here. I trust that you will spend a pleasant day communing with nature, and that it will make you a better man. Good-bye!”

Kenyon could only look his hatred; the gag prevented him from replying.

“Well, what next?” asked Darling, as soon as they were out of hearing.

“A visit to the judge. We are now rid of Kenyon, and there is nothing to fear. I long to enjoy the judge’s hospitality, and I am as hungry as a bear.”

“Hungry is no name for it, as far as I am concerned,” answered Darling; “I could eat my boot-



soles if they were fried. Yes, we will visit the judge."

Fred and Darling, as they expected, received a most hospitable welcome from Judge Chambers, whom they found to be a typical Southern gentleman. A negro came to take their horses, but to this Fred at first demurred; then thinking it might excite suspicion, he told the negro only to remove the bridles of the horses, and let them munch some fodder, they already had had plenty of grain.

"In fact, Judge," said Fred, with a smile, "the horses are much better off than their riders; they have had a good breakfast, we have had none."

"Bless me! Bless me!" exclaimed the judge, and he immediately gave orders for a meal to be prepared.

"Anything, Judge," said Fred; "our business is urgent, as you see by this letter," and he handed him the commission of Captain Trevor. "I have been commissioned by Governor Brown to rally the state guards. Every able-bodied man in Georgia should now come to the defense of the state."

"Captain Trevor, I am happy to make your acquaintance," answered the judge. "You were welcome before, now you are thrice welcome, since I have learned your name and business. As you say, it is a time that every son of Georgia should do his duty. Our company has already gone."

"We met them," replied Fred; "and a fine

company you have. They will give a good account of themselves."

"Yes," answered the judge, "the company is a good one; it is a misfortune that their old captain was murdered some two months ago."

"Murdered?" echoed Fred.

"Yes, brutally murdered by an escaped Yankee prisoner. It was a most unfortunate occurrence, especially for me."

"Why for you, Judge?" asked Fred, and his voice trembled a little as he asked the question.

The judge sighed. "I do not know," he answered, "that I ought to have mentioned it, as it is rather a family affair. The fact is, the Yankee saved the life of my niece, and she befriended him and aided him to escape."

"I do not know that under those circumstances, Judge, you can blame her much. It was natural for her to feel grateful to her preserver."

"True, sir, but some enemy has circulated the story that I was privy to what the girl did, and damn it, Captain," exclaimed the judge, pounding the floor with his cane in his excitement, "what do you think? They have actually talked of mobbing me; of burning my buildings as an enemy to the South—me! whose heart and soul are with our holy cause. Me! who have contributed thousands and thousands of dollars, and have given my only son to the army. It's damnable, sir, it's damnable! Why, I believe they would have mobbed me, if it had not been for the interposition of a friend."

"And what became of your niece, Judge, who caused all the trouble?" Fred could scarcely control his voice while he asked the question.

"I packed her, or, rather, she packed herself, off home. She resides in Columbia, South Carolina. Poor girl! Her father is dead now, drowned as he was returning from Europe, and by his will, I am her guardian. Gad! sir, I don't know what to do. The feeling here is so great against her, that I dare not bring her here."

"Then she is still in Columbia?" questioned Fred.

"Yes, and will have to stay there until all this excitement over Sherman's raid is over. There is now no knowing what will happen during the next few weeks."

Fred had learned all he hoped to learn, without appearing too inquisitive, so to change the subject, he said: "I believe, Judge, you observed a few moments ago, that you had a son in the army."

"Yes, Captain Charles Chambers of the Fourth Georgia cavalry."

"Why, Judge!" cried Fred, "I know him, know him well; a most gallant officer. I congratulate you on having such a son."

This praise completely won the judge's heart. There was now nothing too good for Captain Trevor; was he not a friend of his son?

"Perhaps," remarked the judge, you know a Colonel Kenyon; he also served with Wheeler."

"Yes," replied Fred, "I have met him. Was

a major then. I hear he is promoted, and has been ordered to South Carolina."

"The very same. I expect him here every moment. He went out for a ride after breakfast; said he would be back in an hour. I wonder what's keeping him."

"Kenyon here!" exclaimed Fred, as if greatly surprised; "that is lucky, for I wish to see him greatly."

"He will surely be back soon," answered the judge.

A servant here entered and announced that the repast ordered was ready. This was good news to Fred and Darling, for they were nearly famished, and they did ample justice to the substantial meal set before them. After they had fully dined, Fred said: "Judge, much as I should like to lengthen my visit, duty compels me to be on my way, and if you will be so kind as to have the servant bring around the horses, we will go."

"But you have not seen Colonel Kenyon yet," said the judge. "What can be keeping him? It is strange he has not returned."

"We cannot wait," replied Fred, "much as I should like; I will leave a note for him."

What Fred really wrote was this:

DEAR JUDGE:

Forgive me for imposing on you. I am not a Confederate officer as you suppose, but Captain Frederic Shackelford, of the Federal army. My excuse for thus deceiving you was that I might learn something of your niece, Miss Lucille de Court-

ney. You will find Colonel Kenyon gagged and securely tied to a tree near the grave of our old comrade. Please liberate him, and greatly oblige.

Very respectfully yours,

FRED SHACKELFORD,  
Captain U. S. A.

Directing this letter to Colonel Kenyon, he handed it to Judge Chambers, saying: "Judge, if it should happen that unexpected business has called Colonel Kenyon away, and he should not return by five o'clock this evening, please open it. It refers to some business that you can do as well as he, if he do not return."

"I will gladly attend to it," replied the judge; "but this absence of the colonel worries me. Can any accident have befallen him?"

"I reckon not," answered Fred, carelessly. "Ah! here are the horses, we must be going."

Just then the sound of approaching horsemen was heard, and Fred looking up saw two Confederate officers nearly onto them. The judge saw them at the same time, and exclaimed: "Great heavens! there comes my son."

Sure enough, Captain Chambers, accompanied by a brother officer, was but a few yards distant. But if the judge was surprised to see his son, he was more surprised at the movements of his guests. Both Fred and Darling made a rush for their horses, and as they vaulted into their saddles, Fred shouted, "Shoot the horses, not the men."

As for Captain Chambers, he had caught sight of Prince and was gazing at him in open-eyed wonder.

His surprise increased when he saw a supposed Confederate officer vault onto his back. But the next instant he caught sight of Fred's face, and the recognition nearly took away his breath. Then he grasped the situation, and reaching for his revolver, shouted to his companion, "Seymour, Yankee spies! Don't let them escape."

Both Confederate officers attempted to shoot, but they were too late. Fred's and Darling's revolvers blazed, and the horses of the Confederates reared and plunged, and then fell heavily. The lieutenant jumped as his horse fell, and landing on his feet close to Darling, raised his revolver to shoot; but Fred saw Dick's danger, and sent a ball through the Confederate's arm. The next moment Fred and Darling were disappearing up the road in a cloud of dust.

Judge Chambers, terribly excited, had witnessed the scene. So suddenly had it all occurred that he stood as if rooted to the ground. But no sooner was the firing over than he rushed to where his son was trying to extricate himself from his fallen horse.

"Charles! Charles! are you hurt? Are you wounded?" he exclaimed in a trembling voice.

"No, but confound it, I can't get my foot out of this stirrup. There, that will do," as his father released the foot.

Rising to his feet, he first noticed the lieutenant, who stood holding his bleeding arm.

"Great God! Seymour," ejaculated Chambers,

rushing to the side of his lieutenant, "you are wounded!"

"Only a flesh wound through the arm," replied Seymour, with a faint smile, "but it saved the life of one of the villains."

"Charles," excitedly demanded the judge, "what does this mean? I can't understand."

"Do you know who those men are you have been entertaining?" asked Captain Chambers, in a tone he had never used to his father before, for the awful suspicion had entered his mind that the stories that his father had shielded Captain Shackelford might be true, and that he had even been entertaining him, knowing him to be a spy.

In his excitement, the judge did not notice the tone and replied, "Why, Captain Trevor and his friend, Lieutenant Mason."

"Captain Trevor, nothing. Captain Trevor was taken prisoner by the Yankees three days ago. That was Captain Fred Shackelford, the notorious Yankee scout and spy. You ought to know him; he has given you trouble enough."

Judge Chambers grew giddy, tottered, and would have fallen if his son had not sprung to his side and supported him. That he had entertained Shackelford masquerading as a Confederate, would but augment the suspicions against him, if the fact became known.

"Why, why," he gasped, "he had papers from Governor Brown as Captain Trevor."

"Of course," said Captain Chambers, "taken

from Trevor when he was captured. What could have brought Shackelford down here? It must have been to see if he could not hear something of Lucille."

"I can't understand," said the judge, "why he left a letter here for Colonel Kenyon."

"Kenyon? Has Kenyon been here? I thought he was on his way to South Carolina."

"Yes, he came last evening. He went away after breakfast this morning saying he would not be gone more than an hour, but he has not returned yet. Shackelford—or Captain Trevor, as I thought—left a letter for him, telling me if the colonel did not return by five o'clock this evening, to open it myself."

"Great heavens! he cannot have met Kenyon and killed him!" cried Chambers. "The letter—quick!"

With a shaking hand, the judge drew forth the letter. Captain Chambers seized it, tore it open, and glancing at its contents, ejaculated, "The devil!"

"What is it? What is it?" cried the judge, shaking as with the ague; "Kenyon isn't killed, is he?"

"No, but he has been taken prisoner. Shackelford says he can be found, bound to a tree near the grave of a comrade."

"It's his old hiding-place," exclaimed the judge. "I must see to liberating Kenyon at once."

"Father," said the captain, "this Shackelford



must be captured. The honor of the house is at stake. General Wheeler has received orders to get in front of Sherman's army, and I obtained leave of absence for a day to visit you, and then join my command south of Gordon. I have ridden all night and so far into the day in order to see you. But now I can only snatch a kiss from mother, and be after Shackelford and his companion. Their horses must be tired. Give me a fresh horse, the fleetest you have in the stable. As for Lieutenant Seymour, I shall leave him in mother's care. Better get Doctor Carver to dress his wound. Release the colonel, and tell him to join in the pursuit."

"But, son, what can you do all alone? These men are desperate; they will kill you if you overtake them."

"They will run into our cavalry before they can get into the Yankee lines. If I can keep track of them, I can get plenty of help before I ride many miles."

While he was talking, Captain Chambers had snatched a few mouthfuls of food, then tenderly embracing his mother, he mounted his horse and was away.

Judge Chambers lost no time in going to the relief of Colonel Kenyon. His eyes glared when he saw the judge, but of course he could say nothing. For the judge to remove the gag from his mouth and release him was the work of but a few moments. No sooner did the colonel find himself at liberty, than he let fly a volley of oaths, and

turning in fury on the judge, accused him of being privy to his capture and humiliation. Although the judge was an old man, he had not lost all the fire of youth.

“Colonel Kenyon,” he exclaimed, white with anger, “I allow no man to assail my character as you are doing. You will apologize here and now, or answer to me as a gentleman. Refuse, and I will shoot you like a dog,” and he drew a weapon from his pocket.

The demand and threat of the judge sobered Kenyon. It would not do for him to break with Judge Chambers. The success of his suit for the hand of Lucille depended too much on his friendship.

“Forgive me, Judge,” he answered, humbly, “if in my excitement and humiliation I have accused you wrongfully; but you can hardly blame me for being suspicious under the circumstances. I find Shackelford hiding on your plantation. I am captured and bound, and after he has had time to get well out of the way, you come and liberate me. Judge, if you can satisfactorily explain all this, I will apologize most willingly. But an explanation is certainly due me.”

“It certainly is,” said the judge, much mollified by Kenyon’s words, “and you shall have it. But first tell me how you came in such a fix.”

“The villain stole up behind me, and the first thing I knew there was a revolver thrust in my face. My only show was to surrender.”

The judge then told Colonel Kenyon all that had happened, and added that, as he had never seen Shackelford before, the imposition was easy.

The colonel was much interested in the account of the fight, and expressed his desire to join in the pursuit. "But, Judge," he asked, "how did you find out I was here in the woods, tied up like a stuffed turkey?"

"Why, the scoundrel actually wrote you a letter, telling me that if you did not return by five o'clock this evening I should open it, and saying I could attend to the business it pertained to, if you did not return. Of course we opened it at once, when we found out who he was. My fear was he had murdered you. Here is the letter. Cool, isn't it?"

Colonel Kenyon took the letter, and as he read it, his face grew as black as a thunder-cloud.

"So," he exclaimed, "it was to find out something about your niece that led him into these parts. Judge, he has that letter you wrote for me to give to Lucille."

"Has the letter!" exclaimed the judge, in surprise. "How in the world did he know you had it? Did he search you?"

"Oh, I talked to myself like a silly schoolboy, and the villain was hid and overheard every word I said. Judge, for your peace and mine, Captain Shackelford must be caught and hanged. Only last night I had hard work to keep that mob from burning the roof over your head. What if they had known that at that very time Shackelford was

perhaps hiding on your plantation? What if they should learn that you have been entertaining him disguised as a Confederate officer? Wouldn't you have hard work to make them believe you did not know who he was?"

"I know, I know," answered the judge, in deep distress. "The bloody murderer, to impose on me as he did! It was dastardly! dastardly! Colonel, you and I have a common cause against him. But we are losing time. Let us hasten and join in the pursuit. The scoundrel must be caught, and, as you say, hanged."

"You are too old, Judge, to take such a hard ride," replied the colonel. "I think we can safely leave it to your son to do all that can be done."

"Yes, yes," replied the judge; "Charles will do all that mortal man can."

As for Kenyon, he saw that this last exploit of Fred's was one of the best things that could have happened for him.

In the first place, the chances were that Fred would be caught, and if caught, he would be executed as a spy. If so, Kenyon would be well rid of him. But even if Fred escaped, the deception he had practiced had so incensed the judge that he would more than ever favor Kenyon's suit.

The ardor of Fred's love had caused him to overreach himself. His visit to Judge Chambers not only nearly cost him his life, but it had placed Lucille de Courtney more than ever in the power of his rival and enemy.

The wily colonel was not slow in seeing this, and he resolved to make the most of it. So he pleased the judge by praising his son, and then artfully turned the conversation to Lucille.

"From the deception he practiced on you," he said, "you see how utterly unprincipled this Shackelford is. No gentleman would for a moment play the spy and impostor. Such work is generally done by rogues for hire. It is our duty to break the spell which this infernal scoundrel has cast over your niece. You know how well I love her. You are her lawful protector and guardian, standing in the place of her father. Surely she will listen to you. You could command her to marry me, but that would not do. Nothing will make a girl hate a man so quickly as to tell her she must marry him. Write her another letter, Judge, appeal to her sympathy. Tell her how this Shackelford imposed on you; of the danger to which this second visit of his has exposed you; how I have befriended you and warded off the attacks of the mob. Tell her that Shackelford will surely be caught and hanged. Tell her all this, but do not write a single harsh word. I will bear the letter to her."

"Anything! anything!" cried the judge, "to keep her from marrying that Yankee spy, impostor, and murderer."

The judge lost no time in writing a long letter to Lucille on the lines indicated by Colonel Kenyon. When it was finished, he sealed and directed it, and handed it to the colonel, saying: "When

next I hear from you, I hope it will be the good news of your betrothal to my niece."

"Thank you, Judge; I shall never forget your kindness. Now to Macon, and then to South Carolina. In less than a week, I hope to see your niece."

"Then you will not wait to see the outcome of the pursuit of the spies?"

"No, I feel assured that your son will do all possible to catch them. Good-bye," and he galloped away.

"The old dotard," muttered Kenyon, as soon as he got out of hearing; "to think I would go to South Carolina before I know whether Shackelford has escaped or not. Neither would I trust that precious son of his a foot beyond my nose."

## CHAPTER VII.

### A HOT PURSUIT.

**F**RED and Darling had not over fifteen minutes the start of Captain Chambers, when the latter began his pursuit. His horse was fresh, and he pressed him to the utmost. He was alone, but he hoped to meet with others who would join with him in the pursuit. Fortune was with him, for he had not ridden more than five miles before he ran into a company of mounted home guards, who seemed to be greatly excited, and who were riding at full speed south.

Seeing Chambers coming at such tremendous speed, they checked their horses, and as soon as he came in hearing, commenced shouting:

“The news! the news! Are they killing, burning, ravishing?”

So occupied was Captain Chambers with the thought of catching Fred and Darling, that he did not notice the excitement under which these men were laboring, or the curious questions they asked.

Reining in his panting steed, he asked: “Have a couple of Confederate officers passed this way?”

“Yes, yes! Are the Andersonville prisoners coming this way, burning, plundering—”

“Andersonville prisoners! Plundering! Burning! What do you mean?” thundered Chambers.

“Why those officers told us that a raid of Yankee cavalry had liberated all the prisoners at Andersonville; that the railroad was destroyed, the telegraph cut, so the news could not be got to Macon, and that the prisoners—”

“The devil!” broke in Chambers, “they were not Confederate officers; they were Yankee spies; they lied to you. You must help me to catch them.”

Cries of rage were heard on every hand. “Help you-uns cotch them,” they yelled, “I reckon we-uns will, and help hang ’em, too.”

So it came to pass that Captain Chambers had a whole company to help him in his pursuit. Dividing his men into two squads, he placed one under the command of the captain of the company, saying: “You take the road that leads to the ferry across the Ocmulgee, about five miles above Hawkinsville; I will take the direct Hawkinsville road; they will try to cross the river at one place or the other. And mind you, be prepared to fight. I know those fellows; they are desperate men; they will never be taken alive.”

“They must have at least three miles the start, they were riding fast,” said the captain.

“Yes, but their horses must be tired; don’t spare yours. Change mounts with any one you meet, if any of your horses give out.”

With clatter of hoofs and wild hurrahs, they



were away—fifty men in pursuit of two, and as eager for their prey as the hounds for the fox.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Fred and Darling escaped from Judge Chambers, they knew that pursuit would be instant, and that their only safety lay in the speed of their horses. They had ridden but a few miles before they ran into a company of home guards, the same company that was afterwards met by Captain Chambers. Hardly checking his horse, Fred cried: "We have dispatches for Wheeler. A Yankee cavalry force has raided Andersonville. The prisoners are loose, devastating all the country. The orders are for you to turn back, and help to protect the inhabitants from their vengeance."

They dashed on, leaving the Confederates amazed and confounded.

"Ah! ha!" laughed Fred, as he looked back; "see, they are huddled together like a flock of sheep."

"Yes, but it will not be long before we shall have the whole pack in full hue and cry after us," remarked Darling.

"We are safe," answered Fred, "as long as we can keep ahead of them; our uniforms will protect us. But, Dick, your horse, I am afraid of him, he seems winded; you must change horses the first chance you get."

The opportunity soon came. Passing by a fine plantation, they saw a horse saddled and bridled

standing hitched by the gate. "He looks like a good one, Dick, take him," said Fred.

For Darling to exchange mounts was the work of a moment, and they were away with the excited and indignant shouts of the owner of the horse ringing in their ears.

"Are you not afraid Prince will give out?" asked Darling.

"He has the bottom of three horses," answered Fred, proudly; "but he has had a hard ride, and a harder one is before him. I must favor him all possible. Let us go back the way we came, it will be safer than by Hawkinsville."

For the next two hours they said little, but kept up a good ten-mile gait. So far, there were no signs of pursuit in their rear, and they were approaching the Ocmulgee. Before reaching the river, they slackened their pace, so as not to excite too much curiosity on the part of the ferryman. To their joy they found the boat had just landed, and a couple of negroes were urging their teams hitched to wagons heavily loaded with cotton up the steep bank.

"Just in time, my good man," said Fred, pleasantly, as he and Darling rode their horses onto the boat. "Now take us over quickly, for we are in a hurry."

The ferryman lazily changed a huge chew of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and drawled: "So it seems by the looks of you-uns' hosses, but this ere boat don't make a trip only

every half-hour. Say," and he looked at them closely, "ain't you-uns the fellers what made we-uns take you-uns over last night?"

"You are right, my friend," answered Fred, drawing his revolver, "and I shall try the same kind of argument that I did last night. Get a move on you, and be quick about it. Cast off those ropes, I tell you."

"Jes' goin' to, Captain; jes' goin' to. You-uns is a mighty persuasive feller, you-uns be."

"You will find me so, if you don't hurry," answered Fred.

"Can't go eny faster than the cur'ent will carry the boat," grumbled the ferryman. "Who in thunder be you-uns, eny way?"

"We are the Confederate government," answered Fred, gravely. The man looked at his passengers in wonder. He didn't quite understand, but concluded they must be personages of great consequence, so he took hold of the sweep, and began helping to propel the boat.

As they were nearly across, a party of horsemen were seen approaching the bank the boat had just left. Spying Fred and Darling nearly across the river, they began shouting and gesticulating for the ferryman to stop.

"Those fellows seem to be in as great a hurry as ourselves," remarked Fred.

Just as the boat touched the bank a bullet came skipping over the water.

"Why! why! they be shootin' at we-uns,"

cried the ferryman, throwing himself in the bottom of the boat.

As they spurred their horses, up the bank, there came a rattling volley, and the bullets sang around them, but did no harm. Noticing an ax lying on the bank, Fred sprang from his horse, and with one blow severed the cable which was stretched across the river, and the boat commenced to drift down stream.

"Now if they get across, they will have to swim for it," said Fred, as he remounted his horse.

"Hurrah!" shouted Darling, "that fixed them, Captain," and he turned in the saddle and shook his fist in defiance at their pursuers, some of whom were trying to urge their horses into the river.

"This will give us a good start," said Fred, "and we need it."

"That we do," answered Darling, for I don't like the way my horse acts. I don't believe he has much wind."

"That is so; he is panting worse than Prince now," remarked Fred, looking at the horse. "I believe he has nearly given out." Fred was right, for they had ridden only a mile or two further, when the horse stumbled and fell, and could hardly stagger to his feet again."

"He is beat out," said Fred; "Dick, you will have to change again, and I reckon here comes your chance."

A young Confederate officer, accompanied by a

lady, came cantering up. The officer was mounted on a fine, spirited horse.

"Halt!" commanded Fred.

Surprised, the officer drew up, and the young lady uttered a little scream.

"I am sorry to discommode you," said Fred, "but we are bearing important dispatches to General Wheeler, and the lieutenant's horse has given out. You will oblige us very much by exchanging."

"A cool demand, certainly," sneered the officer. "I will see you in tophet first."

Fred covered him with his revolver. "Dismount," he said, sternly.

The young lady screamed. "Ned! Ned! give him your horse; he will kill you, if you don't."

"I surely will," answered Fred, "much as I should hate to shoot you in the presence of your fair companion. That horse, quick, and hold, don't try to take that pistol from the holster; it might be dangerous."

Without a word, the officer dismounted, and in a moment more, Darling was in his saddle, and they bade the young couple good-day, as they rode away.

The officer looked after them dubiously, and then turning to the girl, said: "Nell, I believe I played the coward, and before you, too."

"No, you didn't, Ned; that fellow would have shot you. I saw it in his eyes."

"Then you don't despise me?"

"Despise you! Oh, Ned! when I begged you to give up the horse. But here comes a large party and at full speed, what can it mean?"

"They may take your horse this time," growled the young man.

The party in pursuit of Fred and Darling came up. "Have two Confederate officers passed this way?" asked the leader.

"Yes, and one of them took my horse and left this one. Who are they? They said they were carrying dispatches to Wheeler."

"Two Yankee spies. That is the second exchange of horses they have made. Boys, we shall have hard work to catch them. Come on!" and they dashed away, leaving the young officer and his companion staring at each other, as if not knowing what to make of it.

At last the young lady spoke: "Ned, I knew that fellow would have as soon shot you as not. Ugh! he was a Yankee," and she shuddered.

"Dick," laughed Fred, as they left the discomfited young couple, "you are getting to be a famous horse jockey. Two trades in one day."

"My last trade is a good one," said Darling. "This is a fine horse I am on, if I am not mistaken. I ought to have given that fellow boot. Say, Captain, we must be near the main road that leads from Hawkinsville to Gordon."

"Yes, and when we reach it, our course will be nearly due north. Hello!"

They had been riding through a wood which

effectually concealed the country from view, and the above exclamation of Fred was caused by their coming unexpectedly on the Hawkinsville and Gordon road, and to their consternation, they had almost run into Captain Chambers and another officer. Captain Chambers, finding that Fred and Darling had not taken the road he was on, had changed horses at Hawkinsville, and pushed straight north, hoping to cut the fugitives off. He and the officer with him, being much better mounted than the rest of their party, had left them behind.

The surprise at the unexpected meeting was mutual.

"The horses, Dick, the horses!" said Fred; "don't take life if possible."

Four revolvers cracked almost simultaneously.

Both of the Confederates missed, but Fred and Darling were fortunate enough to hit their marks. Neither horse was killed, but they reared and plunged so violently, that it virtually put their riders out of the fight. A couple more shots brought the horses down, and Fred and Darling dashed away, leaving the Confederates struggling to extricate themselves from their fallen steeds.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Darling, as they left the place behind.

"Yes, but the rest of the party will soon be up, and they will be after us hotter than ever," answered Fred. "Dick, I am afraid Prince can't stand it much longer. Poor Prince," and he patted

the neck of his horse affectionately, "this is the roughest ride you ever took."

"He is a wonderful horse," said Darling. "Captain, if I didn't know him as I do, and know how you love him, I would have suggested a change some time ago."

"Dick, I can't leave him. I will run almost any risk first," and Fred's voice trembled as he said it.

"I don't blame you, Captain," answered Darling. It may come out all right yet. It will be dark in an hour or two; if Prince can hold out that long, we can elude our pursuers, and take it easier."

They rode for some time in silence, but they durst not slacken pace, for on a straight stretch of road, they saw their pursuers not more than a mile behind them.

Fred was noticing his horse, and not looking ahead, when Darling suddenly exclaimed, "Great heavens! look there!"

Fred caught his breath. "It's Wheeler's whole force," he gasped, "he is getting in front of Sherman. Dick, we must make part of that force; it's our only salvation."

Darling was pale, but he nodded. Like Fred, he saw it was their only chance. Their pursuers would be on them in five minutes more.

"Ride slow, and appear perfectly unconcerned," said Fred.

There came a gap in the Confederate line, and Fred and Darling trotted out of the cross road, and



turned eastward. No one noticed them, and they rode for some little distance alone.

"Dick, look out for the first road leading north," whispered Fred.

The regiment in the rear commenced closing up on them, so they turned out and began passing up the line. It was no unusual circumstance for officers to do this, and they were not noticed. Soon they came to a cross road. The column just then had halted.

"Captain," said Fred, addressing an officer who sat on his horse, looking up the cross road, "do you see any soldiers up the road?"

"No," he replied, "but I can't see far."

"I sent some of my men on a scout to the north," replied Fred, "with orders to join the main column here. I reckon I will ride up a little way and see if I can find them. Come on, Lieutenant," and Fred and Darling turned north, and slowly trotted away.

It was well for Fred and Darling that they had come to the road as they did, for the next regiment in front was the Fourth Georgia. One of the officers happened to notice them as they rode away, and exclaimed: "If there isn't that famous horse that was stolen from Captain Chambers, it's his brother. But, hello! what's the excitement in the rear?"

The excitement was caused by Captain Chambers and his squad. When they rode into Wheeler's command, and saw nothing of Fred and Darling,

Chambers for a moment was completely nonplussed. Then he saw how easy it would be for Fred and Darling, dressed as they were as Confederate officers, to mingle with and ride with the command. So he rode rapidly up the line making inquiries, and it was the knowledge that two Yankee spies had been riding with them that created the excitement noticed by the officer of the Fourth Georgia.

No sooner did that officer observe Chambers, than he yelled: "Hello, Chambers, I have just seen the brother or ghost of that famous horse that you got from that Yankee."

"You have! Where? Where?" exclaimed Chambers, all excitement.

"His rider and another officer just went up that road. Why, Chambers, what's the matter?"

"They were Yankee spies. I have been chasing them all day. That is the horse I got from that Yankee; the same Yank has him now. Where is the colonel?"

"Here," answered that officer, riding up, "what's in the wind, Chambers?"

Chambers quickly explained. "Take your company and catch them, if you have to chase them clear to the Yankee lines," commanded the colonel.

It was but a moment before Chambers, at the head of his company, was thundering after his prey. But night was falling fast, and he knew if he caught them, he must do it quickly. So he urged the horses to their utmost speed. They had not ridden

more than a mile before he caught sight of Darling disappearing over a hill, not more than a quarter of a mile away.

“There! there!” he cried, “I see one of them. Their horses must be tiring out. Come on, boys, we shall have them.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TIMELY RESCUE.

**T**HE sun was now setting; half an hour more and it would be dark, and with darkness would come comparative safety for the hard-pressed Federals. Fred was thinking of this, and congratulating himself on the manner in which they had so easily ridden through Wheeler's command, when Prince stepped into a hole and stumbled. Fred, being wearied with his long, hard ride, was not sitting firmly in the saddle, and was thrown heavily over the horse's head. As he did not rise readily, Darling, terribly frightened, jumped from his horse and ran to his assistance. Fred was stunned by the fall, and after being helped to his feet by Darling, was so bewildered that he did not realize for a moment what had happened. But he quickly came to himself, and finding that no bones were broken, said, "I am all right, Dick, only a bit shaken up, but we have lost some time."

He went to mount, when to his dismay, he found that Prince had sprained his shoulder and was quite lame. To urge him into a gallop would have been utterly impossible, even if he had been fresh.

"Poor Prince! Poor Prince!" said Fred, pat-

ting him; "it has been a fearful ride, I can never leave you." Then to Darling, "Dick, you must leave me."

"Leave you! Never!" exclaimed Darling, almost angrily, at the very thought of leaving his captain.

"You must; I command it. It cannot be over fifteen or twenty miles to our lines. Your horse is comparatively fresh. You ought to be safe in our lines in two hours; I will take to the woods. Have the scouts move down this way, as far as safety permits, in the morning. But be sure and send word to General Sherman that Wheeler is moving to get in his front. Now, Dick, go, quick, I hear our pursuers coming."

With these words, Fred led Prince into the woods, and after going a short distance, made him lie down behind a large log. As Fred left him, Darling looked back, and saw the Confederates in full pursuit, not more than a quarter of a mile away. He hesitated a moment, for it looked like cowardice to desert his captain, but he had no alternative and must obey. Putting spurs to his horse, he soon distanced his pursuers, and as night fell, they lost all trace of him.

Hardly had Fred made Prince lie down, when Chambers, at the head of his company, galloped past. "There! there!" he heard Chambers cry; "I caught sight of one of them just going over the brow of that hill, not a quarter of a mile away. If we don't catch them before dark they will give us

the slip," and he urged his horse to his utmost speed.

"I scarcely think you will catch him," muttered Fred. "Come, Prince, old boy, let's get out of this before they come back."

The horse got up with difficulty, and Fred saw that he must be kept moving or he would become so stiff he could not go. And in reality Fred was not much better off than his horse. He could scarcely walk, and ached in every joint. It was now so dark that Fred had no fears of being seen. Taking Prince by the bridle, he slowly made his way through the woods, but not without many bumps and several falls. After going about a mile, he came to open fields, and saw the twinkling lights of a house in the distance.

Keeping to the right of the house, he crossed a road, and at last found himself in a wood a few hundred yards in the rear of the house. Here he hitched Prince and gave him a thorough rubbing down. The exercise put Fred in a perspiration and made him feel better, taking much of the stiffness out of his limbs.

"There, Prince, old boy," he remarked at last, "I reckon that will do, and if the rubbing has done you as much good as it has done me, you feel like a different horse. Now to see if I can find you some supper."

Leaving the horse, he cautiously made his way toward the house, and was fortunate enough to stumble on a crib full of corn and a stack of corn fodder.

“Ah! here is a supper for Prince, if not for me,” he exclaimed, gleefully, and taking a good feed of corn on one arm and a bundle of corn fodder under the other, he made his way back to his horse, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him enjoying a good supper.

After watching him a moment, Fred patted him, and said: “Good, isn’t it? And you richly deserve it. Now, I must leave you again and see if I cannot find something to eat for myself, for, Prince, I reckon I am fully as hungry as you are. If it were not for this Confederate uniform, I would risk one of the slave cabins. As it is, I will try to locate the smoke-house. I have matches, and broiled ham would just about suit my appetite.”

It was Fred’s habit to talk to his horse as if he were a person, and he always declared that Prince understood every word he said. After the above talk, Fred left in quest of the much-longed-for smoke-house, and after a long search was fortunate enough to find it. As he was debating how he could best break into it without making too much noise, he was startled by the piercing shrieks of women. Evidently the ladies of the house were in trouble.

Forgetting his own desperate situation, and the danger into which he might be running, Fred rushed to the rescue, revolver in hand. As he was at the rear of the house, he first entered the kitchen, where there were some half a dozen slaves cowering in fear. Not heeding them, he sought the room



**IT WAS PLAIN THAT THEIR PURPOSE WAS ROBBERY.**





from which the cries for help proceeded. The sight that met his view enraged him as only such a sight can enrage an honest man. An elderly woman was cowering in a corner, held at bay by a Confederate soldier, who was threatening her with a revolver. Another woman, a young one, was struggling in the arms of a soldier, who was endeavoring to take a ring from her finger. Both of the soldiers wore masks, and as the floor of the room was littered with the contents of a bureau, it was plain that their purpose was robbery.

Startled at the appearance of a supposed Confederate officer, the soldier with the revolver fired at Fred, but in his hurry missed. The next moment he fell dead with a ball through the heart. Fred then turned his attention to the other soldier, but he had taken the alarm and, jumping through a window, escaped. A moment afterwards, Fred heard the clatter of his horse's feet, as he rode swiftly away.

Calling to the slaves to remove the dead body of the Confederate, Fred turned his attention to the ladies, who were in a state of hysteria. They soon recovered, and overwhelmed him with their thanks. They were evidently mother and daughter, and Fred noticed that the girl was quite pretty. This was as it should be. It makes a man feel ever so much more of a hero, if he finds that a lady he has rescued from danger is both young and beautiful.

Their story was soon told. The soldiers had

demanded money and valuables, and had ransacked the house for them. Not finding what they wanted, they demanded of the daughter a valuable diamond ring which she had on her finger. This she had refused, and the soldier attempted to take it by force, and Fred saw that her hand was all crushed and swollen.

"And to think," cried the mother, "that we should suffer this at the hands of our own men. If they had been Yankees, it would be different; but this is terrible."

"Madam, bad men are found in both armies," replied Fred. "State prisons have been opened that the armies might be recruited. One of the miscreants has met with his just deserts. Be assured I shall endeavor to find out the other, and he will be dealt with as he deserves."

"But it is hard to bear, and after all that we have done and suffered for the Confederacy," moaned the woman.

She then told Fred that her name was Richards, and that she had had three sons in the Confederate army. One of them had met a soldier's death at Chickamauga; another fell in the battle of July 22d, before Atlanta. "And," continued the mother with choking sobs, "my baby—my Joseph—is with Lee in Richmond. My husband, broken with grief over the loss of two of our sons, died a month ago, leaving us alone with the slaves. Oh, how can I ever repay you for the service you have done us to-night?"

"Very easily, Madam," replied Fred, "by giving me something to eat. I am nearly famished."

"Famished?" cried both of the ladies in a breath. Then the younger one, arising, said, "You shall have the best the house affords, and I will prepare it with my own hands."

"No, no," said Fred, "although you tempt me sorely. To eat a meal prepared by you would be a luxury, but my business is urgent. Give me anything that you may have prepared."

Although the young lady protested, Fred insisted on his point, so she set before him a substantial meal, to which he at once commenced to do justice. But he had taken but a few mouthfuls when the tramp of horses and jingling of sabers were heard, and one of the slaves came running in with the announcement that "dar war a hull rigiment ob sogers cumin'."

To the great surprise of the ladies, Fred grabbed some of the food from the table, and bolted for the back door.

"Could he have thought they were Yankee soldiers coming?" Mrs. Richards said, in amazement.

The daughter shook her head. "There is some mystery here, mother," she said, and hastily going out, she whispered to a trusty slave to follow the officer and see where he went.

In the meantime, a great hubbub had arisen outside. The soldiers had found the dead body of the pillager shot by Fred, and were angrily demanding revenge.

In a moment more, Captain Chambers came striding into the house. Seeing the ladies, he removed his hat, and bowing, said: "Pardon me, ladies, for this abrupt intrusion, but perhaps you can explain how this dead soldier out here came by his death?" Then noticing the young lady more closely, he exclaimed: "This can't be, yes it is Miss Clara Richards!"

"The same," said Miss Richards, extending her hand, "and if I mistake not, you are Captain Chambers."

"At your service, Miss Richards. It is some time since we met at Macon. I should be glad to talk over old times, but first how did that soldier out there come to be killed?"

The story was soon told. Chambers's face grew black, as he listened. Turning to one of his officers, he said: "Bring in that straggler we captured."

The officer soon returned with a trembling wretch, guarded by two troopers.

"Is this one of the miscreants who assaulted you, ladies?" asked Chambers.

"He is dressed the same, and about the same size," answered Miss Richards, "but he was masked. I did not see his face."

"Masked were they? Search him," commanded Chambers.

The soldier, who was a villainous looking fellow, uttered a howl of fear, and tried to break away, but he was set up by the guard, and after a severe struggle, overcome. One of the guards put his hand in

the soldier's pocket, and the first thing he drew out was a black mask. The fellow now confessed his guilt, and begged for mercy, saying it was his comrade who had persuaded him into the crime. He had never done the like before, and never would again.

"I reckon it was your comrade who made you crush this poor girl's hand, as we see it, in your endeavor to take a ring from her finger," said Chambers, coldly. "I want to hear no more. Even the Yankees shoot their soldiers for assaulting women. You have forfeited your right to live. Lieutenant, take him out and shoot him."

"Screaming with terror, the fellow was forced from the room, and a moment afterwards a volley told he had ceased to live. The ladies shrieked as they heard it, turned pale, and looked ready to faint.

"I am sorry," said Captain Chambers, apologetically, "that I was obliged to execute the wretch so summarily, but he richly deserved his fate. These outrages by our own soldiers are getting far too common, and are turning our own people against us."

"How did you come to run across this man?" asked Mrs. Richards.

"We had been chasing a couple of Yankee spies dressed as Confederate officers. They escaped us, and on our way back, this fellow ran right into us. He said he and a comrade, while out foraging, ran into a party of Yankees, who killed his comrade, and that he barely escaped with his life. Thinking

that they might have come across the fellows we were after, I made him guide us to the place where he said the fight took place. By the by, what has become of the officer who rescued you?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Richards, "that is the strangest part of it. When we expressed our thanks for what he had done, he said we could repay him by giving him something to eat, that he was nearly famished. My daughter wished to prepare a repast for him, but he refused, saying his business was urgent, and requested us to give him anything we had cooked. This we did, but he had hardly taken a mouthful, when we heard you coming. He hastily snatched some food from the table, and bolted out of the door without a word."

"Which door?" asked Chambers, greatly excited.

"Why, the back door. Curious, wasn't it?"

"What kind of a fellow was he?"

Mrs. Richards described Fred as well as she could, but said she was so frightened, she did not notice him closely.

"And there was no one with him that you saw?"

"No one; but, Captain, you surely don't suspect him—"

"Of being one of the spies, yes. But perhaps Miss Richards can describe him more minutely.

During the latter part of this conversation, Miss Richards had stepped from the room, having noticed that the slave she had sent to spy on Fred had returned and was motioning to her.

"Missy Clara," he whispered, "I foun' him.

He be in de woods, bac' de house. I herd him talkin' to his hoss."

"Sam," she whispered, hurriedly, "you go back to him, and tell him Captain Chambers is here with a whole company of cavalry looking for him. Tell him he must go away. Stay, Sam, show him the road that leads through the woods to Major Connor's cotton fields. Once through the field, he will strike the main road leading to Gordon. Go, quick! Tell him I sent you."

Miss Richards had returned to the room just as Captain Chambers asked her to describe the officer who had rescued her.

"Oh!" she answered, carelessly, "I am no hand at describing persons. Captain, won't you let me prepare that repast for you which that unmannerly fellow refused?"

"Thank you, but I must find out who that officer was. It must have been Shackelford. Surely, Miss Richards, you must remember something of his looks."

"Who do you think he is?" asked Miss Richards, looking very innocent.

"Why, a Captain Shackelford, one of the most daring scouts in the Yankee army. It will mean promotion for me if I catch him."

Miss Richards looked at Chambers a moment without speaking; then she said, with bitter sarcasm, "So Captain Chambers expects me to give information that may hang the man that rescued me from the hands of a Confederate ruffian?"



Chambers quailed before her clear, steady gaze, and then stammered something about it being his duty.

“Do your duty then without my help, for you will get no information from me,” and she turned away disdainfully.

“Clara!” cried her mother, in a shocked tone.

“Stop!” said Chambers. “She is right. Miss Richards, allow me to congratulate you on the stand you have taken; but I must do my duty as fearlessly as you have done yours, and the premises must be thoroughly searched.”

This Captain Chambers proceeded to do, but owing to the darkness of the night, but little progress was made, and Chambers, disgusted, was about to give up the search, when one of his officers came and reported that a negro had been caught trying to sneak back to the house, and from the way he acted, he believed he knew more than he pretended.

“I will see him at once,” said Chambers, and so Sam was brought into his presence and closely questioned. The negro was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and when threatened with death, he made a clean breast of the whole matter, and readily showed the road to which he had piloted Fred, saying: “His hoss mighty lame; he no go fast. Yo’ cotch him suah.”

This was good news to Chambers, and he followed in the tracks of Fred as fast as the nature of the road and the darkness would permit.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Fred retreated so unceremoniously from the house, with his supper in his hands, he lost no time in going to the place where he had left Prince. He found the horse quietly munching his fodder. "So, old fellow," said Fred, "you haven't been interrupted in eating supper like your master. Think I will finish my supper here."

Seating himself on a log, Fred finished the bread and meat which he had snatched from the table.

"I wonder what they think of me," he thought. "I don't care much what the old lady thinks, but the girl; I should hate to have her think me a boor. She is a pretty one, and no mistake. My! what's that?"

Shrieks of terror and piteous pleas for mercy were borne to Fred's ears, and a moment afterwards a sharp volley rang out on the night air.

"Some poor wretch sent to his doom," muttered Fred; "but who? and for what? Ah, what's that?"

Fred drew his revolver, and stood, every sense alert. He thought he heard stealthy footsteps, but listening intently he heard nothing more, and came to the conclusion that he was mistaken. From the house there were occasionally borne to his ears the sound of voices, the tramping of horses, and jingling of arms; and he was debating whether he had not better move farther back from the house, when he again heard footsteps. This time he was not mistaken, the footsteps approached nearer.

"Halt!" commanded Fred, in a low tone; "another step, and I fire."

"Oh, Lawd! don't shoot, Massa!" exclaimed the frightened voice of a negro. "I's Sam, Missy Clara sent me."

"What is it, Sam? Come nearer and speak low."

The negro advanced and whispered: "Missy Clara say yo' must go, go quick! Soger men after yo'. Missy say fo' me to show you road thro' woods."

By questioning, Fred learned that the Confederates were the party led by Captain Chambers in search of him; that the volley he had heard was the execution of the miscreant who had tried to take the ring from Miss Richards's finger, that that lady had refused to give any information concerning him, and that she had sent Sam to show him an old road that led through the woods, and then through some cotton fields into the main road leading to Gordon.

Fred realized his danger, and lost no time in putting himself in charge of the negro, who piloted him for some distance through the woods, at last coming to a road which seemed to be but little used, but distinct enough to follow.

"Thar, Massa," said the negro, "foller dis road an' it take yo' out on de Gordon road. Now Sam mus' leab yo'."

"Tell your mistress I shall always remember her, and may God bless her," said Fred, as he bade his guide good-bye.

The moon had now arisen and gave light enough for Fred to follow the road easily, but he made progress slowly, for he walked and led Prince, the horse still going very lame. When he came to the open fields, he stopped and debated for some time, whether he had better attempt to cross them, or seek shelter in the woods.

"If I am seen," mused Fred, "I can never escape with Prince as lame as he is. On the other hand, if I take to the woods, I may miss any party which Darling may send out to find me. I believe I will take the risk and go ahead."

But sorely did he repent of his decision; for he had gone but a short distance, when he heard the sound of galloping horses, and the shouts of his pursuers, when they caught sight of him, as they emerged from the woods.

Fred gave himself up for lost. He would have abandoned Prince, but there was no place to hide. He would have been run down before he had gone three hundred yards. Suddenly a cotton gin loomed out in the moonlight ahead of him. Jumping on Prince, he urged him with all possible speed for it, and they made it safely, although the bullets were whistling around them, as they entered the open door. Fred found that the gin was stoutly built of logs, with but one door, and an opening for a window which was some feet from the ground.

The foremost Confederates dashed boldly up; but Fred's unerring revolver spoke, and two of them quickly bit the dust. The others beat a precipitate

retreat, and then opened a hot fire on the gin. Fred quickly barricaded the door with bales of cotton, leaving only a small opening at the top. He also placed a bale so that he could stand on it and look out of the window.

Captain Chambers rode up close to the gin, being careful to keep out of the range of the door. He then called out, "Captain Shackelford, I demand of you to surrender. The gin is surrounded, and there is not a possible chance of your escaping."

"If you want me, come and take me; I will never surrender alive," replied Fred, firmly.

"That is foolishness, Captain," answered Chambers.

"What! foolishness to die like a soldier, instead of being hanged like a felon?" answered Fred, scornfully.

Captain Chambers had not noticed the window, it being in the shadow, and had unconsciously ridden within a few feet of it, and the moonlight falling upon him, he presented a fair mark.

A wild hope entered Fred's heart. He covered Chambers with his revolver, and then, in a voice vibrating with suppressed feeling, said: "Captain Chambers, a move, a motion, and you are a dead man. You know I am a good shot. You are at my mercy."

Chambers glanced up at the window, and grew faint and giddy.

"Captain," continued Fred, "grant my request,

and I will let you go free; otherwise, you die before I do."

"What is your request?" huskily asked Chambers.

"That you call off your men."

Captain Chambers was young; life was sweet, but he was a soldier. If he should yield, the disgrace of the thing would be more than he could bear. No, a thousand deaths before such damning disgrace.

Chambers's men had heard the colloquy, and they opened a furious fire, but Fred stood so that he was out of range, and he only answered the fire with a scornful laugh.

"Captain," called out the lieutenant of Chambers's company, "for God's sake, let the scoundrel go. Your life is worth a dozen of his."

"No, Davis," answered Chambers, "I cannot purchase my life at such a price. When I fall, set fire to the gin, and burn him out. Let no more lives be sacrificed. Now, Shackelford, do your worst; you have my answer."

Fred was amazed at the man's bravery. Then the thought came to him. "Why should I go into the presence of my Maker with this hero's blood on my hands? My killing him will not save my own life. I can't do it."

"Chambers," he called out, brokenly, "I spare you; out of range, quick, lest I change my mind."

To Chambers the words came like a reprieve from the very grasp of death. Bewildered and

only half believing what he had heard, he sunk his rowels in his horse's sides, and in a moment was out of range. When his men saw that he was safe, they raised a cheer that made the welkin ring, and one of the men sang out: "Three cheers for the Yankee," and they were given with a will.

Then Chambers spoke: "Captain Shackelford, for the love of heaven, surrender, and I promise you on the honor of a soldier, that I will treat you as a prisoner of war, and do all in my power to have you so treated."

"No use, Chambers," answered Fred; "you are well aware you could not save me, try as hard as you might. We must fight it out."

There was no help for it, and the Confederates once more opened fire on the gin. Some of the soldiers had crept close to the gin, and one of them, mounting on the shoulder of a comrade, seized hold of the sill of the window. Fred brought down the butt of his heavy revolver on the man's hand, and with a howl of pain, he fell back, his fingers smashed to a jelly.

"There is no other way," said the lieutenant to Chambers, "we must burn him out. To take the gin by storm would cost us at least half a dozen men."

"Davis, I can't give the order. I can't see him die that way," groaned Chambers. "You give the order. Take charge of the men; I will go away."

"Gad, Captain, I hate to do it; but it's the only way."

But both of them were relieved from giving the dread command. A squad of horsemen came galloping up and at their head was Colonel Kenyon.

"What is it, Captain," he called, "have you them?"

"We have Shackelford corralled here in the gin," answered Chambers, gloomily. "I do not know where the other fellow is."

"Never mind the other fellow, if you have Shackelford," answered the colonel, gleefully. "Why don't you burn him out?"

Chambers did not answer, but the lieutenant answered: "That is what we were talking about, Colonel, when you came. We have already had one man killed and two wounded in trying to take the gin by storm."

"Burn it, damn it, smoke him out," roared the colonel.

Fred heard the order, recognized the voice of Colonel Kenyon, and felt that his time had come. He soon heard the flames roaring and crackling, and the smoke began to pour into the gin.

Fred sought the side of Prince, who had already begun to show fear. "Good-bye, faithful servant," he whispered. "We will die together, you and I. There are still two shots in my revolver, one for you, one for me."

He placed the revolver to the horse's head, and was about to pull the trigger, when there came to his ears the sound of a charging squadron, wild cheering, crashing volleys, and the clash of sabers.



Fred's heart gave a great leap. He had heard those cheers before; they came from the lusty throats of his scouts.

"The gin, boys, the gin!" he heard Darling cry. "He must be in the gin."

Strong arms dragged away the bales which blocked the door, and Fred, followed by Prince, rushed out into the clear air. The Confederates were in full flight, and Fred's men crowded around him, and cheered, and laughed, and danced, in their joy over his deliverance.

As for Darling, the faithful fellow fairly cried as he took Fred by the hand, and said: "Just in time, Captain, thank God, just in time."

"God bless you, Dick, this is the second time you have saved my life. How did you get back so quickly?"

"I found the scouts some miles this side of Gordon on the lookout for us. There was a company of cavalry with them, and taking a fresh horse, I lost no time in returning in search of you."

"And you came in good time. Now let us to Gordon as fast as Prince can travel. I have had my fill of adventures to-night," and as they rode along, Fred told Darling of what had befallen him since he had left him.

"Nice girl, that Clara Richards must be," quoth Darling. "Now, Captain, why couldn't it have been I who rescued her instead of you. Then I would have made love to her, as you did to Lucille. As it is, you have two girls, and I none."

“Dick, you can have Clara, if you can get her,” laughed Fred.

As for Colonel Kenyon, the rescue of Fred made him rave like a madman. He now saw the necessity of getting to Columbia as soon as possible, and he fully made up his mind that when there he would tell Lucille de Courtney that Captain Shackelford had been killed in his attempt to escape.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THROUGH TO THE SEA.

**O**N reaching the right flank of the army, Fred's first care was to place Prince in the hands of a careful black groom, with orders not to ride him or urge him out of a walk, but to keep with the train until the horse was perfectly well. Fred did not see his horse again until after Savannah was reached, when the faithful groom delivered him into his hands, entirely recovered.

As soon as he had seen that Prince would be well cared for, Fred started for Milledgeville to report to General Sherman.

"So," said the general, "Wheeler has got in my front, has he? Well, I expected it. He may give us a little trouble, but not much. To tell the truth, I had rather have him in front than in my rear. I now shall have no more fear of my trains. I think the little spitfire has made a mistake this time. He has not force enough to retard me to any great length; in my rear, he might do some damage."

General Sherman was right; there was not a single wagon lost going through Georgia. Wheeler should have hung on Sherman's rear.

After a three-days' rest at Milledgeville, Sher-

man's whole army once more swept forward, the next point of concentration being Millen.

As expected, Wheeler disputed the passage of the Oconee River, but was brushed aside, the army hardly halting, and the march was made to Millen with hardly any opposition.

From Millen, Sherman demonstrated strongly toward Augusta to make the Confederates believe it was that city he was aiming for, instead of Savannah, and in this he thoroughly succeeded. General Wheeler threw all his cavalry on the extreme left flank of the Federal army to dispute its progress toward Augusta as much as lay in his power. Thus the fighting was transferred from the extreme right to the extreme left flank of the Federal army.

On the 25th of November, Kilpatrick, who had received orders to advance with his cavalry toward Augusta as far as Waynesboro, and burn the railroad bridge over Briar Creek, was attacked by Wheeler, and received a good thrashing; Kilpatrick himself narrowly escaping capture. General Wheeler boasted so loudly of his victory that what he said reached Sherman's ears, and it nettled him.

"Captain," he said to Fred, "take your scouts and report to General Kilpatrick. Present him my compliments and tell him to move on Waynesboro once more, and to give that braggart Wheeler all the fight he wants. I will see that he is properly supported with infantry, if necessary.

Kilpatrick was only too glad to have an opportunity to square accounts with the doughty little Con-

federate, and after a severe battle, drove him pell-mell through Waynesboro, and scattered his forces, so that he gave little more trouble during the raid.

In the fight, a regiment of Confederate cavalry made a gallant charge and drove the Federals back in their front, and for a time, the Union line was in danger. Fred, at the head of his scouts, checked the charge, and during the *mélée* was thrown close to the Confederate leader. Their sabers were about to cross when he saw that it was Captain Chambers now wearing a major's uniform, won by his gallantry in the first fight with Kilpatrick. When Fred saw who his antagonist was, instead of striking, he raised his sword in salute. Major Chambers saw, smiled, and saluted in return. The next moment they were separated, the Confederates being driven back, and Fred saw him no more.

This fight with Wheeler was the last battle of any magnitude that Sherman's forces had until they neared Savannah. As the army was leaving Millen, on its last stage to the sea, General Sherman sent for Fred, who lost no time in obeying the summons.

"Captain," said the general, "by the time we reach Savannah, we shall have been lost to the world six weeks. The North has heard nothing from us except through Confederate sources, and you may depend they have heard nothing good. I notice by the papers which have fallen into my hands, that they have reported my army as starv-

ing, that it has become little better than a mob, and that only a few, if any of us, will ever reach the sea coast. The anxiety in the North over our fate must be intense. The authorities at Washington do not know exactly where I may strike the coast. I wish plenty of supplies to be on hand near Savannah when I arrive there. The army will sadly need them. Do you think you can make your way to the coast, communicate with the fleet, tell them how I am progressing, and that I expect to first reach the coast on Ossabaw Sound, at the mouth of the Ogeechee River?"

"I can try," answered Fred; "I do not believe it will be nearly as dangerous an undertaking as I have frequently been engaged in."

So it was decided that Fred should make the trial. When Darling heard of it, he begged to be allowed to accompany his chief, but Fred refused.

"No, Dick," he said; "you must remain in command of the scouts. Both of us cannot be spared now."

"It's a shame," growled Darling; "you will be running into all sorts of scrapes, if I am not along to take care of you."

Fred laughed. "I do need a guardian sometimes, old fellow," he answered, "but I will try to take care of myself this time."

After he had received his last instructions from General Sherman, Fred started on his perilous journey. His plan was simple. After getting outside of the Union lines, he would don Confederate uni-

form, and carefully make his way south some twenty miles. This he believed would put him south of any regular body of Confederate troops, and he could then boldly ride for Savannah as a bearer of dispatches.

He took no horse, saying that for some miles he would be compelled to skulk through the woods and fields to avoid being seen, and that when the proper time came, he thought he could procure a horse.

It took him the better part of a day to make ten miles. He saw several roving parties of Confederates, but managed to avoid them. Many of the plantation houses he found deserted, the inhabitants having fled through fear of the Yankee army.

When night fell, Fred boldly took to the road, keeping his ears open, and if he heard any one coming he would step aside in the darkness and let him pass. About midnight he came to a house which was quite brilliantly lighted up, and it appeared that there was some kind of meeting or gathering in progress, as there were several horses hitched by the roadside.

"Here is my chance for a horse," thought Fred.

Carefully selecting as good a one as he could in the dark, he unhitched him, led him a short distance so as to make as little noise as possible, and then mounted him and cantered gaily away.

"Now I feel like myself once more, with a good horse under me," said he, as he swiftly left the miles behind him.

The next day he traveled boldly. As a courier carrying dispatches to Savannah, he met with a cordial greeting, and the only trouble he had was in answering the numerous questions relative to the whereabouts of the Yankee army. The whole country was in a panic, and many of the inhabitants were packing up and fleeing to Savannah.

Fred believed that there was nothing to be made by spreading a false report, so he told them that Sherman was undoubtedly making for Savannah; that he had already left Millen, and that he did not see how the Confederates could make any effectual resistance until Savannah was reached. "Every able-bodied man," said he, "should gather for the defense of that city."

Fred had no trouble until he neared the Ogeechee River. He had no notion of going to Savannah. His plan was to strike the Ossabaw Sound below Fort McAllister. If he did this, he believed he would have no trouble in attracting the attention of one of the boats of the United States fleet. So he left the Savannah road and rode south. He now had to be careful, and decided to abandon his horse and make the rest of the way on foot.

Riding into a lonely place, he stripped his horse of saddle and bridle, and turned him loose. He had no trouble in making his way to the coast, but contrary to his expectations, and much to his chagrin, he found it strongly patrolled. In the distance he could see the smoke of a United States gunboat, but how to reach it was the question.



Waiting until dark, he stole through the patrol down to the beach. In searching around, he stumbled onto a plank, half buried in the sand.

"It's a risky business," he said, "but it is the only thing I can do; reach that gunboat I must."

It took half an hour of hard work for him to release the plank from its sandy bed. He then attempted to launch it, but the gulf had become quite rough, and time after time it was flung back by the waves. He had secured a small piece of board which he thought would serve as a paddle, if he could only get his plank launched. The night had been cloudy, making it quite dark, but the clouds broke away, leaving a faint moon shining. The dim figure of Fred caught the eye of a patrol, and he came on the run to see what it was. Fred heard him coming, and by an almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in launching his plank.

"Halt, there! halt!" shouted the patrol.

Fred made no answer, the patrol fired, and the ball skipped by on the water harmless. The shot aroused the other guards, and they came running to the spot. "What is it?" Fred heard them asking. "What did you shoot at?"

"Some one took to the water. I saw him plainly a moment ago; I can't see him now."

The reason Fred could not be seen was that he had slipped off the plank into the water, and was holding on with only one hand.

The Confederates peered through the darkness, and at last one of them said, "I see a dark object

like a plank or log as it rises on the waves, but there is nothing on it."

"I saw a man as sure as I am born," declared the guard who had fired.

"Let's try a few shots at it anyway," said one of the soldiers, and they opened fire.

Fortunately Fred was on the opposite side of the plank from them, and he sank until only his nose was out of the water, and his fingers were just touching the plank. As it was, several of the balls cut the water close to him, and the plank was hit two or three times.

"No use shooting any more," at length said one of the soldiers, who seemed to be in command. "No live thing on that plank or log whichever it is, but keep a sharp look-out, boys. The tide is nearly out, and whatever it is, it can't get far from shore by morning."

Fred heard with a sinking heart what the soldier had said about the tide. In his hurry to launch the plank, he had lost the piece of board he was to use as a paddle, and he was as helpless as a piece of driftwood.

The plank to which Fred clung gradually drifted out, the shore was lost to view, and he began to hope that the soldier was mistaken, and that the tide was still running out. But he soon became aware that the plank was standing still, and then it gradually commenced to drift in toward shore. He tried sitting astride the plank and paddling with his hands, then swimming and pushing the plank, but

work as hard as he could, when morning came, he was not over a quarter of a mile from shore, and was gradually drifting in. He could discern the gunboat not more than three miles away and gradually coming nearer, and hope once more sprang up in his breast. But with the morning light, came the discovery of him by the soldiers on shore. They opened fire on him, but the distance was so great, that Fred, having little fear of being hit, took off his coat, and waved it frantically, hoping to attract the attention of the gunboat. In this he was successful, for the sailors on the gunboat had seen the flashes of the guns during the night, as the guards were firing at Fred, and the boat had stood off shore to see if they could discover the cause of the firing when morning came. The boat was now coming toward Fred under a full head of steam. But to Fred's horror, he saw the Confederates launching a boat not over a quarter of a mile from him.

"I am lost, lost," he groaned, for he saw the gunboat had slackened her speed. She was yet a full mile away, and as Fred looked she came to a full standstill, but he saw a boat putting off from her. He now understood, the vessel could come no nearer on account of the shallowness of the water, so they were coming to his rescue with a small boat.

But the Confederates also saw, and made all speed to reach Fred first. The Federal boat fairly bounded over the water, but it had four yards to come to the Confederate's one. Breathless, Fred

FRED SAW A GREAT CLOUD OF SMOKE LEAP UP FROM THE GUNBOAT.





watched the race, but the Confederates' boat was within a hundred yards of him when the Federal boat was a half a mile away, and the Confederates raised a cheer. But their rejoicing was short-lived. Fred saw a great cloud of smoke leap up from the gunboat, heard a heavy report, then a huge shell struck the water a short distance from the Confederate boat, and skipped along on top of the waves, as a stone thrown from the hands of a boy skips along on the surface of a pond. Fair and square it struck the Confederate boat, smashing it, killing two of its occupants, and leaving the remaining four struggling in the sea. It was now the Federals' time to cheer.

Again the cloud of smoke leaped up from the gunboat, and Fred heard the rush and roar of the shell as it passed over him, striking and exploding among the group of Confederates watching from the shore. They fled inland to the woods, and stood not on the order of their going.

The Federal boat now came on leisurely, and after picking up the four Confederates struggling in the water, pulled for Fred. To the sailors' surprise, instead of rescuing some escaped prisoner, as they supposed, to all appearances they had rescued a Confederate officer.

"What does this mean?" asked the officer in command of the boat. "Who are you, anyway?"

But now the danger was over, Fred completely collapsed and had to be lifted into the boat, as if

he had been a child. Seeing his exhausted condition, the officer asked no more questions, but rowed back to his ship. The four Confederate prisoners were questioned, but they could tell nothing of Fred, who he was or why he was trying to reach the ship.

Fred was stripped, thoroughly rubbed, and stimulants were given him, but it took some time to bring him around, so that he could give an account of himself.

When it was known that Fred was from Sherman's army, the officers crowded around him for the news, and when it was learned that all was well, and that Sherman was scarcely a week's march away, they cheered as only Yankee sailors can cheer.

"Why, the rebels have reported you all starving, said the captain; that the army was totally demoralized, and that not a single one of you would ever reach the coast."

"Instead of that," answered Fred, "we have been living on the fat of the land; the army was never in better health or spirits, and the loss has been almost nothing."

As Fred had General Sherman's verbal message to Admiral Dahlgren, the Reindeer lost no time in steaming away to find the admiral. The news soon spread through the entire coast fleet that Sherman was near, and all was well; and great was the rejoicing. Fred's greeting from Admiral Dahlgren was a warm one, and that officer at once gave the

necessary orders for supplies to be brought so that when Savannah fell, there would be no waiting.

Fred found himself a lion, and he had to tell the story of the great march over and over again. He took up his quarters on the *Dandelion*, as that vessel had orders to station itself as near Fort McAllister as safety would permit, and there await the coming of Sherman. The next four days passed slowly to Fred, yet he needed the rest badly.

Toward evening, on the 10th of December, faint reports of artillery were heard away to the north.

"It's Sherman," cried Fred; "he has come."

But three days more passed, and except the sound of distant cannon, nothing was heard of Sherman, and Fred became uneasy. "What was Sherman doing? Why had he not attacked Fort McAllister?"

It was almost sundown on the evening of December 13th, when the great guns of Fort McAllister were suddenly heard to open. Their mighty roar came rolling over the water, as if the heavens were falling.

"There! there!" cried Fred, "at last they are storming Fort McAllister."

The *Dandelion* moved up closer, until the heavy cloud of smoke arising above the fort could be seen. For twenty minutes the thunder kept up, and then all was silent. The sailors looked into the faces of one another. Had McAllister fallen? They could not tell.

Darkness fell, and for fear of torpedoes, the



Dandelion dropped down the river a couple of miles. Fred could not sleep; as for that, no one could on board the ship. "What of Fort McAllister?" was the question every one was asking himself. Did the sudden cessation of firing mean that the fort had been captured, or had the Federals been repulsed?

The lookout on deck suddenly called out, "I hear the sound of oars."

Every one listened intently. Yes, the faint sound of oars could be heard. There came a hail through the darkness: "Ship ahoy!"

"Aye! aye, sir!"

"What ship is that?"

"The United States gunboat, Dandelion. Who are you?"

Then came back the astonishing reply, "General Sherman."

In a few moments General Sherman was received with due honor on board, and among the first to grasp his hand was Fred.

"Ah! Captain, I see you got through all right," said the general.

"Yes, General, and you will find plenty of supplies awaiting you," Fred answered.

After a short visit on board the Dandelion, General Sherman was rowed back to Fort McAllister, Fred accompanying him. The way to the sea had been opened. Sherman's army was safe. How the glad tidings thrilled the entire North when the good news was received!

On the 21st of December Savannah fell, and General Sherman sent the following characteristic message to President Lincoln:

SAVANNAH, GA., December 22, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT LINCOLN:

I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns, and plenty of ammunition, and also 25,000 bales of cotton.

W. T. SHERMAN,  
Major General.

One of the first questions that General Sherman asked was news from Tennessee, and of General Thomas and his army. What was told him caused him the greatest surprise. He could scarcely credit the information that Thomas had fallen back clear to Nashville, and was besieged by General Hood, after having achieved a brilliant victory at Franklin.

Murmurs began to be heard; Fred was forced to hear his old chieftain severely criticized. He defended him vigorously, telling the critics to wait until all the particulars were known. But the reports of Franklin gave Fred the gravest concern, for it was said Confederate officers had been slaughtered by the score. He knew that his father, his uncle, and Calhoun must have been in the battle, but as their names did not appear in the lists of the killed or wounded, he hoped that they had escaped. He was also very anxious to hear from Captain Hugh Raymond, as the report stated that General Stanley, on whose staff Hugh was, was severely wounded. At last a letter came from Hugh. It was very

short, saying that a great battle before Nashville was impending, and that as far as the writer knew, Fred's father, uncle, and cousin, were safe. Not only Fred, but the whole of Sherman's army awaited with feverish anxiety the next news that would come from Nashville.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOOD'S ADVANCE INTO TENNESSEE.

**L**EAVING Fred in Savannah, enjoying a well-earned rest, we will turn our attention to the stirring events which had been taking place in Tennessee.

When Captain Hugh Raymond parted with Fred at Kingston, he deeply regretted that fate had prohibited him from going with Sherman on his raid. But the last words of Fred, "If there is any heavy fighting, Thomas and not Sherman will do it," somewhat comforted him.

"That may be so," he mused; "but as for the fun of the thing, it will be Sherman's army that will have all the fun, and I shall lose it all."

But Hugh was not one to remain long in the dumps, and before Chattanooga was reached, he had recovered his usual spirits. He found Chattanooga full of soldiers, who were being rushed west and north as fast as trains could carry them. The Fourth corps had orders to rendezvous at Pulaski, and Hugh found orders awaiting him to proceed to that place, by the way of Decatur, Alabama. He could go to Decatur by rail, but from Decatur to Pulaski the railroad had been destroyed by Forrest. This active Confederate leader had not only de-

stroyed the railroad, but had captured Athens with its garrison of several hundred soldiers.

Hugh found Decatur in a ferment of excitement. The place was being threatened with the whole of Hood's army; but as it was well fortified and garrisoned with a force of five thousand men under General Granger, Hood, having Allatoona before his eyes, resolved not to attack it, and moved westward to Tuscumbia, where he halted, and made his preparations for his invasion of Tennessee.

As Hugh rode from Decatur to Pulaski, and noted the destruction caused by Forrest's raid, he gave vent to his wrath. "It's a shame," he exclaimed, "that that fellow can't be caught. Why, he is as bad as Morgan, and there is a dozen times as much fight in him. Forrest fights at the drop of the hat, and seems to enjoy it."

On his arrival at Pulaski, Hugh found that not over half of the corps had yet arrived, and the air was full of rumors as to the early advance of Hood.

General Thomas was back at Nashville, seeing to the organization of new troops which were being sent him. It was a hard task that Thomas had before him. Of the veteran troops left him by Sherman, he had not over twenty thousand to oppose Hood's army of over forty thousand. Of cavalry he had scarcely two thousand, and Hood had been reinforced by Forrest's whole corps of splendid cavalry. Thomas bent himself to his task with his characteristic perseverance, which seemed slow and plodding to some, but was always thor-

ough. To General Schofield, who had command of the army at Pulaski, Thomas gave orders that if Hood advanced he should slowly fall back toward Nashville, retarding him as much as possible.

Hugh had been at Pulaski but a few days when he was sent to Nashville on some important business, with orders to report back within forty-eight hours. The journey was a short one, as the cars were running between the two places.

Hugh finished his business and had half a day to spare. He now seriously debated the question whether he should call on Kate Shackelford or not. He did not wish to seem to press his attention upon her, yet he longed to see her once more. He had not seen her to speak to her since she had given him that box on the ear for telling her that he loved her, as they parted in Chattanooga, after the battle of Missionary Ridge. Yes, he must, he would see her before he returned to Pulaski. He would call that very evening. But he had hardly come to this decision when he unexpectedly came face to face with her on the street. To Hugh's chagrin she was accompanied by a very handsome young Federal officer. Kate seemed greatly agitated when she saw Hugh; she turned pale and visibly trembled. Quickly recovering, she spoke in a low tone to the officer with her, who bowed, and passed on without so much as looking at Hugh. Kate now came forward and greeted Hugh, all smiles. "I am so glad to see you, Captain," she exclaimed, extending her daintily gloved hand; "this is a treat, as well as a

surprise. When did you come to Nashville? You must be sure to call to-morrow; I know mother will be glad to see you, and Bessie will be delighted. You know you used to be a great favorite with Bessie; she is getting to be quite a large girl."

"I am very sorry," replied Hugh, "but if I call at all, I must do so this evening. In fact, that is what I expected to do. I return to Pulaski early in the morning."

"Oh, no," cried Kate, a look of terror coming into her face, "mother and I have an engagement. It will be impossible for us to see you this evening."

Then seeing the look of disappointment in his face, she continued: "Oh, I am so sorry. Can't you call in the morning before you start?"

"No, Miss Shackelford, it will be too late. Good-bye. Give my respects to your mother and Bessie," and he lifted his hat and was gone.

It was not just such a meeting as Hugh had expected, and in some manner he connected the young officer with Kate as the cause of his discomfiture. With no pleasant feelings, he remembered that Kate had not offered to introduce her escort, but evidently had bidden him leave her when she saw him. The green-eyed monster took possession of Hugh, and its mastery was complete, when he noticed that the object of his jealousy did not go more than half a block, and then stood, evidently watching them.

Hugh gave him a look as he passed him which

meant volumes, but the young officer was gazing idly around, and did not appear to notice him. Hugh was not above stopping and watching to see what the fellow would do, and saw that he hastened back to Kate, and that they went off hurriedly together. Hugh's cup of bitterness was now full. "Confound him!" he muttered. "I wonder who he can be! Whoever he is, I should like to wring his neck. Splendid looking chap, though, black hair, dark eyes; just her opposite."

It was a very unhappy young fellow that the cars took back to Pulaski the next morning, in the person of Hugh; at least as unhappy as that light-hearted, merry young fellow could well be. He would not have felt so badly, if he had heard what passed between Kate and the officer, as he joined her, and if he had known that the reason she did not wish him to call was that there was to be a meeting of rebel sympathizers at her home that night.

"Oh, Calhoun!" she exclaimed, "I am all of a tremble. That was Captain Hugh Raymond, Fred's friend. I was so afraid he might meet you and recognize you."

"I have heard of him," answered Calhoun, "but I think we have never met. But, Kate, I believe he would feel relieved if he knew who I was. My being with you has put him in agony. I never saw a fellow with jealousy oozing out all over him as this Captain Raymond. Ugh! but the look that he gave me. Kate, is there anything between you?"



Kate blushed. "Captain Raymond is foolish enough to think that he loves me," she said.

"And you, Kate?"

"He is a Yankee."

"That's no answer at all. I love the daughter of a black abolitionist, and I am going to have her, too, or know the reason why."

"Hugh is real nice," said Kate. "While the Federal army lay at Murfreesboro, after the battle of Stone River, he came to our house real often with Fred. That is how we came to be acquainted. He is very brave. Fred says he was the first man to plant the Federal colors on Missionary Ridge, but Hugh says that honor belongs to Fred. He wanted to call on me to-night, but you know—that is what frightened me so. Of course, I told him it was impossible."

"He was in hard luck, sure," answered Calhoun. "I hope you have not offended him."

"I don't care if I have; I hope I have," Kate snapped.

"Which means that you do not," laughed Calhoun.

"Calhoun Pennington, I will never marry a man who is an enemy to the South. I will die first," and her eyes fairly flashed as she said it.

"There, Kate, don't get excited; we have more important business before us."

Kate did not answer, but Calhoun noticed there were tears in her eyes, and that the little hand on his arm trembled violently.

That evening, Calhoun met, at the home of Mrs. Shackelford, several of the most influential Southern men in Nashville. From them he received most important information concerning the Federal movements, and before morning, he had crept through the Union lines, and was on his way to join Hood, as fast as a swift horse could carry him.

Hugh had not been back at Pulaski more than a few days, when rumors came that Hood had crossed the Tennessee River with his whole army, and was advancing. General Stanley and his staff were discussing these rumors, and where Hood would in all probability strike, when the general suddenly turned to Hugh and asked: "Captain, were you not at one time on scouting duty?"

"Yes, sir; when Captain Shackelford was chief of General Thomas's scouts, I served under him as lieutenant."

"So I thought. You are just the man I want. I want you to pick out half a dozen daring fellows, well mounted, and do scouting duty. That Hood is advancing is evident, and it is of the utmost importance that we know just where he is going to strike. I am afraid the cavalry may be too late with exact information."

Hugh gladly accepted the general's proposition, and soon reported, accompanied by six cavalymen, well mounted. They all wore slouched hats, and as the weather was cold and rainy, water-proof coats, so without close inspection, it would be hard to tell which army they belonged to.

General Stanley looked them over. "They will do, Captain," he said; "you have done well. You could almost pass as Confederates. You had better report to General Hatch first, who is commanding the cavalry on the right, learn from him all you can, and then do as you think best. But report back as soon as possible."

Hugh thanked the general, and he and his little party started. It took a day's hard riding to reach Hatch. He found that the cavalry had been fighting hard all day, and had continually been pressed back.

"Forrest's men," said the general, "are around us as thick as flies. I am confident the infantry is close behind them, but Forrest keeps them so well covered, that I can form no estimate of their numbers; as for what point they are making, sometimes I think it is Pulaski, and then I think they will strike as far north as Columbia."

"That is what General Stanley is anxious to find out," replied Hugh; "he is afraid that Hood will strike north of Pulaski, and try to cut the army off from Nashville."

"It is impossible to tell yet," said the general; "Forrest is demonstrating strongly both toward Pulaski and Columbia. We shall have to wait and see."

The next day Forrest continued to press back both Hatch and Croxton, and Hood had advanced so far north that Hugh was almost certain that Columbia was the place he was aiming for. But

Hugh wanted to be certain, so he resolved on a bold move, which was no more nor less than to let Forrest get ahead of him, and then see if he could not locate the Confederate infantry.

To do this Hugh rode to the left until he was some distance from the road on which Croxton was fighting. Here he concealed his little force in a wood and waited for the night. When darkness came, the fighting had passed clear beyond him, and he was confident that he was some four or five miles in the rear of Forrest's main force. The night was dark and rainy, and Hugh was confident that the Confederates would not be moving more than was absolutely necessary.

"One thing is certain," said Hugh to his men, "on a night like this, we cannot be told from Confederates, and if we run on any straggling parties, we must trust to our wits."

Hugh thought he could tell by the light of camp-fires whether they were approaching any considerable body of the enemy or not, but as they were slowly making their way through a piece of woodland, they were unexpectedly challenged.

"Halt! who comes there?" rang out sharp and clear, and the challenger was close at hand.

"Friends without the countersign," promptly answered Hugh.

"Stand! Corporal of the guard!" called out the sentinel.

The corporal came, cursing and stumbling through the darkness. "What is it?" he asked, testily.

"Friends without the countersign," said the guard.

"Dismount one friend, and advance and give an account of yourself," growled the corporal.

Hugh dismounted and advanced, but under the cape of his overcoat he held a cocked revolver. "I belong to Forrest's command," he began, "and with half a dozen of my men I have been scouting toward Pulaski to see if the Yanks had taken alarm yet. In the darkness we have lost our way. Can you tell me where Forrest's command is?"

"In front four or five miles. Forrest has been giving it to the Yanks like thunder to-day; drove them like so many sheep."

"That accounts for us missing him," said Hugh; "he is farther north than I thought. This is a nasty night, isn't it?"

"Nasty! I should say it was; this rain chills a fellow to the bone. Lord, how I wish I had something warming."

"Take a drink," said Hugh, handing him a flask; "I happen to have some whiskey with me, and it's good, too."

The corporal eagerly reached for the flask, and took a long pull. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he smacked his lips, "that stuff is all right; it goes to the right spot. You officers git better licker than we-uns do."

"Let your comrade have some," said Hugh. The flask was handed to the sentinel, and when he

passed it back, there was not enough left in the flask to do any one much damage.

"Marched far to-day?" queried Hugh.

"Marched like the devil. Heard an officer say, if possible, the general wanted to make Columbia in two days more. Going to try and cut the Yanks off. But most of the infantry is clear behind yet. We are the advance division."

"Whose division is it?"

"General Shackelford's; he is a hustler."

"Mighty good general," responded Hugh. "Well, Corporal, I must bid you good-bye, and I thank you for your information. As for me, there will be no rest until I find Forrest."

Hugh turned and went back to his men and said loud enough for the Confederates to hear: "Boys, Forrest is four or five miles in front. It's too bad, but we shall have to make it."

Then the boys took to grumbling; said they were clean tired out, and Forrest might wait until morning to see them.

"No use grumbling," commanded Hugh; "we have to do it. Right about, wheel, march."

And as they rode away the corporal said to the sentinel, "That was a mighty fine officer. Knows how to treat a soldier white."

As soon as they were out of hearing, Hugh said: "Boys, that was a rum go; found out what I wanted. Now for Pulaski."

They passed several horsemen on the road, each

of whom they asked how far it was to Forrest's headquarters, and answers were returned without hesitation. No one thought of Yankees being there. The first road that led east they took, and all through the night they made their way through the mud and darkness. Perhaps it was well for them that it was such a night as it was, for it kept all scouting parties in. At least they did not meet any, and at nine o'clock the next morning they rode into Pulaski, covered with mud, and their horses so jaded they could scarcely walk.

Tired, muddy, and dirty as he was, Hugh lost no time in reporting to General Stanley. "General Schofield must know of this immediately," said Stanley, when Hugh had finished. "What you say corroborates the reports which the cavalry have sent in. I think the sooner we fall back to Columbia the better."

Together they visited General Schofield. They found the general very undecided as to what to do. His orders from General Thomas were not to fall back from Pulaski unless it were absolutely necessary. He thought that the time had not yet come, but after listening to what Hugh had to say, he decided to send the Twenty-third corps back to Lynnville, a hamlet half-way between Pulaski and Columbia.

"It seems impossible, though, considering the roads," said the general, "that Hood is making as rapid progress as Captain Raymond reports. He may be pushing a small column toward Columbia,

and preparing to throw the main part of his force on us here."

"I think not," said General Stanley; "every indication for the past two days points to the fact that Hood is making with his whole force for Columbia. The report of Captain Raymond fully proves it."

During the day the reports from Colonel Croxton were of such a nature that General Schofield gave orders to Stanley to prepare to evacuate Pulaski. Hugh was sent by General Stanley to scout toward Mount Pleasant. He ran into Forrest, and came near being captured, and only saved himself by retreating toward Columbia and joining Croxton. That officer made a most gallant resistance, but when night came, he had been driven within five miles of Columbia. None of General Schofield's command had yet reached that place, and it was garrisoned by only a few hundred men. "Go tell General Schofield," said Colonel Croxton to Hugh, "that unless Columbia be reinforced to-night, it will fall in the morning. It will be impossible for me to hold Forrest back."

Hugh found that General Cox had moved the Twenty-third corps to Hurricane, a hamlet only twelve miles from Columbia, but he had received no orders to go farther.

General Schofield was at Lynnville, and to that place Hugh rode with all speed. When he made his report, General Schofield became fully alive to the critical situation of his army. The rear division



of General Stanley's corps had not yet left Pulaski. Therefore, the Federal army was scattered along the turnpike from Pulaski to Columbia, a distance of thirty-five miles, but his army had a good stone turnpike to retreat over, while Hood's army had to travel over dirt roads, rendered almost bottomless by the incessant rains.

Schofield sent a courier back to Stanley to evacuate Pulaski with all speed, and to make a forced march for Lynnvile. Hugh was sent back to Hurricane, with orders to General Cox to have his division make a night march for Columbia.

It was after midnight before Hugh delivered Schofield's orders to Cox, yet that general promptly got his division in motion, but they were five miles from Columbia when day broke.

There had been a spy in Columbia that night, Calhoun Pennington. He ascertained that none of Schofield's troops had yet arrived, and making his way to Forrest, he told him that he could occupy the place in the morning by making a rapid movement.

Forrest, fully alive to the situation, had his men in line of battle by daylight, and commenced his attack. Croxton resisted desperately, but he could not withstand the impetuous attack of Forrest's troopers, and was rapidly forced back. By eight o'clock he was driven within two miles of the city. It looked as if Columbia were lost, and Schofield's army cut off from Nashville. Cox's men heard the roar of battle over on the Mount Pleasant road, and

pressed forward on the double quick, but it looked as if they would be too late. When within two miles of Columbia, Hugh cried: "General, here is a cross road, which leads into the Mount Pleasant road; by taking it, we may be in time to head off Forrest."

General Cox quickly wheeled the head of his column into the road, and cheered on his men. General Forrest was already exulting in his anticipated victory. "Another half-hour," he cried, "and we shall be in Columbia, and have the Yankee army cut off."

But suddenly, to Forrest's amazement, he saw a line of infantry skirmishers double quick in between him and the fleeing cavalry. There was a rattle of musketry, and the Confederates were checked. Then Forrest saw long lines of infantry forming in behind the skirmishers, and he knew that his opportunity had passed.

Thus is the fate of armies decided by a few moments of time.

"We might as well fall back and wait," exclaimed the Confederate cavalry leader, with an oath. "All the infantry will not be up before two days. What can Hood expect to accomplish with his snail pace?"

But General Forrest was unjust in his criticisms. Considering the state of the roads, Hood's infantry were performing wonders. Yet General Forrest was right, in that it was two days before all Hood's infantry was before Columbia, and then it was only

to find all Schofield's army in the place, and strongly entrenched.

The first great danger to the Federal army in its retreat from Pulaski to Nashville had passed, but others still greater were to come.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HOOD'S FLANK MOVEMENT.

**A**LTHOUGH General Hood had an army of over forty thousand men, and Schofield barely eighteen thousand, the Confederate general hesitated to attack the Federals in their entrenchments at Columbia. So he made feints of attacking while he prepared to flank the position.

General Thomas, back at Nashville, was straining every nerve to send Schofield reinforcements, so as to prevent Hood from advancing any farther into Tennessee. General Schofield was greatly disappointed in not finding the Sixteenth corps, which was hastening from Missouri, under General A. J. Smith, to reinforce Thomas. But Smith had not yet arrived at Nashville.

General Thomas expected to fight his battle with Hood along the line of Duck River, and had given orders to Schofield to hold the position, if possible, until Smith came. But there was not a general in the Federal army but who knew that it would be impossible to hold Columbia unless the needed reinforcements came. The position was an exceedingly dangerous one. Duck River, swollen by rains, ran in the rear of the army. General Schofield decided to evacuate Columbia, cross the river,

and post his army behind it, thinking he could prevent Hood from crossing.

The night that all preparations were made to do so, a terrific storm came up, and the crossing was postponed until the next night, when the move was safely made. But the army should not have been halted when across Duck River; it should have continued the retreat. This was the opinion of Schofield's best generals, but Schofield thought differently.

General Hood, leaving one corps of his army at Columbia to make feints of crossing the river, marched his other two corps up the river, and crossed at Huey's Mill, six miles above Columbia. This movement was so well concealed by Forrest's cavalry, that General Schofield was not aware that any of Hood's infantry had crossed the river until it was too late to check the movement.

General Stanley, alarmed at the situation, sent Hugh Raymond with his scouts up the river to see if they could find out anything of the movements of Hood. Hugh found the cavalry fighting heavily with Forrest, and advanced far enough to ascertain the fact that Hood was crossing his infantry. When he tried to return, he found himself cut off, together with a cavalry regiment. But the regiment made a gallant charge, cut its way through Forrest's men, and rejoined the army in safety. Hugh reported what he had found out to General Stanley, and that general lost no time in reporting the facts to General Schofield. But Schofield could

scarcely credit the news, and did nothing to meet the coming storm.

On the morning of November 28th, the day that Hood commenced to cross the river, General Schofield telegraphed to General Thomas:

"I think I can stop Hood's advance, if he should attempt to cross the river here, or be able to meet him if, by any distant movement, he should attempt to turn my position."

Even in the afternoon, after Hugh Raymond had returned bringing the news that Hood was crossing infantry, General Schofield telegraphed:

"The enemy is crossing in force a short distance this side of the Lewisburg pike at noon to-day. The force is reported to be infantry, but I do not regard it as probable."

Thus was General Thomas led to believe that all was right, and he had no idea of the perilous situation of his army.

But if General Schofield felt secure, his generals did not. Generals Stanley and Cox were on the rack of suspense. So wrought up was General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the third division of the Fourth corps, that he wrote to General Stanley, his corps commander:

"I have General Schofield's note to you with your reference to me. It seems to me a little strange that General Schofield does not intimate what measures he proposes to adopt to protect ourselves and guard our trains, and still more strange he does not initiate such measures at once, as the enemy, according to his own statement, has crossed the river in force. It is perfectly patent to my mind if the enemy has crossed in force that General Wilson will not be able to check him. It requires no oracle to predict the effect of the enemy reaching the Franklin pike in our rear."

It was not until the morning of the 29th, that General Schofield made any preparations to fall back.

Early on the morning of the 29th, General Stanley once more sent Hugh out to scout to the east. But he had scarcely gone two miles when he found Forrest's cavalry so thick he had to ride several miles toward Spring Hill before he could get to where the sound of battle told him that Wilson was fighting. He found the cavalry waging a losing battle with Forrest, who was pressing them back with the sheer weight of numbers.

Hardly had Hugh joined Wilson before Forrest made a charge, and gained possession of the Spring Hill road. The enemy had planted themselves directly in between Wilson and Schofield's army.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Hugh to Sergeant Rose, one of his scouts, "see what General Wilson has done; he has allowed Forrest to get in between him and the army. He will not be of any more use to Schofield than if he were a hundred miles away. I am afraid this will be a day of disaster."

Riding up to General Wilson, Hugh told him he was a scout, and asked if he knew of any way he could get through to the army.

"None whatever," answered the general, "without going clear back to Franklin. I have already ordered my force to retreat back to that place."

"Do you not suppose that I could reach Spring Hill?" asked Hugh.

"Spring Hill? No. Don't you see Forrest is directly in between us and Spring Hill? I shouldn't

wonder if the enemy has possession of that place now. It will be fortunate, if I can save my command by falling back to Franklin."

"Then you can render Schofield no aid?" asked Hugh.

"None whatever. Forrest so vastly outnumbers me, I can do nothing."

Hugh groaned. "This is a day of mistake," he said to Sergeant Rose. "Schofield is making a mistake in staying so long at Duck River, and General Wilson has made a terrible mistake in allowing himself to be cut off from the army." Hugh stopped and looked over the field at the retreating cavalry a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, with great energy: "Rose, I am not going to run clear back to Franklin. I came out here to find out something about the enemy, and I am going to. You take all the scouts, except Chapman, and fall back to Franklin with Wilson. Then rejoin your command as soon as you can. If you hear nothing of Chapman or me in the next two or three days, you may know that the Johnnies have gobbled us.

"What are you going to do?" asked the sergeant, a little anxiously.

"Going to pay Hood a visit?" answered Hugh, laughing.

"Let us all go," said the sergeant.

"No, do as I command you. When you see the general, tell him the reason I didn't get back to report."



The sergeant and the rest of the scouts rode off grumbling, because they were not allowed to accompany their captain.

As soon as Hugh and Chapman were left alone, Hugh said: "Forrest's men are all to the west and south of us. I believe by riding east for a mile or two, keeping ourselves carefully concealed, we can slip in behind Forrest and find out where the rebel infantry is. I am going to try it anyway."

Turning into a wood, they carefully made their way east for a mile or more. Here they halted and listened. The sound of distant firing was heard to the west and north. To the south and east of them all was silent.

"I reckon," said Hugh, "we had better try to work our way south now for some distance. I want to get clear behind that pesky Forrest."

"Is it not rather dangerous business we are on?" asked Chapman, a little nervously.

"Yes, but not nearly so dangerous as it at first may appear. The Confederates will naturally keep to the roads. All we want to do is to keep well concealed in the woods. The worst that can befall us anyway is to be taken prisoners."

"For which I have not the least desire," replied Chapman, with a shrug of the shoulders.

The country they were in was rough and broken and mostly wooded, being intersected by small streams, which flowed into Rutherford Creek. They had but little difficulty in keeping under cover, and following down one of the small streams,

they came to a point which Hugh judged must be near the main road leading from Rally Hill to Spring Hill, and the road over which Hood must advance, if making for Spring Hill.

"Chapman, this is as far as I dare go with the horses," said Hugh, halting and dismounting. "I am going to leave you here with the horses, and creep forward, and see if I cannot gain the main road. If I can, I may discover something."

"Very well, Captain, but don't be gone long, I shall feel mighty skittish here alone."

"See here, Chapman," answered Hugh, "you keep a sharp lookout. If danger threatens, save yourself, pay no attention to me. If I am not back in two hours, you may know the Johnnies have gobbled me. In that case you had better try to make your way back to Franklin, or perhaps what would be safer, Murfreesboro."

Hugh left Chapman and the horses near the stream in a little depression where they could not be seen unless one came right onto them, but to gain a better view, he made his way to the top of a low ridge and then cautiously worked his way westward. After going about half a mile, he found himself near the coveted road. Fortune favored him, for the side of the road which he was on was a number of feet higher than the road itself, and the underbrush grew thickly along the top of the bank, so that Hugh could crawl to the very edge, and look right down into the road. The bank was so high and steep there was little likelihood of any

passing soldier trying to climb it. The country to the west of the road was lower and open, so there was an uninterrupted view clear to the Columbia and Franklin turnpike, some four miles distant.

Hugh had his field-glass with him, and a look showed him that the pike was crowded with teams and artillery, all in rapid retreat for Spring Hill. He also discerned a large body of infantry on the double quick, as if in a hurry to reach Spring Hill.

"It looks as if the whole army were in retreat," muttered Hugh, "yet it can't be; they must be fighting heavily back at Duck River, for there is a constant roar of artillery in that direction. It sounds as if there were a heavy battle in progress."

He listened intently for a moment. From the direction of Spring Hill there came the faint sound of musketry firing; there was no cannonading, but the distant roar of artillery in the direction of Columbia was continuous. While Hugh was puzzling his brain as to what it all meant, he was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs, and a Confederate officer accompanied by half a dozen cavalymen came galloping up from the south. The officer reined in his horse right opposite to where Hugh was secreted, and taking his field-glass, looked long and earnestly toward the Franklin pike.

At last, shutting his glass, he exclaimed, with a laugh, "Boys, they are running sure fire. Trains, artillery, and infantry all mixed."

As he said this, he turned his head so that Hugh had a good view of his face, and never was Hugh

more surprised. He caught his breath, and could hardly believe his eyes. The Confederate officer he saw before him was the same person he had seen with Kate in Nashville. Suddenly the truth flashed upon Hugh. The officer was Captain Calhoun Pennington, Kate's and Fred's cousin. Fred had often told him about his cousin being one of the most daring scouts and spies in the Confederate army.

The reason of Kate's actions in Nashville was now all plain to him. He remembered her trepidation, the look of terror in her eyes, and he called himself a fool for being so jealous. Notwithstanding his rather perilous position, Hugh never felt happier in his life. But another surprise fully as great was in store for him. From the north came a lone rider, a woman who was urging her horse to his utmost speed. As she drew near, Hugh's heart stood still, for in the rider he recognized Kate Shackelford. She was clad as a country girl, but her linsey-woolsey dress and rude bonnet could not hide the beauty of her form and feature. Seeing Calhoun, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and checked her horse.

"Oh, Calhoun," she cried, "is it you? I am so glad! Where is Hood? Where is the army?"

"Kate! Kate! What are you doing here? What will your father say?"

"Doing? I am looking for General Hood. I have important dispatches. I have the latest news from Nashville concerning the Yankee army. Do

you think I could sit down idle with all this information in my possession? No, I got through the lines. I have just come from Spring Hill. Where is Hood?"

"Just behind with the whole army, with the exception of two divisions of Lee's corps, which were left behind at Columbia to hold the Yankee army at Duck River, and I reckon Lee is doing it. Hark! hear that cannonading! He is making it lively for them. If Lee can hold Schofield at Duck River until night, his army is ours. We shall be in their rear. Kate, this is going to be a glorious day for the Confederacy."

"Calhoun," cried the girl, her face flaming with excitement, "there are not five hundred Yankees in Spring Hill. I met General Forrest; I told him; he said he would have the place in less than an hour. He has the Yankee cavalry cut off. They are in full retreat for Franklin. Forrest says Wilson will be of no more use to Schofield. The Yankee army is practically without any cavalry."

"I hear the faint sound of musketry at Spring Hill," replied Calhoun, "but Forrest may have a harder time capturing the place than you or he suppose. See," and he pointed to the distant pike, "the road is crowded with wagons and artillery, and I have seen infantry passing. Spring Hill may be reinforced before Forrest can get there."

"But it can only be a small portion of the Yankee army," answered Kate, "for, listen! the cannonading back at Duck River is heavier than ever."

Sure enough, the sound of artillery was now a continuous roar, like the rumble of distant thunder.

"You may be right," said Calhoun, scanning the Franklin pike through his glass, "for I see no more infantry passing; but the road is full of wagons, and there seems to be a panic among the teamsters, for they are urging their mules forward, many of the teams being on the run. But, Kate, we will ride back, and find General Hood. The quicker he is placed in possession of the information you bring, the better. Ah! there comes the infantry now. It's Cleburne's division with Cleburne at the head. There will be no more fooling now. Cleburne has the crack division of the army."

"Father's regiment is in Cleburne's division, is it not?" asked Kate, proudly.

"Yes, and his regiment is one of the best."

Hugh looked, and sure enough, the Confederate infantry were coming, marching in close order, and with a long, swinging stride.

As General Cleburne approached, Calhoun saluted him, and then introduced Kate, saying: "From Nashville, and just from Spring Hill, General, with important information."

"What!" said the bluff old warrior, with a courtly bow, "a daughter of Colonel Shackelford, and the bearer of news? It must be good news, to be brought by so fair a courier. Your father's regiment is a little in the rear. I am also expecting General Hood forward. I will wait for him."

All this time, General Cleburne's division was

marching by, and soon Kate espied her father riding at the head of his regiment. With a glad cry, she flew to his arms.

Pressing her to his heart, Colonel Shackelford exclaimed: "My child! my child! What does this mean? What brings you here?"

"Father," cried Kate, "forgive me, but I had to come. I know all about the Yankee forces, what they are doing, what reinforcements are expected. Oh, father, when will General Hood be in Nashville? When will that hated flag come down from the capitol? I have a flag all made to run up in its place."

"Soon, I hope, Kate," gravely replied her father; "but a great battle must be fought before we gain possession of Nashville, even if we be successful to-day. But here come Generals Hood and Cheatham. I will wait until you see them."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed General Hood in surprise, when Colonel Shackelford introduced Kate to him.

"Yes, and she is just from Nashville and Spring Hill. She brings news of importance," replied the colonel.

In a few words Kate told the general what she knew—of the intense excitement in Nashville and throughout the entire north over his advance into Tennessee; that the Sixteenth corps, which had been ordered from Missouri, had not yet arrived, much to the disappointment of General Thomas; that most of General Thomas's cavalry were un-

mounted; that every train from the south was filled with soldiers fleeing back in consternation; that no new fortification had been thrown up either at Franklin or Spring Hill. "And," continued Kate, "I left Spring Hill at noon, and there were not five hundred soldiers in the place. I met Forrest; I told him; he at once moved on it, he must have it by this time."

General Hood's face flushed with excitement. He saw before him a great triumph, a magnificent victory. Not only would he put to shame those in his own ranks, who had been covering him with contumely, but he would be hailed as the savior of the Confederacy. His fame would rival, if not surpass, that of the great Lee.

He glanced at the distant pike, along which could be seen a line of wagons streaming back toward Spring Hill. Stretching forth his hand, and pointing to the wagon train, he said to Generals Cheatham and Cleburne: "There! there they are, you see them. The main body of the enemy must be back at Duck River yet, for I hear Lee's cannon thundering. Even if Spring Hill has been reinforced since Miss Shackelford was there, as Captain Pennington thinks, it must be lightly held. General Cheatham, hurry forward Cleburne's division; take possession of Spring Hill, of the pike, of the railroad, of that wagon train. General, see that this order is obeyed. Bring up your other two divisions to the support of Cleburne. If necessary, I will reinforce you with the whole army. Once we are in



possession of the road to Franklin, the enemy is in our grasp."

"General," cried Kate, "when you take Nashville, may I have the privilege of lowering the Federal rag which floats over the capitol, and raising the stars and bars instead?"

"I promise," replied the general, with a smile. "No fairer or more loyal hands could have that honor. But gentlemen," to his generals, "time presses. To your commands. I expect to hear a good report from you."

General Cheatham sent back a couple of aides to hurry up the divisions of Bate and Brown, then accompanied by General Cleburne and Colonel Shackelford, he galloped forward to rejoin Cleburne's division.

Kate had kept by the side of her father. The colonel looked at her with perplexity. "Kate, this is no place for you; you must seek some place of safety," he said.

"Father, may I not stay and see the battle? I do so want to see the Yankees whipped!"

"Child! child! you know not what you ask. Stray balls kill sometimes, and then the horrible scenes. No, you must leave us, and at once, but where can you go?"

"I was going to Mrs. ——'s," answered Kate, naming a plantation some three or four miles distant. Then turning to General Cheatham, who was riding with them, she said: "Why, General, your wife is at Mrs. ——'s. Didn't you know it?"

"My wife! My wife at Mrs. ——'s?" exclaimed the astonished general.

"Yes, General, your wife."

"I have not seen my wife for over two years," said the general, with sudden energy. "War or no war, Confederacy or no Confederacy, I shall see my wife to-night. Miss Shackelford, if you will remain with your father until I can make arrangements with General Cleburne for the disposition of my forces, I will accompany you to Mrs. ——'s."

"I shall be happy to have so distinguished an escort," graciously replied Kate.

General Cheatham rode forward and saw to the disposition of Cleburne's division, and ordered that general to advance, and not halt until he had the village and turnpike in his possession. He then gave explicit orders to his adjutant-general how to dispose of Bate's and Brown's divisions when they came,—Bate to form on the left and Brown on the right of Cleburne. The adjutant-general promised to see that his orders were faithfully carried out, and feeling assured that all would be well, General Cheatham rode back to where he had left Kate, and told her he was ready to accompany her.

Kate bade her father a most tender farewell, and she and General Cheatham rode away.

Colonel Shackelford looked after them with a troubled countenance. "I cannot blame the general," he said to Calhoun. "I know how he feels. I have not seen Jennie for nearly three years. God knows if she were as near as General Cheatham's

wife, I might risk all and see her. But it is a bad time for a general to leave his command. Momentous issues are at stake; a mistake now, and all may be lost. But I must to my command."

The short November day was rapidly drawing to a close when Cleburne formed his division in line of battle, some two miles southeast of Spring Hill. The cavalry reported that they were taking possession of the village, in the early afternoon, when they were attacked by infantry and driven out, but did not believe a very large force was present.

Cleburne had advanced but a short distance when the right of his line unexpectedly struck an infantry force, and was driven back in disorder. Changing direction so as to bring more of his men into action, Cleburne again advanced, only to be again driven back. He now changed front, and charging with his whole division, he overwhelmed the force in front of him and drove it from the field in disorder.

The division now pressed forward with loud cheers, thinking the victory won, when to General Cleburne's intense surprise, a semicircle of batteries planted around the village opened a furious fire, and shell and shrapnel tore great gaps through his ranks. His men halted, wavered, and then sought safety in flight.

General Cleburne had no artillery; to throw his division against all those cannon meant annihilation, so he drew back his lines, and sent back for reinforcements.

It was now dark. General Bate's division was forming on his left, but no further orders were received to continue the fight, and his division went into camp about eight hundred yards from the coveted turnpike. It was dark when General Bate formed his division on the left of Cleburne. His line was closer to the turnpike than Cleburne's, the left of it being not over three hundred yards from it. It was nine o'clock before he was ready to advance, and it had already been dark over three hours. Not receiving any further orders, General Bate also ordered his division to go into camp. His skirmishers frequently occupied the turnpike, but were as frequently driven off. The rest of Hood's army became bewildered in the darkness, and went into camp at various distances from the village.

When General Hood found that Spring Hill had not been taken, or the Franklin turnpike occupied, he became greatly excited, and accused his generals of disobeying orders. But he was on the ground, knew as much of the situation as any of his generals, yet he hesitated, and at last decided not to order an attack until morning.

When morning came, and it was discovered that the Federal army had slipped by in the night, fierce anger took possession of the whole Confederate army, from the commander-in-chief down to the humblest privates.

Hood was especially severe on Generals Cheat-ham and Cleburne, accusing them of disobedience

to orders and of cowardice. There was crimination and recrimination. An insane rage took possession of the whole army, a fierce desire to wipe out the mistake of the night before, and it was with this feeling that the Confederate army started in pursuit of the fleeing Federals.\*

\*General Cheatham afterwards acknowledged to Hood that he failed in his duty at Spring Hill. The story that during the night he left his command to go and see his wife, whom he had not met for two years, the author has on good authority. With General Cleburne, the case was different. He was called the Marshal Ney of the Confederate army, the bravest of the brave. To be accused of cowardice broke his heart. General Hood avers in his book "Advance and Retreat" that he made up with General Cleburne before the battle of Franklin. Yet he asserts on the same page that any one good division could have taken Spring Hill, thus indirectly reiterating his charge of cowardice against the best division in his army. The fact is Cleburne's division lost five hundred men in its attack on Spring Hill, and would have been annihilated if it had persisted in its advance in the teeth of the artillery fire concentrated on it. No one division could have ever taken Spring Hill on the evening of November 30th. One division, or even one brigade, could have taken the turnpike a mile or two south of Spring Hill. The cruel charge against General Cleburne made him desperate, and sent him to his death at Franklin.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SAVED AS BY A MIRACLE.

**O**N the forenoon of November 29th, General Schofield began to realize the desperate situation in which his army was placed, and made preparations to retreat. Upon the urgent solicitation of General Stanley, the Fourth corps was ordered to make a forced march for Spring Hill, taking the trains of the army back with them. But Stanley had proceeded only four miles when a large force of the enemy was reported as threatening an attack from the east. Halting two of his divisions, the First and Third, he formed them in line of battle, and hastened with his remaining division to Spring Hill. The artillery of the corps, receiving no orders to halt, kept on with the train. It was well that it did so, for it was this artillery that had so much to do with the repulse of Cleburne, and led the Confederate generals to believe that Spring Hill was held by a much larger force than it was.

As Stanley marched, the roar of cannon back at Duck River sounded as if a heavy battle were in progress, but the noise did not deceive him.

“It is only a feint on the part of Hood,” he said to his staff, who were a little worried over the idea

of marching away from the sound of battle; "the main portion of the Confederate army is to the east of us, and nearly as close to Spring Hill as we are. You will find that Spring Hill is the danger point," and he hurried his command forward.

When they were about two miles from the village, musketry was heard. "There," cried Stanley, "what did I tell you? Spring Hill is already attacked."

A courier on a foaming horse came to meet them. "Hurry, General, hurry!" he cried; "the little force at Spring Hill is already being driven out by Forrest's cavalry."

With a cheer, Stanley's men broke into the double quick. They found the depot and railroad already in the hands of Forrest's men. But they made quick work of them, driving them away, through the village and a mile beyond.

As Forrest was checkmated at Columbia by the opportune arrival of General Cox, so at Spring Hill victory was snatched from him by the prompt action of Stanley. After the arrival of Stanley's men, there was but little fighting, until the attack of Cleburne's division. The result of that was narrated in the preceding chapter.

When darkness came, never was a Federal army in greater peril than Schofield's. It was strung out from Duck River to Spring Hill, a distance of twelve miles. General Cox's division of the Twenty-third corps was holding the line at Duck River, and bravely they held it all day against the repeated



**THEY MADE QUICK WORK OF THEM, DRIVING THEM AWAY.**





assaults of Lee's two divisions. Four miles back at Rutherford's Creek lay the First and Third divisions of the Fourth corps. Then two miles nearer Spring Hill was Ruger's division of the Twenty-third corps, while at Spring Hill was General Stanley with the Second division of the Fourth corps, and before this single division lay the most of Hood's army. Hood had succeeded in planting himself squarely in Schofield's rear, and the Confederate army had to take but a step forward in order to occupy his line of retreat. But, as we have seen, the step was not taken.

General Schofield did not attempt to extricate his army until dark. He then gave orders for General Cox to hold the line at Duck River until seven o'clock, and then fall back, leaving his pickets to hold the line until eleven, and then they were to fall rapidly back on Spring Hill. The First division of the Fourth corps was to maintain its position at Rutherford Creek until the pickets of Cox's division had passed, and then they were to bring up the rear.

After giving these orders, General Schofield put himself at the head of Ruger's division of the Twenty-third corps and started for Spring Hill. He reached there at 7:30 o'clock, his advance driving the skirmishers of Bate's division from the road, just before the village was reached.

Hardly had the division arrived before a courier came with the startling intelligence that the railroad and turnpike at Thompson's Station, four miles farther north, were in the hands of Forrest.

Without halting the division, Schofield pushed on, and drove Forrest away, opening the road.

This accomplished, General Schofield came back to Spring Hill. It was now midnight, and the large train had not yet started, neither had the First division of the Fourth corps arrived. General Schofield was completely disheartened by the condition of affairs.

"General," he said to Stanley, "we can never save this train. If we try, we shall lose both train and artillery, and perhaps the entire army. By abandoning the train, we may be able to save the infantry and most of the artillery."

"General Schofield," replied Stanley, respectfully but firmly, "you have placed me in charge of this train. Not a single wagon shall be abandoned, unless I find it absolutely necessary. I will bring it through safe if such a thing be possible."

"Do as you think best," replied General Schofield, "but it is a terrible responsibility."

"It is a responsibility I am willing to accept," was Stanley's reply.

Leaving the trains and the rear in charge of General Stanley, General Schofield took the Twenty-third corps, and pushed with all speed for Franklin. What his thoughts were on that march will never be known, but they must have been bitter, for no doubt he thought he was leaving his train and the larger portion of his army to destruction.

Arriving at Franklin early in the morning, he

gave orders for the little city to be encircled with a line of earthworks, and then awaited the coming of the rest of his army.

The task left to General Stanley was indeed a dangerous one. His corps was left alone to confront the whole of Hood's army. The First division had not yet arrived from Rutherford Creek. Would it ever come?

The night was dark, and a fog made it still darker. To the east and south of Spring Hill a ruddy glow showed in the sky, the reflection from the innumerable camp-fires of the enemy. In the Federal lines all was dark and silent. There was nothing to show that an army was on the move.

It was one o'clock before General Stanley could start his train of eight hundred wagons, and they had to start singly over a bridge. It was slow work, but one after another the wagons were started on their way toward Franklin. The Confederates showed no signs of advancing, and except by the occasional firing of their pickets, the silence of the night was unbroken.

At two o'clock in the morning, General Stanley's heart was rejoiced by the arrival of the First division. For eight miles this division had marched through the darkness, frequently pushing small parties of Confederates from the road. Just before the division reached Spring Hill the enemy's camp-fires blazed within three hundred yards of them. More than once they were fired upon, but there were no return shots.

"Don't fire back," was the whispered order, "unless they attack in force."

Silent and noiseless the division marched. There was no clanking of sabers, no clashing of guns. Like specters they moved through the darkness, and the Confederates, who stood around their camp-fires a few hundred yards away, had no idea an army was marching by.

General Stanley's hopes arose when his last division arrived safe. He would not only save his corps, but his train. But at three o'clock there came back tidings of direful report. Forrest had captured the road some three miles north, and was engaged in destroying the train. For one long hour the train was at a standstill; then came the joyful news that Forrest had been driven away, and the road opened. The train once more began to move.

At five o'clock in the morning the last wagon had crossed the bridge, and the whole train was on the way to Franklin. It was now guarded by Wood's division. The soldiers marched on both sides of it, and Forrest's troopers dashed at it in vain. A line of steel girt it in, and it was safe.

It was six o'clock before Opdyke's brigade, the rear guard, left the little village of Spring Hill. The coming day had not yet dispelled the darkness, and the mists still clung to the earth, but the Confederate lines were glowing with camp-fires, and the soldiers could be seen preparing their scanty morning meal. The Confederate officers were busy

planning for the great victory they supposed they had within their grasp, when lo! the rays of the rising sun dispelled the darkness and the mists, and before them they saw no army. It had passed away as silently as the mists were passing away before the orb of day.

When the Confederates saw that their enemy had escaped, rage and madness seized them, and like hungry wolves, eager for their prey, they took to the trail.

For two nights the soldiers of the Federal army had had no rest. Sleep weighed down their eyelids, and weariness made their limbs like lead, but there could be no rest until Franklin was reached. In the army was a large number of new recruits that had been received at Pulaski. Each of these recruits, like most new soldiers, was burdened with an immense knapsack. Footsore, dying for sleep, aching in every limb, they fell out by the score. To be left behind meant capture, but more dead than alive, and not knowing what rebel prison-life meant, they cared little if they were captured. Opdyke's veterans as rear guard looked upon it in a different light. They drove the laggards before them at the point of the bayonet, showing no mercy. With their knives they cut the heavy knapsacks from their backs. Many a one of these new recruits took the last look at his beloved knapsack, filled with keepsakes made by loving hands, with tears in his eyes. But Opdyke's men laughed, and told them they would have been stolen anyway, by some un-

regenerate veteran, before Nashville was reached, and made them quicken their lagging steps by a prick from the sharp point of a bayonet.

These recruits had reason to thank Opdyke's men for saving them from capture, even at the expense of their knapsacks, and the pain of a few pricks of the bayonet.\*

By two o'clock in the afternoon, the whole army had reached Franklin. The train crossed, and was parked on the north side of the Harpeth. Nobly had General Stanley performed his work. Not only the army, but the trains as well, had been saved as by a miracle.

\*The writer witnessed a laughable incident at the battle of Spring Hill. One of these recruits belonging to the Forty-second Illinois, had beat a most precipitate retreat, throwing away everything that retarded his flight, except a long, blue overcoat which he wore. Hatless and breathless he rushed back until he reached the reserve line. Stopping, he held out the skirt of his overcoat, and shaking it, he exclaimed: "See t-h-e-r-e, a-n-d n-not t-t-h-r-e-e d-a-y-s i-in t-the a-army." There were three bullet holes through the skirt of the coat, one for each day.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HUGH REVIEWS THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

**I**T befell Captain Hugh Raymond to do what, perhaps, no other Federal officer did during the war—to review the Confederate army, and not get caught. His place of concealment was an ideal one. So interested was he in what he saw and heard, that he did not notice the lapse of time. It must be admitted that, as long as Kate could be seen and heard, Hugh paid little attention to anything else. Even General Hood did not interest him. But now that Kate was gone, Hugh's interest was centered on the Confederate officers before him and on the passing army.

At no other place along the road could as good a view of the Franklin pike be obtained as from where Hugh lay. General Hood and his staff dismounted and rested by the side of the road. So close were they to Hugh, he could have dropped a pebble on them, and he could distinctly understand almost every word they uttered.

General Hood, after looking intently through his glass for some time, said: "There are but few wagons and squads of straggling soldiers passing along the pike now. Lee's cannon are still thundering; the bulk of the Yankee army must be back



at the river yet. There is no reason why Cheatham should not have possession of the turnpike at Spring Hill in a few moments."

Bate's division was now passing, and Hood ordered them to hurry up and form on the left of Cleburne. As time passed, and there was no sound of fighting, General Hood became very uneasy. "What can Cleburne be doing, when he does not attack?" he kept asking. "It will soon be dark, and if the pike be not captured, our golden opportunity will have passed away."

At last there came the sound of musketry from the direction of Spring Hill. "Cleburne has attacked," cried Hood, joyfully. "Spring Hill will soon be ours."

The sputtering sound grew to a steady roll, lasted for some ten minutes, and then died away.

"Quick over," said the general, smiling, "there could have been but a few of the Yankees there."

All this time the Confederate troops were marching by, cheering their general as they passed. Suddenly the sound of battle in the direction of Spring Hill broke out louder than ever. The general and his staff looked surprised. What did it mean? Once more the sound died away, only to break out in a few moments, fiercer than ever; and to the roll of musketry, was added the thunder of cannon.

"Cleburne has no cannon," cried Hood. "Is it possible the Yankees are in force at Spring Hill? There must be three or four batteries engaged."

The Confederate officers listened eagerly, as the roar of the conflict came back to them. Their looks of exultation changed to those of anxiety.

Soon an aide of General Cleburne came dashing back, with the astonishing intelligence that the Confederates had been repulsed. "We must be reinforced at once," said the aide. "From the artillery they opened on us, Spring Hill must be held by at least a corps."

General Hood was amazed, and giving orders that his troops should be hurried forward, he mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the front.

Hugh drew a long breath. "So," he mused, "they found a harder nut to crack than they expected."

He suddenly became aware it was growing dark. So interested had he been, that he had not noticed the lapse of time. He had told Chapman to consider him a prisoner, if he did not return at the end of two hours, and to make his way to Franklin or Murfreesboro the best way he could. He had been gone nearly four hours. He cautiously made his way back to where he had left Chapman and the horses, and was not surprised to find them gone.

"Well, here is a go," he said; "horse gone, and the rebel army in between me and the boys. It must be thirty miles to Murfreesboro. To skulk through the woods and fields that distance, even if I should make it, will take two or three days. Hanged if I don't go back, and review the rest of Hood's army. When it gets real dark, I believe I can take

a sneak through their lines, and reach the Franklin pike. I will try it, anyway."

With Hugh, to decide was to act. He cautiously made his way back to his old place. The Confederate army was still marching by, but it had grown so dark, he could scarcely distinguish the shadowy forms of the soldiers.

The sound of fighting around Spring Hill had died away, only the faint echo of a picket shot was heard now and then. Hugh listened intently, but the sound of cannon was no longer heard, back at Duck River. It was evident to Hugh that the army had either fallen back, or the Confederates had given up the attempt to cross the river. But the silence around Spring Hill was not so easily accounted for. Could it be possible that the place, with all the troops defending it, had been captured? Hugh shuddered at the mere thought of such a catastrophe. If true, it meant that Schofield's army had been cut off from Nashville, and that the greater portion of it would be captured. He listened a few moments to the steady tramp of the soldiers passing by, and then there was a break in the column. Hugh took advantage of it, and sliding down the bank, darted across the road. He was hid by the darkness, and congratulated himself on his successful movement. But he had gone but a few paces when his foot struck an obstacle, and he went sprawling.

"What in the devil be you-uns doin'?" growled a voice.

"I should like to know what you are doing out here?" demanded Hugh, struggling to his feet, and groaning over the jolt he had received.

"I be clear beat out, and halted heah to rest," whined the Johnny.

"You are skulking, that's what you are!" exclaimed Hugh, fiercely. "You get back in the road and join your regiment as soon as your legs can carry you, or it will be the worse for you."

"Who be you-uns, anyway?" insolently demanded the soldier. "I reckon you-uns be skulkin', too."

"I am Captain Calhoun Pennington," answered Hugh; "ever heard of him?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the soldier, scrambling to his feet. "Heard of you-uns? I reckon I have. Captain, don't report me. I war clean beat out, sure."

Hugh asked him his name and regiment, and then said: "Well, get to your regiment and that quickly, too. I will inquire to-morrow, and if I find you have joined your regiment, all right, I will say nothing. If not, I will make it hot for you."

The fellow shambled off, and in a moment, was swallowed up by the darkness. Hugh laughed softly to himself, but the tramp of coming soldiers was heard, and he lost no time in putting a greater distance between himself and the road.

It was slow enough work making his way through woods and fields. Once he rolled down a bank into a creek. He crawled out wet, muddy, and mad.

He was shivering with cold, and his wet clothes felt like ice. The stillness also oppressed him. Was it possible there were thousands of men not far from him? A rabbit sprang almost from under his feet. The slight noise that it made caused his heart to beat like a trip-hammer. Soon to the north there began to be a faint glow in the sky. It was the reflection of the Confederate camp-fires; but of this he was not sure. He frequently stopped and listened, but beyond the faint report of a distant gun once in a while, the night was still. Surely if the Union forces were yet at Spring Hill, there would be fighting, for he knew the Confederates must be close to the place. The whole situation puzzled him, but he struggled on, going straight as he could in the darkness for the Franklin pike.

He was in anything but an enviable frame of mind. His clothes were torn, and his face and hands scratched from coming in contact with the limbs and brush. He was bruised with repeated falls, and his wet clothes impeded his progress. It seemed to him that he had traveled for miles and miles, and still there was no sound of a marching army in front of him, and he began to think he had lost his way.

“Ouch!” This expletive was brought from Hugh, by his running square against a fence. He rubbed his head ruefully and, we are afraid, said a bad word. He suddenly stopped and listened. Surely he heard the sound of marching feet, and

the beating of horses' hoofs. An army was passing, but why so silent? Not a word could he hear; not a sound but the steady beat, beat of those unseen feet. A queer feeling came over him. To be so near hundreds of men, yet not seeing a thing, or knowing whether they were friends or foes, was like being surrounded by an army of invisible spirits. But the feeling soon passed away. He knew he must find out to which army that marching column belonged, and he must do it without making himself known.

Climbing the fence, being careful not to make the least noise, Hugh gradually approached the column, now near enough to distinguish the shadowy forms. He saw that by being careful he could mingle with them, and they would be none the wiser. He gradually drew nearer the column, and at last joined it. But not a word did he hear; the column marched as silent as ghosts.

At last he could restrain his curiosity no longer, and he whispered to a shadow near him, "I am afraid I have lost my regiment in the darkness. What regiment is this?"

The shadow whispered back his regiment.

Hugh's heart gave a great bound. It was a regiment belonging to the First division, Fourth corps, the division which was the rear of Schofield's army.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Hugh, fervently, "I am safe."

"Hush," whispered back the soldier, "or you

will be arrested. There are strict orders against speaking a loud word. But what's up with you?"

"Just from the Reb lines. Didn't know whether you were Union or Reb," whispered back Hugh.

"A deserter?" the voice was full of contempt.

"Great heavens! no; I am Captain Hugh Raymond of General Stanley's staff."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the soldier out loud in his surprise.

"Silence in the rank," whispered the stern voice of an officer near by, and Hugh and the soldier pursued the conversation no further.

They had not gone far when there was a blaze of rifles from the right of the road and not more than two hundred yards distant, but the balls whistled harmlessly over the heads of the marching column. To Hugh's surprise, no notice was taken of it; there were no answering shots.

As the column approached Spring Hill, camp-fires were blazing a few hundred yards from the road, and Hugh could hardly persuade himself that they were the camp-fires of the enemy. Could it be possible that the Confederate army was encamped so near the Franklin pike, and had made no effort to take it?

Spring Hill being reached, Hugh inquired for General Stanley, and found him busily engaged in superintending the moving of the train.

"Is that you, Captain?" asked the general, in glad surprise, as Hugh made himself known. "I had given you up as either cut off or captured."

"Cut off I was, General, but I had the satisfaction of reviewing Hood's army; and here I am wet, hungry, and dilapidated," laughed Hugh.

"I have no time to hear your story now," replied the general; "but have you any news that will help us?"

"Only bad news, General; Hood's whole army is before us. What he is thinking of, that he has not attempted to take the pike, beats me."

"Let us hope he won't attempt it," said the general. "Where is your horse?"

"Lost him long ago. I have been tramping for the last six hours—"

Hugh was interrupted by the stoppage of the train, and the sound of distant firing to the north. Soon the couriers came back with the woeful intelligence that Forrest had cut the train, and was engaged in burning the wagons.

"And my staff scattered," groaned Stanley.

"General, give me a horse, and let me go to the scene of trouble," cried Hugh.

"Go," said General Stanley. Do what you can to keep Forrest from destroying any more of the train. I will send some troops to clear the way, as quickly as I can."

Hugh mounted the horse which was given him, and was away. As he galloped along the now motionless train, he found the teamsters in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Stick to your teams, boys," he shouted, as he passed along. "If one of you desert his team, I



will have him shot. I will see that the way is opened."

He had ridden about two miles, when he saw the light of the burning train before him, and heard the sound of rapid firing. He soon came to the scene of firing, and found a curious state of affairs. Accompanying the train were numerous stragglers, who had lost their command in the darkness, or who had fallen out of the ranks from weariness. Although these soldiers were stragglers, they were not cowards, and when Hugh arrived, he found them holding Forrest at bay. Forrest held about a quarter of a mile of the road; on this stretch ten wagons were burning, and at both ends of it the stragglers had rallied, and were preventing the Confederates from capturing more of the train. The light from the burning wagons brought the Confederates into bold relief, while the stragglers were in the darkness, and the enemy had no way of judging of their numbers.

Little did the bold Confederate cavalry leader think he was fighting a mass of disorganized private soldiers, without officer or commander; but every soldier was an officer unto himself.\*

"Boys, you have done well," cried Hugh, "but we must do better. We must charge and clear the road of every rebel, so that the train can move. I am Captain Hugh Raymond of General Stanley's staff. I am here to lead you."

\*This incident well illustrates why the American soldier is the best in the world—his individuality makes him so. The unit of the American army is not the company or regiment, but the single soldier. He thinks and acts for himself.

“We know you, Captain,” cried a score of voices from out the darkness. We can follow where you lead, and we will.”

“Bully for you, boys!” shouted Hugh, in his enthusiasm. “Come on! charge!”

With loud cheers, the men sprang forward. There were no ranks, but every man strove to be first. There was a rattle of musketry, there were cheers and oaths, and the Confederate cavalry fled back in the night. The road was opened, and the train was saved—saved by Captain Hugh Raymond and his company of stragglers.

It was but a few moments before the whole train was once more in motion for Franklin. For his services, Hugh received the warmest commendations of his general. The private soldiers who so gallantly aided him are among the unknown heroes of the war.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### FRANKLIN.

**F**RANKLIN will always be remembered as the place where was fought one of the shortest and fiercest battles of the war. It is a little city of some two or three thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the south bank of the Harpeth River. As the stream approaches the place, it takes a broad sweep around it, half inclosing it within its embrace. In the cup or basin thus formed, the city lies surrounded by higher ground.

The northern bank of the Harpeth is much higher than the southern, so as completely to command the city and all its approaches. The ground on the southern side of the river gradually ascends for half a mile or more, reaching the top of a low ridge which encircles the city on the south and west. From this ridge the land gently slopes, until it meets a high range of hills about two miles distant.

It was upon the low ridge that General Schofield ordered a line of breastworks to be thrown up, as he reached the city on the morning of the 30th. This line extended entirely around Franklin, and was about a mile and a half in length, with both flanks resting on the river.

As the Federal army, weary and worn, yet rejoicing over their narrow escape at Spring Hill, reached Franklin, it was placed in line in the following order: On the left of the line, facing south, the third division of the Twenty-third army corps, under General J. D. Cox; then the second division of the Twenty-third army corps, under General Ruger, facing south and southwest; and then the first division of the Fourth corps, facing west.

Two brigades of the second division of the Fourth corps were thrown out half a mile in advance of the main line, with orders to observe the enemy, and if they advanced in force, to retire. On the arrival of the first brigade of the second division, which had done such noble work as rear guard, it was placed about three hundred yards in the rear of the main line as a reserve.

[The third division of the Fourth corps, which had acted as train guards from Spring Hill, crossed the river with the train, and thus took no part whatever in the battle.

It was not supposed by General Schofield or any of the Federal officers that Hood would make a general assault, although every precaution was taken to resist one, if it should be made.

After giving orders for the disposition of the troops, General Schofield retired to the north bank of the Harpeth, leaving the command of the army to General J. D. Cox.

General Stanley had been sick for two days, and when he reached Franklin, he was completely pros-

trated by the labor and responsibilities which had been placed upon him during the retreat from Duck River. Now that he thought everything safe, he, too, sought rest on the north bank of the river. This left General Cox, the ranking officer, in command of the whole army.

It was about four o'clock when the Confederate army broke cover from the woods, which had screened their movement from view, and advanced across the open plain in magnificent battle array. It was a sight which old soldiers who had been in the army for years, had never seen before. Most of the great battles of the war had been fought partly, or almost entirely, in the woods, and no great bodies of men could be seen at any one time. But here was a battle to be fought on a plain which could be taken in with one sweep of the eye.

In Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, fifteen thousand soldiers constituted the charging column; at Franklin, at least twenty-five thousand men charged.

When this magnificent host burst out of the woods, as if by magic, and came sweeping forward in three lines of battle, it was a sight that for a time held the Federal army spell-bound. The Confederates advanced in quick time, at a trail arms, the officers riding in advance, instead of in the rear of the lines. As they advanced, batteries in between the different divisions would halt, wheel into position, fire a few shots, and then limber up and gallop into their place in the line.

Hugh Raymond had crossed the river with General Stanley, but had returned with some orders, and had reached the Carter house just as the storm burst. The steady advance of the Confederates, with lines as straight and true as if on parade, excited his admiration, and for a time, he forgot the coming struggle, in the grandeur of the sight.

The batteries which were out in front with the two brigades of Wagner's, fired a few shots at the advancing foe, and then leisurely limbered up and trotted back to the main lines, thus obeying the orders which they had received from the chief of artillery.

Hugh expected to see the two brigades follow, as he himself had delivered General Stanley's orders to General Wagner to that effect, but to his amazement, instead of retreating, he saw the two brigades preparing to resist.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "who has countermanded the orders for those brigades to retire?" and he spurred his horse to where General Cox was.

"General," he cried, in agony, "by whose orders are those troops left out there? I know it was not General Stanley's, for I myself took a different order."

"I do not know," replied General Cox, his voice trembling in agitation; "I not only ordered General Wagner to withdraw, in case of an attack, but a few moments ago reiterated the order."

There was no time to say more, for with a crash and a roar the battle was on. The two brigades in

front bravely held their ground, and hurled back the Confederates in their front; but the long lines swept around both flanks, and enveloped them.

Then there came a scene of wild disorder and panic. The members of the two helpless brigades made a mad rush for the rear, but the Confederates were around them, shooting, calling on them to surrender. Hundreds threw down their arms, and became prisoners. Others, heeding neither friend nor foe, kept on in their headlong flight, seeking safety in the rear.

The soldiers in the main line looked on the one-sided struggle utterly confounded. They knew that some one had blundered. With sinking hearts, they saw their comrades overpowered, and the mighty oncoming torrent of the Confederates.

Then the cry of "Don't shoot, don't shoot, else we shall kill our own men!" ran along the line, and with pale faces and shaking limbs, the soldiers stood as helpless as if they had had no arms.

On came the rushing thousands. Federals and Confederates commingled, piling over the works together. The inner line, seized with a sudden panic, joined in the flight, and the Federal works were in the hands of the enemy. Thus, with hardly a struggle, the Confederates had swept the Union breastworks clean for over a quarter of a mile, and the center of the Federal army seemed hopelessly broken.

It looked as if Hood's boast, that he would totally destroy Schofield's army before it reached Nashville, would become true, and all on account

of one of the most uncalled-for and stupid blunders ever committed on a battlefield.\*

Hugh, from his position at the Carter house, saw the terrible disaster, was in the midst of it, and in spite of his efforts, was borne back in the mad rush to where Colonel Opdyke's brigade lay.

"Oh for Stanley! for Stanley!" Hugh groaned; "if the general had been here, this would not have happened." Then, as if seized with a sudden impulse, Hugh wheeled his horse, and sinking his rowels in its sides, started at full speed to see if he could find him. He had not ridden many yards, when he met General Stanley coming.

From his sick couch across the river, General Stanley had heard the roar of battle. Pain, fatigue, and weakness were forgotten, and springing on his horse, he rode to where the uproar was greatest. As the coming of Sheridan at Cedar Creek turned defeat into victory, so did the coming of Stanley at Franklin infuse courage into the breasts of his soldiers. As his eyes swept the field and viewed the

\*This blunder was almost, if not altogether, criminal. Not a private soldier, but that knew the brigades should have been withdrawn. There was no surprise. There was plenty of time to withdraw the brigades, after the whole Confederate army was seen advancing. Whose blunder it was, or whether more than one were to blame, is a disputed point.

General Stanley left orders for the brigades to be withdrawn in case of an attack. General Cox says he not only gave General Wagner such orders, but repeated them. General Wagner does not deny receiving such orders, and in his report says he so ordered his brigade commanders; but both Colonel Lane and Colonel Conrad, who commanded the brigades, say in their reports, that instead of being ordered to fall back in case of being attacked in force, they were ordered to hold to the last; Colonel Conrad going so far as to assert that instead of being told to fall back, he was ordered to have any soldier bayoneted who attempted to leave the line. He says that an order did reach him to fall back, when it was too late, for when it was received the enemy was already on him.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that General Wagner had lost his head and given the wrong orders. General Wagner had no business to be in the rear, where he was. He should have been out in front with the two brigades. As it was, the blunder nearly proved fatal to the Federals.



extent of the disaster, they blazed with excitement and intensity of purpose. He knew that that line must be restored, or all was lost.

There was one brigade there that the panic did not touch, that of Opdyke, which was in reserve. They lay on the ground, and let the panic-stricken thousands pass over them. Then, without orders, they sprang to their feet, and their bayonets went on with a clash. There was no wavering, no hesitation. Every man was a hero. They knew what had happened, what was expected of them. The issue of the battle hung upon the powers of this one brigade.

“First brigade, forward to the works!” rang out the clear voice of Opdyke.

Just at this time, General Stanley appeared on the scene. It was a time for generals to lead, not to follow. Spurring his horse to the front, he waved his sword for the men to follow him.

“See! see! the general leads!” shouted the soldiers; “where he goes, we can follow,” and they sprang forward.

The Confederates had swarmed over the works by thousands, and the two forces came together like two storm-clouds driven by opposing winds. There was a clash of bayonets, muskets were used as clubs, men seized each other and tugged and strained like giant wrestlers. Guns were fired, the muzzles touching the breasts of the opponents. With sword and revolver in hand, the officers fought with the men.

GENERAL STANLEY ON FOOT FOUGHT AMONG THE SOLDIERS.





Opdyke on foot, fought like a demon. He emptied his revolver and then dashed it into the faces of his foes. Then seizing the musket of a fallen soldier, he wielded it like a club, scattering the enemy right and left.

General Stanley's horse went down, but on foot he fought among the soldiers until a ball laid him low; but, unheeding his fall, his men fought on.

The smoke settled down over the field, hiding the combatants from view, but from out the sulphurous canopy there came the sound of clashing steel, the roar of musketry, curses, groans, cries of rage, shrieks of agony. For a brief time, the awful strife went on, and then from Opdyke's men there went up a mighty cheer; the breastworks were in their possession, and in their hands were a thousand prisoners. Battle flags lay scattered around, but in the excitement, they lay unnoticed.

Seeing the victory being snatched from them, the Confederates rallied and charged, straining every nerve to retake the works, but these were now held by a line too strong to be shaken. The soldiers who had fled panic-stricken, inspired by the deeds of Opdyke's men, rushed back, and the line became like adamant.

Charge after charge was made by the infuriated Confederates, but they never again succeeded in reaching the breastworks. The Confederate officers seemed lost to all sense of danger. Everywhere they were in front, cheering on their men.

General Cleburne, stung by the words of Hood

the night before, plunged into the thickest of the fight, only to fall dead within a few yards of the Federal breastworks. A more gallant soldier never yielded up his life, and his death was mourned even by his foes.

General Adams, at the head of his Mississippi brigade, rode straight for the Federal breastworks, never checking the speed of his horse. The horse fell dead on the Federal works, and the gallant rider was pitched over his head into the Federal lines, dead.\*

While Opdyke's brigade was fighting its gallant battle along the Columbia pike, a portion of the Twenty-third corps were fighting an equally gallant battle on the right of the pike. Here, as on the left of the pike, the Federal breastworks had been taken. The reserve line, under Colonel White, charged in conjunction with Opdyke, and succeeded in retaking the works, except in one place. As night fell, the roar of battle on the left of the pike in a measure subsided, but on the right, at the place where the Confederates still clung to the outside parapet of the works they had captured, it grew in intensity. Here, in the face of a most terrible fire, the Federals had succeeded in throwing up a slight line of works, out of rails or anything they could get hold of. The two lines were not over twenty-five yards apart, and over this intervening space, the fight raged with great fury. When

\*In no other battle during the war was there such a slaughter of officers. In the Confederate army, sixty-five division, brigade, and regimental commanders fell killed and wounded.

night came, the two lines were leaping banks of flame.

The Confederates, loth to give up the works they had won with so much blood, clung to them with the energy of despair. General Stahl, whose brigade held this part of the line, although told that the rest of the force had fallen back, refused to do so, and continued to cheer on his men until he fell dead.

The command of the brigade now fell on Colonel Stafford, and in the darkness, his voice could be heard above the roar of conflict, exhorting his men to stand firm. At last his voice was heard no more. When morning came, he was found in the trench, standing upright, sword in hand, but the gallant spirit had long before fled. So thickly had the dead fallen around him, before he was slain, that when he joined them, their bodies held him upright; and when found, there he stood, apparently commanding the ghastly army of the dead.

With the exception of where Stahl's brigade held the outer side of the Federal works, the main battle was over by dark, but there the battle raged in all its fierceness until after nine o'clock. But fitful volley of musketry would break out now and then, along different parts of the line, continue for a time, then die away to a spiteful skirmish fire. It was midnight before the firing entirely died away, and the battlefield became silent.

The Federal army had orders to fall back to Nashville, and by three o'clock, it was safe across

the river, and the weary march of eighteen miles was begun. It was the third night that the army had been without rest, and the soldiers marched as in a dream.\*

When Hugh Raymond met General Stanley, he turned back with him, and was in the thickest of the fight when Opdyke's brigade charged. His horse fell, but with sword and revolver in hand, he pressed on. He did not know his general had been wounded, until the battle was over.

Once, through the swirling smoke, Hugh thought he recognized the form of Calhoun Pennington. He saw him shoot down a soldier, who was about to plunge his bayonet into a Confederate officer, who had been brought to his knees by a blow from the butt of a musket. Then the smoke settled down, and Hugh saw the group no more.

When the battle was over, Hugh heard of the wounding of his general, and at once sought his side. To his joy, he found that although General Stanley had been severely, he was not dangerously, wounded.

"See to the passage of the corps over the river," said the general to Hugh. "I leave it to you to execute my orders."

Hugh took the responsibility, and shortly after midnight, the corps commenced to file out of the

\*"I have vainly tried," said a soldier to the author, "to remember anything that occurred on that march, but it is as if I had never made it. How I ever got over that eighteen miles is to me a wonder. I must have walked it asleep. After we left Franklin, I haven't the faintest recollection of anything that happened, until I waked up about noon, with the sun shining in my face, and found myself in the outskirts of Nashville." The experience of this soldier was the experience of thousands of others.

works, and to fall back silently across the river. But about one o'clock, a fire broke out in the village, lighting up the river bank as light as day. The movement had to be stopped.

Hugh, with his characteristic energy, organized a fire brigade, and for an hour fought the flames, and kept the fire from spreading. With the dying of the conflagration, the movement of crossing the river once more commenced, and was successfully accomplished, and before morning the whole army was in motion for Nashville, Wood's division bringing up the rear.

Schofield's army was at last safe, but it had been saved, not by the genius of the commanding general, but by the heroism of its officers and soldiers. Never was victory snatched from defeat by greater heroism than was shown by Opdyke's brigade at Franklin.\*

\*The battle of Franklin is always spoken of by the Confederates as a slaughter, instead of a battle. The loss of the Confederates was between six and seven thousand. Of this number 1,750 were killed outright, a greater number than fell either at Shiloh or Stone River. The fighting being at such close range, and so desperate, the number of wounded was smaller in comparison to the killed than usual. In most of the battles of the war, the wounded numbered from six to ten times as many as the killed. At Franklin the number was hardly over two to one. The Federal loss in the battle was 2,326. Of this number over 1,000 were taken prisoners, mostly from the two brigades so carelessly left in front. Among all the heroes who aided in saving the Federal army on its retreat from Columbia, two names will always stand out conspicuous—Major-General David S. Stanley, and Colonel Emerson Opdyke.



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE STRICKEN ARMY.

**I**T was a frenzied army that started in pursuit of the Federals from Spring Hill—an army seized with a sudden madness. Never did soldiers rush more eagerly into battle than did the Confederate soldiers at Franklin.

Hood, pointing at the slender line of breastworks, cried: "Soldiers, nothing stands between you and the Ohio River but that line. Take it, and victory is ours."

No other charge during the war was made with such recklessness, such fury, such utter disregard of life. Canister and shell swept through the Confederate lines, tearing great gaps, but the gaps would close, and the line would come on. A locust grove had been cut down on one part of the Federal line, and the prickly branches piled in front of the works as an abatis. The Confederates charged clear up to this abatis, although it was but a few yards away from the Union breastworks; with bleeding hands they snatched and tore at the thorny limbs, trying to drag them away. Colonel Elijah Gates, of the Second Missouri, shot through both arms, took the bridle rein in his teeth, and led his regiment in the charge.

In the thickest of the fight was Captain Calhoun Pennington. He charged with Cleburne's division, and was near that general when he fell. Just before Calhoun reached the breastworks, his horse was shot, but he pressed on, and seizing a Confederate flag, jumped on the captured works, and waved it in triumph. Then shouting, "Come on!" he was over the works, and hundreds of Confederates following him. He thought the victory won, when came that wonderful counter-charge of Opdyke's men. In spite of his struggles, Calhoun found himself forced back to the works. Here it was that Hugh saw him just as he saved his uncle's life. Colonel Shackelford had been stunned by the blow he received, and Calhoun fairly dragged him over the works, and bore him back out of the line of fire. Then placing himself at the head of his uncle's regiment, for nearly all of its officers had been killed or wounded, he led it in the second charge.

With the cry of "Cleburne and revenge!" he rode straight for the Federal works. He was not more than seventy-five yards from them when, noticing that his men were no longer cheering, he looked around, and a groan burst from his lips. Instead of following him, the Confederates were rapidly falling back. Halting and wheeling his horse, he waved his sword above his head, and shouted: "Come on, men! For God's sake don't run!"

He might as well have shouted in the midst of a tornado. A few seconds they stood, heroic figures, horse and rider, then seeing that his efforts

were useless, that there were no men left for him to lead, Calhoun galloped back unscathed. How horse and rider escaped the storm of balls sweeping around them is one of the mysteries of battle.

When darkness came, and Calhoun knew that the battle had been lost, and that the fearful sacrifice of life was useless, his heart nearly broke. His first duty was to hunt up his uncles to learn how they fared. He found that General Shackelford had passed through the battle unscathed, although somewhat shaken up by a fall from his horse.

"No doubt," said the general to Calhoun, "I owe my life to the fact of my horse being killed. If it had not been for that, I should now have been lying with poor Cleburne, for both of us had resolved to reach the enemy's works or die in the attempt. No more would we be taunted by our commander-in-chief that we would not fight. But my horse was shot, I was stunned by the fall, and before I had recovered and could secure another horse, the charge had been repulsed."

"Let us be thankful, Uncle Dick," said Calhoun, "that your horse was shot."

"I cannot feel so," replied the general, sadly. "I almost envy General Cleburne his fate, for he does not feel the bitterness of the hour. Half of my division is gone. Cleburne is dead, Granbury is dead, Adams is dead, Gist, Stahl, Stafford—all killed. A dozen more of our best generals are sorely wounded. It is the saddest day the Army of Tennessee has ever seen."

General Shackelford was not the only one of the Confederate officers who, all through that dark and bitter night, felt the hand of utter despair clutching at their hearts.

As General Shackelford and Calhoun were talking, Colonel Shackelford, who had been seeking the general, came up. In the darkness the two brothers clasped hands, their hearts were too full for speech. At last Calhoun broke the silence by saying: "Uncle Charles, have you recovered from the effects of the blow that that Yankee gave you?"

"Cal, you here?" exclaimed Colonel Shackelford, grasping Calhoun warmly by the hand. "God bless you, my boy, you saved my life. I can see that soldier now, with his bayonet poised to thrust me through the breast, when you struck him down. How you ever got me back I hardly know!"

"I carried you back, Uncle, and then as the officers were all killed or wounded, I led the regiment in the second charge."

"Yes, Calhoun, I have heard of that. Your gallantry is on every tongue."

"It was nothing," answered Calhoun. "I am now glad the boys did not follow me; it would only have meant more useless slaughter."

As they were talking, word was brought that the Federals had evacuated, and the work of caring for the wounded commenced. The gray light of morning revealed a most heart-rending sight. In places the dead lay in windrows. The trenches in front of the Federal works were filled with them.

It was now that Calhoun witnessed a most pitiful sight. The Carter house had been in the focus of the most dreadful of the conflict. It was here that Opdyke's men met the advance of the Confederate charge. After the line had been broken, the number of dead bodies showed the fierceness of the conflict. Not counting the Confederate dead, in the little door-yard lay the dead bodies of sixty-five Federal soldiers.

The house was occupied by Colonel Carter and his two daughters. So suddenly did the battle open, they had no time to flee, and they took refuge in the cellar. There, shut out from the world, they could only hear the roar of the conflict. Whether friend or foe was victorious, they had no means of knowing. When the noise of the conflict died away, the silence became more appalling to them than the roar of battle.

At the first dawn of light, they crept forth shuddering at what the day might reveal. The first sounds that reached their ears were the moans of the wounded and their feeble cries for water.

These cries touched the hearts of the gentle girls, and without knowing whether the pleading came from the parched lips of Federal or Confederate, they filled a couple of vessels with water and started on their errand of mercy.

Hardly had the foremost taken a step from the door, when she gave a shriek, dropped her vessel of water, and threw herself on the dead body of a

Confederate officer, crying, "My brother! Oh, my brother!"

On the threshold of his father's house lay the body of young Carter, a Confederate staff officer. Having received a mortal wound, he had dragged himself to the door of the house in which he was born, hoping to receive the blessing of those he loved, before he died. But death came at the threshold over which his youthful feet had so often trod.

With sobs and tears the precious clay was borne into the house. He was at home, but he knew it not. A heartbroken father stood by his side, loving sisters were pressing kiss after kiss on his pallid brow, but he heeded it not.

In the midst of their sorrow, the cries of the wounded still smote the ears of the sisters. Dashing aside their tears, they refilled their vessels, and went out and held the cup of cool water to the parched lips of friend and foe alike. They spoke words of comfort to the dying, and bound up the bleeding wounds.

"And the dead body of their brother in the house," murmured Calhoun, as he saw them in their work of mercy. "Never have I been as proud of the daughters of the South as now," and he raised his hat in reverence, as he walked away.

Hardly had the sun risen when Kate Shackelford came riding at full speed into the lines. The news of the dreadful battle had traveled fast and far, and

fear for her father's life had added wings to her speed. She happened to meet Calhoun first.

"My father?" she gasped.

"He is safe, Kate, safe. Only stunned for a short time by a blow on the head."

"Thank God!" came from her pale lips. "And Uncle Richard?"

"He is safe, too, Kate; but oh, our army! Two-thirds of your father's regiment are gone, and Uncle Richard has lost, at least, half of his division. It was a sad day for us."

Kate lost no time in finding her father, and throwing herself in his arms, cried for joy. "Oh, father!" she sobbed, "I am so glad to find you alive, and so—so many have been killed." And she shuddered, as she surveyed the bloody field.

"Yes, Kate," replied the colonel, gently kissing her, "I have every reason to be thankful, but I owe my life to Calhoun. But for him, I, too, should have been lying on the field dead."

"And he never told me," cried Kate; "but that is just like Calhoun. But, father," she continued, "there are thousands and thousands of wounded men. Can't I do something?"

"Yes, Kate, I will not send you away now. There is plenty of work for women. There are over a hundred of my regiment wounded. You know many of the poor boys, Kate; the sight of your face will be better than medicine to them."

"I will do what I can, father; I rejoice I am here."

From that moment, the girl became an angel of mercy, not only to her father's men, but to hundreds of others. Her words of cheer and her tender ministrations wooed back to consciousness many a soldier whose sands of life were running low.

The Confederate army did not attempt an immediate pursuit of the Federals. From the fierce excitement of the day before, they were plunged into the deepest gloom. The whole army were dazed by their fearful losses, and all heart was gone from them.

It now became a question with Hood what to do. To retreat would mean the abandonment of his purpose to invade Kentucky, and a confession of defeat. It would also mean a disintegration of his army. He well knew that at Nashville the Federal army would be greatly strengthened, yet, in his infatuation, he resolved to move on Nashville, in the hopes that the Federal army would attack him in his intrenchments, and that he could defeat it. To most of his generals, the move seemed like madness. Some of them, especially General Shackelford, strongly advocated that the army, instead of moving on Nashville, should make a rapid march for Murfreesboro and try to capture it. It was well known that it was garrisoned by only about seven thousand men, and if it could be captured, the victory would offset the reverse at Franklin, and the army could move back to Alabama, claiming, with much justice, that the raid had been a successful one.



“We cannot hope to capture Nashville,” urged General Shackelford. “A fourth of our infantry is gone, and what is left is dispirited, but I believe we can capture Murfreesboro, before Thomas can reinforce it. If so, we shall be better able to give battle at Murfreesboro than at Nashville, if it is decided that we had better wait and meet Thomas. But if we be compelled to fall back, we can do so with credit. It is also in the range of probabilities that we might capture Chattanooga. With the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad in our possession, Chattanooga would be entirely isolated.”

But General Hood would not give heed to this eminently sound advice. He was still infatuated with the idea of capturing Nashville, or, at least, dealing the Federal army such a staggering blow, that he could invade Kentucky with impunity. So, by slow stages the Confederate army moved on Nashville, and in three days after the battle of Franklin, Hood's cohorts appeared before the city.

General Thomas had not yet succeeded in mounting the greater portion of his cavalry, and a week passed with only occasional skirmishing. After thoroughly fortifying his position, General Hood conceived the idea that he could not only carry on the siege of Nashville, but also capture Murfreesboro, thus meeting the wishes of some of his generals. So he sent Forrest's cavalry and five brigades of infantry against Murfreesboro, believing it would fall an easy prey. But the Confederates



THEY STOOD ON A HILL WHICH OVERLOOKED THE CITY.



were badly beaten in an open field fight by General Milroy, and fell back in disorder to Nashville.

In the meantime, General Hood made his intrenchments so strong around Nashville, that he flattered himself he could repulse any attack that might be made upon him.

General Thomas had improved the days in mounting his cavalry, and by the 9th of December he was all ready to move out and attack the enemy, but on that day there came a severe storm of snow and sleet, and the whole country became a frozen lake. The moving of an army became an impossibility, and Thomas had to wait.

Calhoun Pennington, through his scouts, received news of the continual reinforcement of the Federal army. These facts were reported to General Hood, but that officer rested in his fancied security behind his intrenchments, believing that General Thomas could not dislodge him.

Once during this time, Kate Shackelford came down from Franklin to visit her father. They stood on a hill which overlooked the city, and long and wistfully did they gaze, even as Moses gazed at the promised land. Colonel Shackelford had not seen his wife or his youngest daughter since Nashville was evacuated, in the spring of 1862. Now he could see the very roof of the house in which his loved ones dwelt; yet between him and them there were the bayonets of fifty thousand men. It was like standing in sight of the gates of Paradise, with the impassable gulf between.

Kate looked at her father. The tears were coursing down his cheeks, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

"Don't, father, don't," exclaimed Kate, choking back her own sobs. "God willing, you shall see mama and Bessie before long. You wouldn't know Bessie. She has grown to be a great, big girl, and talks of you continually."

"Don't, Kate, don't, I can't bear it," huskily answered Colonel Shackelford. "But your mother, child, how is she bearing up?"

"Bravely, father, bravely; she is a true soldier's wife."

"Oh, God!" groaned Colonel Shackelford, "if I could see her only for one moment; if I could only take Bessie in my arms and kiss her, I believe I could die content. But to stand here in sight of the house in which they are, and yet to be as far away as if a thousand miles of ocean rolled between—it is almost more than I can bear. It unmans me. Oh, Kate! it's torture; it's the torture of the damned."

"Father," said Kate, in a trembling voice, "cheer up. You will yet see mother and Bessie; and there are yet happy days in store for us. The South must, shall be free. All is not lost."

Colonel Shackelford shook his head. "Child, would that I had your faith," he replied, mournfully; "but the South is in the last extremity. Kate, the whole South has been insane. Don't you remember when Tennessee seceded from the

Union how all Nashville went wild? We shouted and danced and laughed, and gave no thought for the morrow. We were just like so many children. Poor fools! We have lived to repent in sackcloth and ashes. For nearly three years, Nashville has been beneath the tyrant's heel. The noblest and bravest of our young men lie in their bloody graves. Crape is on almost every door. Our resources are exhausted. Kate, it can't last. The South is doomed."

As they stood talking, the city lay in somber shadows, for the sky was overcast with dark clouds, from which there descended drops of water, which froze as they fell. Kate shivered when the icy drops struck her face, and her father's words sent a chill to her heart. The shadows which rested upon her soul were as dark as the clouds which overcast the sky. But shaking off her fears, she cried, "Father, don't talk so. The South is not doomed. Do you see that?" and she stretched forth her trembling hands toward the city.

"See what, my child?"

"That flag, that emblem of tyranny floating over the dome of the capitol—our capitol."

"It is the emblem of our subjugation," replied Colonel Shackelford, in a broken voice.

"Father," cried Kate, passionately, "I have sworn that that flag shall come down. You know how near I once came to having it hauled down. I shall live to see the Stars and Bars floating over the capitol. General Hood has promised me the

honor of raising the flag over the capitol when he captures the city. Father, I have faith that the time will come."

As Kate said this, she looked like one inspired. Her eyes shone like stars; her form was drawn to its full height, and her breath came in short, quick gasps.

Colonel Shackelford looked on her with pride. "May you prove a true prophetess," he said, gently.

As he spoke, there was a rift in the clouds, and the sun burst forth illumining the city with its golden light, and causing each pillar and window of the capitol to glow, and its polished dome to shine like burnished gold.

"See! see! an omen of good," cried Kate.

"Of good to the old flag," replied the colonel, in a tremulous voice. "See, Kate, how the light brings out each star and stripe. Child, child, I can't help loving that old flag. It is the flag under which our fathers fought to win independence, the flag under which I was born, and you, too, Kate. I sometimes think that the South made a great mistake in not keeping the old flag; it would have been worth an army of men."

"Don't, don't say that! I hate the rag!" cried Kate.

Even as she spoke, the clouds closed in, the golden light vanished, and city and capitol once more lay in shadow.

Suddenly a great cloud of white smoke arose

over Fort Negley; there came to their ears a dull, heavy boom, then the roaring sound of a great shell, rushing through the air, a crashing report, and father and daughter were covered with a shower of ice and dirt from the exploding shell.

The girl never winced or showed the least sign of fear; but the father was as pale as death, not on account of himself, but of his daughter.

“This is no place for you, my daughter,” said the colonel. “I would never forgive myself if harm came to you. Come, let us go.”

One last lingering look at the city, at the house which held those so near and dear to them—a look such as our first parents gave Eden when driven out by the flaming sword of the angel, then hand in hand they silently walked away.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### NASHVILLE.

**T**HE news that the Federal army had been driven back to Nashville, and that the city was in a state of siege, created the utmost excitement and consternation throughout the entire North—a consternation that the glorious news of the battle of Franklin did not appease. At Washington the consternation was fully as great as throughout the country. The authorities dreaded a repetition of the Bragg-Buell campaign of the fall of 1862.

General Grant telegraphed to General Thomas not to delay a moment in attacking General Hood. Thomas answered, saying that his cavalry was not yet mounted, and that it would take a few more days to get them into shape. To attack without cavalry he considered would be a great mistake.

General Grant, in his anxiety, dreading the effect that would follow if Hood invaded Kentucky, and believing that the situation did not warrant Thomas in waiting, telegraphed back to wait for nothing, but to attack. This General Thomas refused to do; so Grant telegraphed to Halleck, requesting him to remove Thomas, and appoint

General Schofield in his place. But before the order could be carried into effect, General Grant received word from Thomas that he was ready to move; so Grant ordered Halleck to hold the order for Thomas's removal in abeyance.

But the very day General Thomas intended to attack, a freezing rain came on, and before night, the whole country was under a sheet of ice, which rendered all military movements impossible.

After the army fell back from Franklin, the wound received by General Stanley incapacitated him from taking further part in the campaign, and Hugh received orders to report with his scouts to General Thomas. The general had not forgotten him, and the greeting that he received caused Hugh's heart to thrill with joy.

"As I cannot have Captain Shackelford, I am glad to get his lieutenant back," said the general, with a smile.

Hugh could only bow his thanks.

As soon as Hugh could find time from his duties, he concluded to call on Mrs. Shackelford, the mother of Kate. While the army lay at Murfreesboro, after the battle of Stone River, he was a frequent caller at the house with Fred, and was always a welcome visitor. It was during this time that he met Kate and formed an attachment for her. She always seemed pleased with his company, but would never listen to words of love. Her hatred of Yankees was so intense, and her devotion to the cause of the South so strong that

Hugh, although of a very sanguine temperament, sometimes despaired of winning her.

Mrs. Shackelford was overjoyed to see him. She well remembered the merry-hearted boy who had visited her house so often with Fred. Of his attachment for Kate she knew nothing, and if she had, she would only have pitied him, for the idea of Kate marrying, or wishing to marry, a Yankee was preposterous.

Care and anxiety had aged Mrs. Shackelford since Hugh had seen her last, but she was still a very beautiful woman. As for Bessie, she had grown so old and shy that Hugh hesitated in asking her to occupy her old seat on his knee; but Hugh's smiles were irresistible, and he had not been in the house fifteen minutes before they were as good friends as ever. In fact, Hugh was so jovial and laughed so heartily that he brought a ray of sunshine to the sad home.

Hugh found that Kate had not returned, and Mrs. Shackelford was greatly distressed over her absence.

"Kate is so daring and indiscreet, that I tremble for her safety," said Mrs. Shackelford. "I can never forget that dreadful time she was arrested as a spy. If it had not been for Fred, she would have been languishing in a Northern prison to-day.

Hugh told her how he had seen her husband and Kate, and what passed between them. Mrs. Shackelford listened in amazement.

"Kate told me nothing of what she intended to

do," she said, "beyond that she wished to make a visit to the country. But I am glad she met Charles." Then she asked Hugh if he was in the battle at Franklin.

"Yes," he answered; "but dear Mrs. Shackelford, don't let us talk about it; it was awful. I only hope your husband passed through it in safety."

"He did! he did!" cried Mrs. Shackelford, "only a slight wound. But he came near being killed. Calhoun Pennington saved his life. Oh, I am so thankful! so thankful—" she stopped suddenly, trembled, and gasped for breath. "What have I said? What have I said?" she exclaimed, looking frightened.

"Do not be alarmed, Mrs. Shackelford," replied Hugh, gently, "your confidence is sacred with me. It is not for me to know how you heard from your husband. I am truly glad he escaped. Have you heard from Kate since the battle?"

"Yes, she is in Franklin helping to care for the wounded." Then in a voice trembling with emotion, Mrs. Shackelford asked, "Do you think there will be a battle here, Captain?"

"Without doubt, and that as soon as this storm passes away. It is impossible for the two armies to face each other here for any length of time without a battle."

Mrs. Shackelford wrung her hands in agony, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. "Oh!" she sobbed, "when will this cruel war cease? It

has robbed me of my only son; it has taken my daughter's intended husband; it has separated Charles and me for three long years, and he is still exposed to the dangers of battle. And to think he is now so near, and yet there is an impassable gulf between us! Oh! it is more than I can bear—more than I can bear," and she sobbed convulsively.

By a great effort she controlled her feelings, and dashing aside her tears, said: "This is unworthy of me—a soldier's wife—but I have hoped and prayed for so long—so long."

Hugh was deeply affected, and for the first time, despised himself for being a soldier. Then he thought of the millions of women, both North and South, weeping and praying, and he could only say: "Mrs. Shackelford, this war cannot last much longer. I believe the impending conflict will be the last great battle fought in the West. Let us hope that the same kind Providence which has so far watched over your husband, will continue to do so, and, at last, bring him safe home."

"Amen!" she whispered. "Captain Raymond, I wish all of your forces were as kind as you. Yet, I must say I have been used kindly by the Federal authorities—more kindly than I deserve—than I should have been if they had known all."

Hugh saw that further conversation would be painful to her, and arose to take his leave.

"If—if I do not see Miss Shackelford," he stammered, "will you give her my regards, and tell

her I was so ungallant as to play the part of an eavesdropper the last time I saw her."

"She will be surprised to hear that you witnessed her meeting with General Hood," replied Mrs. Shackelford, "but I think that under the circumstances, she will forgive you for not making yourself known."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Hugh returned to headquarters, he was astonished to find the staff sitting around looking as disconsolate as if each one had buried his best friend.

"Why, what's up?" asked Hugh.

"They are going to bounce Pap Thomas," answered a young staff officer, with a dreadful imprecation on the heads of the authorities at Washington, and on the head of General Grant in particular.

No one present, not even the staid chief of staff, rebuked the young officer for his frightful breach of military law.

"Going — to — bounce — Pap?" echoed Hugh, each word coming as if drawn from him.

"Yes, and put General Schofield in his place."

Hugh, always impulsive, unbuckled his sword and dashed it to the floor. "There it lies, and there it will lie, if this great injustice be done. I will resign to-morrow," he exclaimed, hotly.

"Put on your sword, Captain," said the chief of staff; "don't be in a hurry; General Thomas is

not superseded yet. Surely when General Grant knows that the whole country is under a sheet of ice, he will suspend judgment."

"Has General Grant ordered an advance, ice or no ice?" asked Hugh.

"Yes," replied the chief, "but the general will not budge an inch. He will not send forth his soldiers to slaughter and defeat. He will be removed, aye, disgraced first."

The chief of staff was right. Nothing would have moved General Thomas to attack as long as the storm held. It was well that the soldiers did not know how near their beloved general was to removal. Even the authorities at Washington hesitated to issue an order removing "The Grand Old Rock of Chickamauga," and General Halleck telegraphed to Grant:

"I will remove General Thomas if you say so. The responsibility will, however, be yours. No one here, as far as I am informed, wishes General Thomas removed."

Meanwhile the hero of Mill Spring, the general who saved the Center at Stone River, the Rock of Chickamauga, the right arm of Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, sat in his headquarters alone. He did not wish to be disturbed. His head was bowed, as if in deep thought. Was this the end, after all he had done for his country? Was this his reward for being true to the flag? A look of pain, then of resignation came over his face. Seizing a pen, he wrote the following telegram, and sent it to General Halleck:

"I regret that General Grant should feel dissatisfied at my delay in attacking the enemy. I feel conscious that I have done everything in my power to prepare, and that the troops could not have been gotten ready before this, and if he should order me to be removed I will submit without a murmur. A terrible storm of freezing rain has come since daylight, which will render an attack impossible until it breaks."

General Halleck, when he received the above telegram, had just made out an order relieving General Thomas, but he withheld it, and sent Thomas's telegram to Grant. By this kind act, General Halleck atoned for a multitude of blunders.

At the same time that General Thomas telegraphed to Halleck, he also telegraphed to General Grant, telling him of the fearful storm raging, and closed with the following pathetic sentence:

"I can only say I have done all in my power to prepare, and if you should deem it necessary to relieve me, I shall submit without a murmur."

These telegrams moved General Grant to suspend the order for Thomas's removal, but he accused him of being slow, and said that he had not made a sufficient explanation of his tardiness. Days passed, and the ice still held the earth in its frozen embrace.

Hugh Raymond undertook to take a scout on the north side of the river to see if the enemy were making any effort to cross; but his horse slipped and broke his leg, and one of his men had his arm broken by his horse falling. Hugh returned disgusted.

"No danger of Hood moving this weather," he reported; "he couldn't move if he wanted to."



The next day Hugh carefully made his way out to the picket line, to make observations. As he neared a long, low hill, a soldier who had just been out on picket tried to descend the hill. He slipped and fell, and came down the entire slope in a heap. Scrambling to his feet, the soldier picked up his gun, which had preceded him; then seeing Hugh watching him with a broad grin, he saluted, and said, "Pardon me for coming so unceremoniously into your presence, but this is the first coasting I have enjoyed while I have been in the army. Can't you intercede with the general and have skates issued to us?"

"You are excusable, my boy," laughed Hugh. "I will see about the skates. But how would you like to charge the rebel breastworks this weather?"

The soldier opened his eyes in astonishment: "Why, Captain," he answered, "one can hardly stand on level ground, much less climb a hill like this. The whole line would come rolling down, just as I have done. They don't talk of sending us against the rebel breastworks while this ice holds, do they?"

"I hope not," answered Hugh, as he turned away.

The soldier looked after Hugh with a troubled countenance. "What does he know about it," he muttered. "No young sprig of a captain can make me believe Old Pap will order an attack this weather."

The ice storm continued for nearly a week.

General Thomas knew that an order might come removing him from command at any time, but he never faltered. He would not send the boys who loved and trusted him, to useless slaughter. He would be sacrificed, but sacrifice his army, he would not.

General Grant became impatient, and telegraphed to Thomas:

"If you delay attacking any longer, the mortifying spectacle will be witnessed of the rebel army moving for the Ohio river, and you will be forced to act, accepting such weather as you find. \* \* \* Delay no longer for weather or reinforcements."

General Thomas, although believing that his refusal to obey this order would result in his instant removal, did not hesitate a moment, but telegraphed back:

"The whole country is covered with a perfect sheet of ice and sleet. It is with difficulty the troops are able to move on level ground."

Having sent this telegram, General Thomas calmly awaited the result. General Grant could not, or would not, understand the situation. He did not seem to consider that the same conditions which prevented General Thomas from moving would also prevent General Hood from moving; that both armies were held in the grasp of the ice king.

General Grant, when he received this last telegram, instead of telegraphing to General Schofield to assume command, ordered General John A. Logan, who happened to be in Washington, to

proceed post-haste to Nashville, relieve Thomas, and take command of the army.

General Logan lost no time in obeying the order; but when he reached Louisville, he learned the true condition of affairs at Nashville. He saw the great injustice which was being done General Thomas, and his great heart revolted at the idea of taking advantage of a brother officer. He knew if he went on to Nashville and assumed command of the army, honor and glory awaited him, but it would be the honor and glory that rightfully belonged to another. So Logan placed his ambition behind him, and purposely tarried at Louisville until the ice should melt, thus rendering it possible for Thomas to move.

On Logan's tomb on the Lake Front in Chicago is inscribed a record of the battles in which he participated; but his greatest triumph, the victory over self, is not recorded. On that tomb should be inscribed in letters of everlasting bronze:

"HE REFUSED TO PROFIT AT THE EXPENSE OF  
A BROTHER OFFICER."

General Grant, chafing at the delay of Logan, started himself to go to Nashville to assume command, but when he reached Washington, on his way from City Point, he found the news of the great victory at Nashville awaiting him.

On the 14th of December, the weather turned warm, and the ice disappeared as by magic, leaving the ground wet and soggy. General Thomas immediately issued his orders for battle, and from a

military standpoint they were complete and perfect. Nashville is said to be the only battle of the war that was fought from first to last as planned in the beginning.

The morning of the 15th of December broke gray and foggy, and under the concealment of the fog, the Union army formed their line of battle. General Hood had no idea that Thomas would attack him in his intrenchments, and was resting in fancied security. As late as 10:10 in the forenoon of December 15th, General S. D. Lee, one of Hood's corps commanders, in a note to General Stewart, another corps commander, said: "I feel secure in my lines."

Hardly had the courier delivered the note, when the fog lifted, and to the astonishment of General Lee, he saw the Federal army before him in battle array, ready to assault, and before an hour had passed, he was loudly calling for reinforcements.

General Thomas's movement was well planned. He made a strong demonstration on his left, threatening the right of the Confederate army. General Hood, thinking his right the point of danger, strongly reinforced it, leaving his left weak. The right wing of the Federal army then swept forward like a whirlwind, carrying everything before it. When night came, the Confederate left had been driven back several miles, leaving sixteen pieces of artillery and some two thousand prisoners in Thomas's hands. It was the glorious harbinger of the victory of the next day.

During the night General Hood drew his army back, and selected a very strong position, his left resting on the Brentwood hills, and his right on Overton hill.

The battle of the 16th was more desperate, and more hotly contested than that of the day before. A Federal charge on Overton hill was bloodily repulsed, the first reverse of the battle. But on the right, the Sixteenth corps was more successful, and broke through the Confederate lines. Then the Fourth corps charged, and swept the enemy's lines in its front, and the whole Confederate army, panic-stricken, fled in terror from the field. Only darkness saved Hood's entire army from capture.

Captain Hugh Raymond, during the two-days' battle, was in the thickest of the fray, and greatly distinguished himself. During the final charge on the last day, he noticed a regiment that had lost its colonel, and was wavering. Spurring his horse to the front, he shouted: "Follow me, my boys, I will lead you."

With a mighty cheer, the regiment sprang forward, and the works in its front were carried. But there was no stop; the regiment followed in swift pursuit the fleeing enemy.

Hugh noticed an officer of high rank trying to stay the panic, and he rode straight for him, but before he reached him, the officer's horse was shot, and his men deserting him, he was left alone.

"Surrender!" shouted Hugh, who saw that the officer wore the stars of a major-general.

"As I cannot run, I suppose I must surrender," replied the general, haughtily, as he handed Hugh his sword. "To whom have I the honor of surrendering?"

"Captain Hugh Raymond, at present on General Thomas's staff. But keep your sword, General. Are you wounded? I see you limp."

"No, I was so unfortunate as to leave one of my limbs on the field of Shiloh. That is the reason I am a prisoner. My horse was shot, and I could not run, even if I felt so disposed," and he smiled at the thought.

Hugh started, looked at his prisoner sharply, and then asked: "Is it possible that this is General Shackelford, father of Captain Fred Shackelford of our army?"

"I have the honor of being General Richard Shackelford," replied the general, with quiet dignity.

Before Hugh could answer, rapid firing broke out in front, and looking, Hugh saw that the Confederates had made a stand, and in the midst of the struggling mass, he caught sight of a girlish figure, waving a Confederate flag. Instinct told him it must be Kate, and his heart stood still. Springing on his horse, he exclaimed: "General, excuse me, I will see you again. Sergeant," speaking to a soldier, who stood by, "take the general in charge. Show him every courtesy, and procure a horse for him if possible."

Hugh fairly shouted these words back, as he

dashed away. As he neared the scene of conflict, his worst fears were realized, for it was Kate that he saw. Mounted on a magnificent horse, she had ridden into the very fore-front of battle. In her hand she held aloft a Confederate flag, and was trying to rally the fleeing soldiers.

"For God and your country," she cried, waving her flag, "stop! for God's sake, men, stop! Stop for the honor of the South!"

A number of the Confederates, as if ashamed, halted and faced their pursuers. The Federals charged down on them, and the air was full of hissing bullets.

"My God, my God! she will be killed!" groaned Hugh, as he spurred his horse forward into the fiercest of the conflict which was raging around her.

Colonel Shackelford was engaged in the vain attempt to rally his men, when he spied Kate. "Great heavens! my daughter!" he shouted. Then to the few soldiers who had rallied around him, "If ye are men, follow me," and at the head of his gallant little band, he charged to where Kate was.

Hugh and Colonel Shackelford reached Kate nearly at the same time. Her horse had been killed, but she had struggled to her feet, and was waving her flag on high, when it drooped and fell. The staff had been shot in two. She stooped to pick up the flag, when a ball went through her arm. At that moment Colonel Shackelford's horse went down. In an instant he was on his feet and by his daughter's side. Seeing her arm dripping with

blood, he became frenzied, and shot the soldier dead who had summoned him to surrender. A comrade of the slain soldier uttered an oath, and sprang forward to bury his bayonet in the colonel's breast. But Hugh struck the gun down and shouted: "Back, I tell you, back! Don't you see there is a woman here?"

Before the firing could be stopped, a ball had struck Colonel Shackelford on the head, and he fell senseless and bleeding. But Hugh had eyes for Kate only. Springing from his horse, he was by her side. She was kneeling by the side of her father, and moaning as if her heart would break. To his horror, Hugh saw that her arm was dripping with blood.

"Kate, Kate! Oh, my God, you are wounded!" he cried.

She did not notice him, but continued to moan: "My father! Oh, my father!"

Hugh placed his hand on the heart of the fallen man. It was beating. "Kate," he exclaimed, joyfully, "he lives; your father lives!"

But she did not seem to understand. She was kneeling by her father's side, gently caressing his hair, which was wet with his life's blood, and continued to moan: "My father! Oh, my father!"

Suddenly she turned white and fell fainting. Hugh cut away the sleeve of her dress; then taking his handkerchief, he tightly bound up the wound, stanching the blood. To his great joy, he saw that the arm was not broken. Even in the midst



of his excitement, he could not help noticing the whiteness of the arm, and its exquisite proportions. A wild desire to press his lips to it seized him, but he reverently covered it, shielding it from the gaze of those around. Taking a canteen from a soldier standing near, he sprinkled a little water in her face. The eyelids began to tremble. She gave a little gasp, then her eyes opened, and for a moment Hugh looked into their wondrous depths—looked with his own eyes full of love and pity.

A faint flush overspread her face, and she murmured: "Where am I? What has happened?" Then recollection came to her, and she moaned: "My father! my father!"

"Be calm, Miss Shackelford," said Hugh, gently. "Your father lives; we will do all we can for him. Ah! here comes an ambulance and a surgeon."

Hugh motioned to the surgeon, who quickly obeyed the summons.

"Doctor, see what you can do for this Confederate officer," said he.

But the surgeon, who was young, had eyes for Kate only. "The lady, you mean," he answered.

"No, the colonel; he is her father."

With another admiring glance at Kate, the surgeon gave his attention to Colonel Shackelford. After a careful examination he said: "A bad hit, but if the skull is not penetrated, not necessarily fatal. All we can do is to bind it up, and stop the flow of blood. But the quicker he can have careful attention, the better. Now the lady."

"I have already bound up her wound," said Hugh; "it is only a flesh wound, and my rough surgery will do until she can get home." Hugh could not bear the idea of exposing that arm to the rude gaze of the soldiery.

Kate for the first time noticed that her wound had been bound up. Again a deep flush overspread her face, and she looked her thanks at Hugh.

Then turning to the surgeon, she said: "Doctor, please let me take my father home. Don't send him to the hospital," and she looked at the young physician so pleadingly that he would have broken every article of the military code to accommodate her.

"They live here," said Hugh. "Doctor, grant her request. I will be responsible. I am on the staff of General Thomas."

"I know you, Captain," replied the surgeon. "Make it all right with the general, will you?"

"Yes, and, Doctor, accompany your patients. Get assistance if necessary, and see that all is done possible for their comfort and safety."

The young surgeon willingly acquiesced in Hugh's request. Colonel Shackelford was tenderly lifted into the ambulance, and Hugh assisted Kate in, and took the opportunity to whisper: "Hope for the best, Kate, I will try to see you some time to-night."

Hugh watched the ambulance as it disappeared in the gathering gloom of the approaching night. The sound of battle had died away, but the air was

ringing with the cheers of the victorious army. With a sigh, for he envied the young surgeon his ride, Hugh mounted his horse and sought the headquarters of General Thomas. He found every one around headquarters beaming with satisfaction. Their general had been vindicated. He had won a victory—the greatest victory achieved in a pitched battle during the war, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.\*

No sooner did General Thomas see Hugh than he held out his hand, saying: "Let me congratulate you, Captain. I have just had an interview with a very distinguished prisoner whom you captured."

"You mean Major-General Shackelford, I suppose?" answered Hugh. "I had the honor of being offered his sword when he surrendered, but the honor of capturing him really belonged to the gallant boys whom I led."

"A brave leader makes brave men," replied the general.

"Funny, isn't it," said Hugh, wishing to turn the conversation, "that the father of Captain Shackelford should surrender to me?"

"Yes, it was one of the unexpected incidents of war. I was glad to meet the general, and sorry I had no more time to talk with him."

"Did he know that his brother, Colonel Charles

\*The fruits of General Thomas's campaign in Tennessee were 72 cannon, thousands of small arms, 13,189 prisoners, and at least 10,000 Confederates killed and wounded. General Thomas's entire loss during the campaign was about 10,000.

Shackelford was sorely wounded in the battle, and a prisoner?" asked Hugh.

"I think not, or he would have mentioned it."

Hugh then told the general of the particulars of Colonel Shackelford's capture, and of the wounding of his daughter.

"What! the one for whom Captain Shackelford obtained a pardon when she was convicted of being a spy?" asked the general, in surprise.

"The same. General, I took the liberty to have Colonel Shackelford and his daughter sent to their home. She begged so piteously to be allowed to take her father home. I could not refuse. The colonel is badly wounded. I hope I did not do wrong."

"No, Captain, you did just right. If he recover he can give his parole."

"Thank you, General; and may I have a leave of absence for a couple of hours? I should like to call on General Shackelford, and would also like to see how dangerously the colonel is wounded."

"I suppose you have no anxiety to learn how Miss Shackelford is getting along," replied the general, with a smile.

Hugh blushed to the roots of his hair. He hemmed and stammered, and at last managed to say he would be greatly pleased to learn whether Miss Shackelford's wound was dangerous.

"Look out, Captain," said the general, "there are some wounds harder to heal than gun-shots. You can go. But hold! I will give you an order

allowing General Shackelford to visit his brother. Let him give his parole to report to the provost marshal in the morning."

Thus saying, General Thomas wrote the order and gave it to Hugh, who departed with a light heart. He found General Shackelford almost prostrated over his capture and the overwhelming defeat of the Confederates. A smile came over his face as he saw Hugh, and he held out his hand cordially, saying: "Oh, the gallant young officer who captured me. I am glad to see you."

"General," replied Hugh, "while I rejoice over our great victory, I can heartily sympathize with you in your misfortune. I come not as an enemy, but as a friend. Your son, Captain Shackelford, is one of the dearest friends I have in the army."

"Fred! you know Fred?" cried the general, his face brightening.

"Know him! I know him like a brother, and esteem him as such. Many a scout we have taken together."

"When did you see him last?" eagerly asked the general.

"Just as Sherman started on his march to the sea. We parted at Kingston."

Hugh then told the general what Fred had said to him in their last interview, that if he should fall, and Hugh should ever meet his father, he should tell him of his love and affection.

General Shackelford listened with glistening eyes, and his every action showed that Fred was

very dear to him, and that every particle of resentment he had felt toward him for joining the Union army had disappeared.

“General Shackelford,” continued Hugh, “do you know that your brother, Colonel Shackelford, was grievously wounded during the last hour of the battle, and is now a prisoner?”

“No, no, I did not know it. Oh, my God! troubles never come singly. What would I give, if I could see him.”

“And you shall see him, General. I have General Thomas’s order to that effect. You only have to give your word to report back here at nine o’clock to-morrow morning.”

“God bless you and General Thomas,” replied the general, fervently. “You are very kind, especially to fallen foes. Where is my brother?”

“At home. I allowed him to be taken directly to his home. Kate begged so piteously I could not refuse her.”

“Kate! How did she come to know her father was wounded?” he asked, in surprise.

So Hugh had to tell the whole story. The general listened attentively, and then said: “That girl ought to have been a man and a soldier.”

“Not a man, General, answered Hugh, “she makes too lovely a girl, and if I mistake not, her womanly qualities fully equal her bravery.”

The general looked at Hugh closely. “Do you know her?” he asked.

“Yes, I have visited at her home many a time

with Fred. But, General, let's be going. I know you are anxious to see your brother."

Hugh ordered an ambulance, and soon they were on their way to the home of Colonel Shackelford, but the thoughts of the two were different: General Shackelford thought only of his brother, while Hugh's thoughts were only of Kate.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THOSE WHO WATCHED AND PRAYED.

**T**O the wives, mothers, and sisters of Confederate soldiers who resided in Nashville, the two-days' battle were days of agony. Nashville had been in the Federal hands ever since February, 1862. During the years which followed, not an armed Confederate had trod its streets, not a Confederate flag had floated there. Citizens of Nashville who were in the Confederate army had been as completely banished as if in a foreign land.

Before the war Colonel Shackelford was a prosperous merchant. When Nashville was occupied by the Federals, on the advice of Fred Mrs. Shackelford had placed the business in the hands of a trusty Northern man. This man was shrewd and farseeing, and had gradually changed the stock to articles which soldiers needed and would buy. Thus the store never made money faster than during the war. This placed the family above want, and Mrs. Shackelford was far more fortunate than most of the wives in Nashville whose husbands were in the Confederate army.

When General Hood besieged Nashville, there was great rejoicing among its inhabitants, for most of them fully expected that the city would be taken



and the hated Yankees driven out. But when the battle came, their rejoicing was changed to fear—fear for the safety of those they loved, and in whose aid they could not raise a finger. The roar of every cannon and every rattling volley of musketry sent thrills of agony through their quivering hearts.

Many crowded the house-tops to see if they could catch sight of the charging hosts, but all they could see was the drifting clouds of smoke which arose above the battlefield. But the horrid din of the strife was ever in their ears, and soon long trains of ambulances began coming back, freighted with mangled humanity.

But many women remained in their rooms to weep and pray. Among this number was Mrs. Shackelford. The thunderous report of every cannon and every volley of musketry smote her heart as a sword's thrust. She pictured her husband as wounded, dying, trampled upon by the charging thousands. Oh! how she prayed that her loved one might be spared.

When night came after the first day's battle, and the din of the conflict died away, the silence was appalling, and the rumbling of ambulances through the streets smote her with a more deadly terror than the sound of battle.

With morning came the renewing of the battle. To Bessie, who was sobbing by her side, Mrs. Shackelford would say: "Pray, child, pray for your father that he may be spared and brought back to

us. You are young and innocent, the Lord may hear you."

And Bessie, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven, would sob: "Oh, dear Lord, don't let papa get killed!"

The evening of the second day came, and with it the news that the Confederate army had been overwhelmingly defeated. No more would the din of battle be heard around Nashville, but the rumble of ambulances over the stony streets was increased, and now and then the shriek of some wounded soldier could be heard as a rough jolt sent torture unutterable through a broken limb.

Suddenly there came a ring of the doorbell at the Shackelford residence. Mrs. Shackelford answered the call herself, for she had sat for hours praying that she might have news from the battle-field, yet fearing what the tidings might be. An ambulance stood at the door. Before Mrs. Shackelford could speak, Kate was out of the ambulance, sobbing in her mother's arms.

"Child! child! what is it? Your arm is in a sling," she cried.

Then, as the light from the hall fell on Kate, Mrs. Shackelford shrieked: "Kate! Kate! you are as pale as death, and your clothes are all dripping with blood."

"Hush, mother," answered Kate, "it's nothing; only a slight wound through the arm. But, mother, dear, be brave. Remember you are a soldier's wife. Father is in the ambulance."

Mrs. Shackelford staggered back, and would have fallen if she had not caught the door for support. Her white lips shaped the word "dead," but she could not utter it.

"No, mother, not dead, but terribly wounded. The Federals have kindly permitted him to be brought home."

Under the direction of the young surgeon, Colonel Shackelford was tenderly lifted from the ambulance and carried into the house.

Mrs. Shackelford took one look at the pale face, and gasped: "You have deceived me; he is dead."

"No, madam, he is not dead," replied the surgeon. "There may be hope; we will see."

Pushing back the hair, all clotted with blood, Mrs. Shackelford saw the cruel wound and fainted. The strain had been too great.

Wounded as she was, Kate assumed the care of her mother, directing that she be carried to her room. "You see to father; I will care for mother," she said to the surgeon, as she passed out.

The young doctor gazed after her in admiration. "What a girl!" he murmured.

But his patient demanded his attention. With deft fingers he washed away the blood, and to his great relief saw that the skull had not been penetrated, although the ball had ploughed a slight furrow in it. A quarter of an inch deeper, the wound would have been instantly fatal. The wound dressed, the colonel began to show signs of return-

ing consciousness, but he was delirious, and was still in the midst of the battle, cheering on his men.

By this time, Mrs. Shackelford had so far recovered as to insist on returning to the side of her husband. That he lived, even if he did not recognize her, gave her hope. Kate, although pale and weak, refused to leave her father's side, saying she would keep watch with her mother.

"I have done all I can now," said the doctor. "I will return in the morning to see how he is getting along. If we can avoid a fever, he will pull through."

Kate thanked him, looking more than expressing her gratitude, and the young doctor went out with a palpitating heart. That pale, beautiful face, with those wondrous eyes looking into his, followed him, and he sighed. He had received a wound from which it took him many a day to recover.

It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Shackelford was surprised by the coming of General Shackelford and Hugh. Kate was not surprised that Hugh had come; she expected him. The meeting between the general and his sister-in-law was an affectionate one.

The greetings over, the general said: "I am a prisoner; our army is totally defeated, and the cause of the South is lost forever. And Charles, here, oh, Jennie, what a home-coming, and after three years of waiting!"

"But, Richard, he lives! he lives!" she cried. "Oh if he be only spared to me, I can even give up the cause of the South!"

The general bowed his head. To him the cause of the South was dearer than life, but he could not blame the stricken wife.

Hugh saw that his presence was not needed, so he said: "General, I will now bid you and the ladies good-night. May God grant that Colonel Shackelford will live, and brighter days be in store for you."

"Captain," replied the general, deeply moved, "in behalf of myself and this stricken family, let me thank you for your kindness. We all owe you much. You are a worthy friend of my son."

"We owe Captain Raymond more than you think," exclaimed Kate. "If father lives, he owes his life to him. I saw him strike down the gun as the bayonet was at father's breast. It was a brave, a generous act; just as father had killed the soldier's comrade, too."

Both the general and Mrs. Shackelford looked inquiringly at Hugh. "Tell us about it," said the general.

"It was but little I did, only striking down a gun," replied Hugh. "Miss Shackelford will tell you about it at a more opportune time. Miss Shackelford, may I speak to you before I go?" Trembling and silent, the girl stepped into the hall.

"Kate, God only knows what I suffered when I saw you in the midst of the battle," said Hugh, in a low voice vibrating with suppressed emotion. "That you live gives me untold happiness."

"Captain Raymond," said Kate, and as she



**"GOOD NIGHT, AND GOOD-BYE," SAID HUGH.**



spoke her voice trembled, "believe me that I am truly grateful for all you have done. Enemy as you are to my country, I shall always esteem you as a friend."

"Oh, Kate! can't I be more than a friend?"

"No more; you can never be anything more."

"Don't say that, Kate. But come what may, hate me if you will, but remember that I love you. Good-night, and good-bye, for the present, for to-morrow will find me far away. May God bless you," and he passed out and into the darkness.

Kate tottered back to the side of her father, there to resume her vigil. As for Hugh, the morrow found him miles away in pursuit of Hood's army, and weeks and months passed before he saw Kate again. But sleeping or waking, her pale, beautiful image, as he last saw it, was ever before him.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### COLONEL KENYON WEAVES A WEB.

**T**HE news of the glorious victory at Nashville was received with the greatest delight by Sherman's army. Fred's faith in his old commander had been fully justified, but he was startled when he read of the capture of his father. Yet the news gave him satisfaction, for he believed that the war was nearly over, and that his father would soon be at liberty. He wrote him a long letter congratulating him on his escape from wounds, and expressing the hope that it would not be many months before they would again be happy in their Kentucky home.

As yet Fred knew nothing of the terrible wounds received by his uncle, or of the part which Kate had taken in the battle, which resulted in her being wounded.

About the middle of January, Fred received a long letter from Hugh, giving full details of all that had happened since he parted with him in Georgia. That his father had been captured by Hugh was a surprise, indeed, but it could not have happened any better to his liking, if he had had the planning himself. Hugh also gave him full details of the part that Kate had taken, and it is certain that her

heroic act in the battle before Nashville did not lose anything from his description. The wounding of Colonel Shackelford, and how he had saved the colonel's life, Hugh passed lightly over.

A few days afterwards Fred received a letter from Kate. At the time it was written, her father was still very low, but she expressed the hope of his ultimate recovery. It was from Kate's letter that Fred received a full account of how much she and her father owed to Hugh. She spoke in the highest terms of his bravery and kindness, and how deeply they were all indebted to him.

Fred smiled as he read this part of her letter. "Hugh will win her yet," he thought, "but his campaign must be a wise one. Kate will not surrender until every hope of the Confederacy has perished, and not then, unless she become convinced the Yankees are not enemies of the South."

Fred longed to see his father, and would have asked for a furlough, but Sherman was preparing for his raid through the Carolinas, and it was no time to ask for a leave of absence. There was another reason why he would not have left the army at this time for anything. Sherman's raid through the Carolinas would, in all probability, lead through Columbia. It was at Columbia that Lucille de Courtney lived, and the hope of seeing her was as much as life itself to him. He knew that Colonel Kenyon had seen her as soon as he had reached Columbia. No doubt he was armed with another letter from Judge Chambers. What lies

was he telling to accomplish his ends? He now saw that his visit to Judge Chambers was a great mistake. It might enable Kenyon, with some show of truth, to report that he was dead. Might not the fatherless girl yield to the entreaties of her uncle and guardian, and consent to wed Kenyon? The thought was maddening to him. He counted the days, the hours, when Sherman would start on his raid. If he had known all that was happening in Columbia he would have been more miserable than he was.

When Lucille de Courtney returned from Georgia to her home in Columbia, she found a letter awaiting her from her father, telling her he had finished his labors in Europe, and was about to take passage in a blockade runner for some port in the South, presumably Wilmington. The thought that she was soon to meet her father filled her with happiness, and made her estrangement from her uncle easier to bear. Then came the terrible tidings that the vessel on which he had embarked had been chased by a Federal man-of-war, and in endeavoring to escape had struck on a hidden reef and foundered. Over half on board perished, and Mr. de Courtney was reported as being among the number.

The blow nearly killed Lucille, and for the time being, she gave but little thought to her Federal lover. Then Colonel Kenyon appeared on the scene, and this human spider at once commenced to weave his web around the fatherless girl. He

was all sympathy, and spoke of the Federals as the murderers of her father. He was so kind, so sympathetic, that Lucille was completely disarmed. Not a word did he say of his love, nor did he once allude to Captain Shackelford. He well knew that Judge Chambers's letter, which he had delivered to her, would be a better advocate for him than he himself could be. He made his visit short, saying that he knew that she must be anxious to read her letter from her uncle, and that he would call on the morrow.

Hardly was he out of the door, before Lucille tore open her letter in feverish haste. What she read filled her with terror. Captain Shackelford had visited her uncle under the disguise of a Confederate officer; he had been recognized, and would, in all probability, be captured and executed as a spy. The letter dropped from her trembling fingers.

Pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, she moaned: "Oh, my God! my God!" and prayed that she might die.

At length, becoming calmer, she picked up the letter and finished reading it, and this is what she read:

"This letter, my dear niece, will be delivered to you by Colonel Kenyon. He has proven a true friend to me. He quelled the mob who were clamoring to burn my house above my head, all because they claimed I was privy to the escape of Shackelford. That scoundrel's coming here can but revive the talk. He can be no gentleman, or he would not come as a sneak and a spy. It is in your power, dear Lucille, to disprove

the unjust suspicions which rest upon me. I am now your guardian, the same as a father to you, and as a father I write to you.

Forget your love for that murderous Shackelford. Surely you paid, in full, the debt you owed him for saving your life when you assisted him in escaping. Colonel Kenyon loves you. He says his love for you has made a changed man of him. He now sees that he was too severe with you, that it was but the promptings of your noble heart that made you act as you did. Nothing would please me better than your acceptance of him as your future husband. As your guardian, standing in the place of your lamented father, I could command you, but I will not. I will only ask that if you have any love for your old uncle, you will think seriously of what he says. I believe that Colonel Kenyon is worthy of you, that he will make you a good husband. He is a brave and gallant soldier, and a rising one. I look for him to be a general before the war closes.

Lucille, my poor motherless and fatherless child, it is for the love I bear you that I write as I do. Come to me as soon as you can. Your place is now here."

These kind words burned like fire in Lucille's brain. She laid down the letter and sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh! if he only had been harsh with me. If he had disowned me, cast me off forever," she moaned. "Oh, uncle, I am a wicked, wicked girl, but I love Captain Shackelford! Oh, I love him! But now he may be dead—dead!"

Then the thought came to her that her uncle did not say that her lover had been captured, but that in all probability he would be, and a wild hope sprang up in her heart that he might have escaped. Surely Colonel Kenyon would know. He was coming on the morrow; but how could she wait?

There was no sleep for Lucille de Courtney that

night; her sole thought was to see Colonel Kenyon and learn the worst.

When the colonel called the next day, Lucille's face showed such traces of suffering, that even his heart was touched.

"Lucille," he said, gently, "you are suffering. Oh, that I could comfort you!"

"Colonel, do you know what was in my uncle's letter?" she asked.

"Of course I do not know what he wrote, but I can imagine some of it," he answered. "He must have written about—about—" he stopped and hesitated.

The liar had opened the letter; knew it by heart, and was governing every action by it.

"Did—did Captain Shackelford escape?" Lucille seemed to breathe instead of ask the question.

The colonel cast his eyes on the floor, but did not answer.

"Answer me," she cried, "as you value my friendship, and the truth."

"He—was—captured." The words came as if drawn from him.

"And then?" The question was almost a whisper, her features were rigid, her face as pale as if in her coffin.

The colonel's eyes were still on the floor; he seemed to be unable to speak.

"Answer me!" the command was almost a shriek.

"Lucille," at length he answered without rais-

ing his eyes, for he knew he would quail before the intensity of her gaze, "Captain Shackelford was killed after he was captured, in an attempt to escape."

He expected her to faint, but she did not; instead, she raised her eyes to heaven, and devoutly exclaimed: "Thank God!"

He looked up astonished. What did she mean? She continued: "Thank God! he died like a soldier and not like a felon."

The words stabbed him, as if he had been stabbed with a knife, but quickly collecting himself, he said: "Lucille, oh, that you would let me comfort you; that you would let these strong arms of mine protect you!"

"Leave me," she whispered, "leave me now. I would be alone."

"May I not come again?" he asked, in a pleading voice.

"Yes, come to-morrow, but go now. I must think. I must think."

Colonel Kenyon went out with a look of triumph on his face. He believed the battle half won.

When a servant entered Lucille's room a few minutes afterwards, she was found lying senseless on the floor. But she was not a girl to die of a broken heart. The shock to her had been great, but she soon recovered and began to consider seriously the situation before her. She read her uncle's letter again and again, carefully weighing every word. That he loved her; that he desired her welfare was

evident. She felt she could do anything for him, except sacrifice the happiness of her life. But could she ever be happy again? She thought not. For the moment, she had no doubt that Kenyon had spoken the truth, and that Fred was dead. Would it not be possible for her in time to forget, to learn to love another? Her uncle had said that Colonel Kenyon was a changed man, that his love for her had changed him. His actions showed it, he was so kind, so sympathetic. There was nothing of his old overbearing ways; he seemed to think of her only. If she could only learn to love him, she would gladly obey her uncle. She remembered that once she thought she did love him; perhaps the old feeling would come back.

When Colonel Kenyon called next day, he found Lucille very pale, but outwardly calm. She motioned him to a seat, and then, in a voice which did not show a particle of feeling, said: "Colonel Kenyon, it is best for both of us that we come to a clear understanding. My uncle writes that you still love me; that you would have me for a wife."

"Yes, yes," he responded, eagerly, and sinking on his knee before her, he endeavored to take her hand, but she drew it back.

"Rise, Colonel Kenyon, this is no time for sentiment," she said, coldly.

He arose, choking back his wrath, and exclaimed, passionately: "Oh! Lucille, why so cruel? I love you—I love you as man never loved woman before.



I will be your slave; only say you are not indifferent to me."

"Hear me out," she went on in the same cold voice. "The world has been cruel to me. My father is gone, my uncle is all I have left. I have no heart to give; it lies in the grave of my father, and—and of Captain Shackelford, for I confess I loved him—loved him in spite of myself. I feel grateful to you for your love, for the kindness you have shown my uncle. He greatly desires that I should accept you as my future husband. I wish that I could grant his wish. Colonel Kenyon," and as she said it, she looked at him with streaming eyes, "if you love me as you say you do, do not torture me. This I will say, if at any future time I feel I can love you, I will give you a different answer. Come to me in a year from now; I may feel different."

Colonel Kenyon's head whirled. Any delay was dangerous. At any time she might find out his deception; that his story about Fred being dead was all a cruel lie. He must, he would win her, and that quickly.

"Lucille, why not come to me now?" he asked, with all the pathos he could throw into his voice. "Why not find rest in these arms that would shield you from every rude blast? Oh, Lucille! you would learn to love me; you could not help it, my love for you is so great."

"You have had my answer," she said; "abide by it, for it is your only hope. Surely if you love me

as you say, you will show it by regarding my wishes."

Colonel Kenyon fairly staggered from the room. There was a look on his face as he went out that frightened Lucille, and for the first time a suspicion crossed her mind that he might be lying; that her lover might not be dead. But, no, he could not be so cruel; he would not utter such a falsehood for his own sake, for she would be sure to find it out, and even if married to him, she would despise—loathe him.

If Colonel Kenyon could have called Lucille de Courtney his wife as he went out, he would have taken delight in torturing her, in taunting her with her love for Shackelford, in gloating on his power over her. He would gladly wait a year for her, if he thought he could win her; but Shackelford lived, and his sin would be sure to find him out.

There was another reason Colonel Kenyon so greatly desired to win Lucille. He had learned that her father had left her a large fortune in the bank of England. His own fortune had become greatly impaired by the war, and if the South should lose, and the slaves become free, he would be a ruined man. For this reason, he was doubly determined to make Lucille his wife. But he knew that he must act quickly. Fate favored him somewhat, for Sherman had now advanced so near Savannah that all railroad and telegraphic communication between Georgia and South Carolina was severed, and it might be weeks before Lucille

would hear from her uncle. Before that time, he resolved that by some means, he would make Lucille de Courtney his wife. But before he could put any of his schemes into execution, he received peremptory orders to join his regiment, and help to defend the line of the Savannah and Charleston railroad, which was being threatened by an advance of Sherman.

He called on Lucille, told of his summons to duty, and said: "In the smoke and fire of battle, Lucille, your image will ever be before my eyes. I will try to prove worthy of you. But, Lucille, why not take the protection of my name now, or at least promise that at some time in the near future you will be mine? Why this weary wait of a year, and then only the privilege of addressing you?"

I thought that was a forbidden subject between us, at present," replied Lucille. "The surest way for you to win my esteem is to do your duty. Our state, I am told, is threatened with an invasion from the enemy. Go prove yourself the brave soldier that you always have been. Higher honors may yet await you."

"And is that all, Lucille? Have you no promise to make, no pledge that you will eventually be mine?"

"None at all. I have already told you that at the end of a year I will consider your suit; that I will be guided, as far as possible, by the wishes of my uncle, but I do not think he would want me to

make a marriage abhorrent to me. No, Colonel Kenyon, I must learn to feel at least some love for you before I can promise to marry you."

Colonel Kenyon bit his lip. "And then is there no hope for me?" he asked.

"I will try to learn to love you," she answered, faintly.

"God bless you for that much," he cried. "Now I can go forth to battle, not utterly hopeless. I shall prove worthy of you." He took her hand and carried it to his lips; it was cold and lifeless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Cato, Lucille's faithful groom, saw the roses fade from the cheeks of his young mistress day by day, and his heart was troubled. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Won't youn' missy tell ole Cato what de mat-tah?" he asked one day. "Missy is not happy; she fadin' 'way like a po' frost-bitten flowah."

"Cato, you are the only one I can confide in. You love me, I know," answered Lucille.

"Lub yo'," exclaimed the old negro, in an injured tone, "yo' know I lub yo'. Didn't I tell dat Cap'n Shackelford dat ole Cato wo'ld watch ober yo'?"

"Oh! Cato," answered Lucille, bursting into tears, "don't you know that Captain Shackelford is dead, and papa is dead, and I am left all alone?"

"Cap'n Shackelford dead! Who say he dead?" blurted out the old man.

"Colonel Kenyon."

"Kernel Kenyon one big liah. He want yo' himself. He bad man."

"But, Cato, uncle writes that it was certain that he would be caught."

"Den, dey hadn't cotched him yet. Tell ole Cato all 'bout it, honey."

Glad to find some one to confide in, she told the old slave the whole story, nor could she have found a more sympathetic listener. When she was through, he burst out laughing.

"Cato, what do you mean?" demanded Lucille.

"I done knew Cap'n Shackelford wasn't dead," he said, as he grinned all over. "Tink dey cotched him an' he on good hoss? Dey all say he war drowned in de Flint. Ha! ha! he fool 'em, he did. Cap'n Shackelford he smart, he be. Cheer up, missy, yo' see de cap'n 'gin, suah. Dat Kernel Kenyon awful bad man. He cut heart right out ob a nigger if he git mad."

"Oh, Cato, you don't believe that Colonel Kenyon would lie to me like that?" and she looked at him wistfully.

"Suah, missy, suah. Kernel Kenyon do eny thing to get yo'. When he marry yo' he 'buse yo'. Cap'n Shackelford, he be gemman. Cato knows gemman, when he see 'im."

From that moment a wild hope sprang up in the heart of Lucille that Captain Shackelford was not dead. The words of her faithful old slave had brought comfort to her. She now remembered that

when Colonel Kenyon told her Captain Shackelford was dead, he did not look at her, that he acted as if he were performing a part. Was this the reason he was so anxious for her to marry him at once? She might be judging him harshly; time would tell. But the more she thought of it, the stronger grew her faith that Cato was right, and that Captain Shackelford was alive.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

**A**FTER spending a month in Savannah, resting and resupplying his army, General Sherman was ready for his great raid through the Carolinas. South Carolina, the birthplace of nullification and secession, was now to be made to feel the scourge of war, and to drain the bitter cup of retribution to the very dregs. If she had sown the wind, she was to reap the whirlwind.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea has been celebrated in song and story. In comparison, very little has been said or written of the march through the Carolinas; yet the former was hardly more than a mere outing for the soldiers, the latter a labor of Hercules. The march from Atlanta to the sea was made in comparatively good weather, and until Savannah was neared, over passable roads, and with an insignificant foe in front.

The raid through the Carolinas was made in the dead of winter, over almost impassable roads, bottomless swamps, and swiftly flowing rivers, swollen into raging torrents by the almost incessant rains. Not only this, but the Confederates, if they had taken time by the forelock, could have massed an

army of nearly forty thousand men to oppose the march.

All things considered, Sherman's raid through the Carolinas was the ablest and most daring military movement of the war. The difficulties overcome were so tremendous that General Joseph E. Johnston exclaimed, when he saw Sherman's legions confronting him in North Carolina, "There has been no such army, no such commander, since the days of Julius Cæsar."

General Sherman's idea was to strike through the heart of the Carolinas from Savannah, Georgia, to Goldboro, North Carolina, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. This he set out to accomplish in a period of two months. When it is borne in mind that almost every mile of road had to be corduroyed for this entire distance, the wonder of the achievement is increased.

On the second day of January, Generals Beauregard, Hardie, and G. W. Smith of Georgia, met in consultation near Augusta to discuss the situation. Savannah had fallen; Sherman was safe on the sea coast. They knew he was soon to strike again; but where? was the question. Either Augusta, Georgia, or Charleston, South Carolina, was thought to be his objective point, but which, they could not decide. Augusta was much nearer to Savannah than Charleston, and they finally agreed that, in all probability, it would be Augusta that Sherman would attack.

Beauregard advocated the giving up of Charles-



ton and other sea-port cities, and to concentrate all of their forces in front of Sherman. It was wise advice, but Hardie demurred, saying that the evacuation of Charleston would so dishearten the South that it would be as bad as a defeat.

"Wait until Sherman's movement is developed," said Hardie. "If he move on Augusta, we shall have time to concentrate, as we have the railroad from Charleston to Augusta. If he should move on Charleston, the same advantage will be in our favor."

"What if he should make neither place his objective," asked Beauregard, "but should move through the center of the state, smashing the railroads, as he did in Georgia? Our forces would be hopelessly divided, and Sherman could work his own sweet will."

"I believe that such a movement at this time of year would be utterly impossible," answered General Hardie. "He would be stuck in the mud before he had marched fifty miles. The rivers are swollen into torrents, the swamps are flooded. Sherman must keep near the coast, or near some line of railroad to feed his army."

"I do not know but you are right," said Beauregard. "No large army can move across the country and make any progress. If Sherman should attempt to move toward Columbia, I believe we should have plenty of time to concentrate our forces."

Thus the Confederate forces remained scattered,

and left the way open for Sherman. It was indeed a difficult problem that the Confederate generals had to solve. The remnant of Hood's army was making its way across Alabama and Georgia to reinforce Beauregard, but there were not over ten thousand of them, and owing to the destruction of the railroads, it would be weeks before they could arrive. If the Confederates had given up everything and thrown every available man in front of Sherman, they could have given that general some trouble, but the sacrifice was considered too great.

General Sherman's movement proper, commenced on the 20th day of January, and then he moved in such a way as to keep the Confederate generals as much puzzled as ever. He divided his army, the left wing moving so as to threaten Augusta, while the right wing threatened Charleston. At the proper time, both wings were to turn and concentrate at Columbia. In spite of weather and road, Sherman moved so rapidly that before the Confederates could grasp the situation, the railroad from Augusta to Charleston was in the grasp of the Federals, and concentration in front of Sherman was impossible. From the moment the Federal army started to move, there commenced a scene of destruction. The soldiers, enraged at South Carolina, believing that if it had not been for the action of this fire-eating state there would have been no war, resolved that she should pay the penalty of her misdoings. This belief was erroneous, but the soldiers did not stop to reason, or to study

intricate political problems. It was enough for them to know that South Carolina was the leader in secession. Blazing plantation houses marked the pathway of the army. These fires were mostly the work of straggling soldiers. As the army passed, a guard would be thrown around a house, but no sooner would the guard be withdrawn than a straggling soldier would come along, and the torch would be applied.\*

Fred knew little of this destruction, for he was in the advance, and his time was fully occupied in scouting, and in finding out the position of the enemy. After the burning of Columbia, the rage of the soldiers seems to have died out, for from that place to Goldsboro, there was but little burning of private property.

The first serious opposition to Sherman was at the crossing of the Salkehatchie River. This stream was swollen by the incessant rains, and in the place where the army crossed, there were no less than fifteen different channels which had to be bridged. The only approach to the river was by a crossway leading through a swamp flooded by the high water. The Confederates believed the swamp impassable, and the crossway and bridges were defended by strong lines of earthworks.

Fred now saw an exhibition of the material of which Sherman's army was made. The officers, from the general in command of the advance down to the lowest officer, dismounted, and at the head

\*See General W. B. Hazen's Military Narrative.

of their commands, plunged into the swamp. The ice-cold water in many places reached to their shoulders, but unheeding the cold bath, with laugh and jest they struggled through; and before the astonished Confederates were aware of what was going on, the Federals were on their flank and in their rear, and the passage of the river was won.

"There is nothing this army cannot do," cried Fred, in his enthusiasm, when he saw the success of the movement.

By the 7th of February, the Augusta and Charleston railroad was in the hands of Sherman, and all connection between Augusta and Charleston severed.

General Howard relates a laughable incident concerning the taking of this road. He says he did not expect the Confederates to give it up without a fierce resistance, and as he approached the road, he deployed his army in line of battle. Just as he had finished his preparations, and had given the orders for an advance, a bummer came rushing back and cried: "Hurry up, General, we have the road."

While Howard had been making preparations for battle, the road had actually been captured by the bummers.

General Kilpatrick had orders to demonstrate heavily toward Augusta, keeping alive the fiction that it was that city that Sherman really intended to capture. This Kilpatrick did, fighting three or four considerable battles, and forcing Wheeler well back toward the city. It was not until Sherman was across the Edisto and well on his way to

Columbia that the Confederates became fully aware of the coup that the Federal commander had played on them. It was then too late to attempt to concentrate and defend Columbia.

Charleston now had to be evacuated, and the city which had been besieged for nearly four years, and during all that time had hurled defiance at both army and navy, fell without striking a blow. The stars and stripes were once more hoisted over Fort Sumter—let us hope never more to be lowered.

During the advance on Columbia, Fred was continually in front or on the flanks, engaged in an almost continual skirmish. In one of these combats he became aware that he was fighting a regiment under the command of Colonel Kenyon. The sight of his enemy set Fred's soul on fire. Forgetting all prudence, he ordered a charge in hopes of capturing him. The Confederates gave way before the fierce onslaught, but becoming aware of the smallness of the force opposing them, they rallied and charged their pursuers.

It was at this moment that Colonel Kenyon recognized Fred as the leader of the Federals. The knowledge that his rival was before him set him wild. The hope that he might capture him made him desperate. He now saw a chance of making his words good, that Fred was no more, for if he had him in his hands he would give him short shrift. "Follow me!" cried Kenyon, and he charged straight for Fred.

Notwithstanding Fred's efforts, his men began

to fall back, and soon were in full retreat. Seeing the uselessness of further resistance, Fred turned his horse and escaped amid a shower of balls.

"A commission to the one who will take that Yankee captain, dead or alive," yelled Kenyon, as he pressed on in pursuit. The thought that Fred might escape maddened him. He outstripped all his men, and was near the rear man of the Federals, when a shot struck his horse, and horse and rider went down. Before he could extricate himself from his fallen horse and procure another, the Federals were safe from pursuit.

"Dick, do you know who the leader of those Confederates was?" asked Fred of Darling, as soon as a point of safety was reached.

"Yes, I recognized him. It was Kenyon. Confound him! he fought like the devil, and got the best of us, too."

"I knew him," replied Fred, "and that is the reason I ordered that charge. It was foolhardy in me, considering the few men that I had. I think the sight of him turned my head."

"The sight of you certainly turned his," answered Darling, "for I believe he would have charged into us single-handed, if his horse had not gone down. I only wish he had got a dose as well as his horse."

"He didn't. I saw him scramble up. Never mind, Dick, we may meet again sometime."

"But I do mind, Captain. To think that we had to run from him, of all men, makes me mad,"

and it was a long time before Darling could become reconciled.

But if Darling felt sore, his was nothing to the anger which seized Kenyon, when he knew that Fred had escaped him. He raved like a madman, and accused every one around him of cowardice. "Curse him! I would have captured him single-handed if my horse had not been shot," he fumed.

"Why, Colonel, what is the matter with you?" asked the major of the regiment, somewhat nettled at the charge of cowardice. "The sight of that Yankee officer seemed to make you crazy. It was a lucky thing for you your horse was shot; you would have been killed sure."

"If I could have got that Yankee captain first, I would have died content," growled Kenyon.

"Why, do you know him?" asked the astonished major.

"Yes, damn him."

After the explosion, Colonel Kenyon lapsed into silence, and although the curiosity of the major was fully aroused, nothing that he could say would induce Colonel Kenyon to continue the conversation.

This meeting with Kenyon made Fred more eager than ever to get to Columbia. In his mind, General Sherman never moved so slowly as he did after he had crossed the Edisto. But his impatience at last came to an end. On the afternoon of February 16th, the advance of Sherman's army came in sight of the city. Fred gazed on its dis-

tant spires with feelings of mingled exultation and regret—exultation that he was so near the object of his adoration—regret that he came as an enemy instead of a friend to her people. Then there came to him the sickening fear that the Confederates might attempt to hold the city, and that it would be bombarded. Between him and the object of his affection rolled the broad Congaree. Oh, how he longed to pass over that he might gain tidings of her he loved!

Great clouds of black smoke were arising over the doomed city, and it was evident that the Confederates were destroying their military stores preparatory to evacuating. There would be no attempt to hold the city after all; Fred's heart rejoiced at the thought. But even as he rejoiced, a cloud of white smoke leaped up from the Columbia side of the Congaree and a shell came shrieking over the river. It struck in the earth near Fred, covering him and his horse with dirt.

“Better get back, Captain,” sang out a soldier, who was busily engaged in digging a hole in the sand to protect himself.

But Fred did not heed the friendly warning; he was utterly oblivious of danger, for a Federal battery had opened, in reply to the Confederate fire, and was hurling shell into the city. At every shriek of the rushing shot, he shuddered, for might not the life of Lucille be in danger? He never before realized how cruel war was.

Night came, but Fred still sat on his horse



watching the dancing lights of the city, the flashes of the exploding shell. At length, with a sigh and a prayer, he turned and rode slowly away. As if in answer to his prayer, the Federal batteries ceased firing, excepting now and then an occasional shot, but all through the night, the Confederate battery kept up its fire, and more than one Northern home was made desolate, and thousands of wearied soldiers lying on the cold, damp ground trying to snatch a little sleep, cursed the shells that disturbed their repose.

Morning came, and with the first light of the rising sun, Fred again looked out over the city. He saw its spires and domes begin to glow, and at last, stand out bright and shining as the sun touched them with its golden beams. Already the soldiers were preparing to force the passage of the river; the birthplace of secession was soon to be in possession of the Federal army.

Suddenly there came the boom of a cannon, and a shell was seen to strike the beautiful new state house building. The sound caused a sharp pain to thrill through Fred's heart. Was the city to be bombarded after all? Could not any one see that the Confederates were evacuating? Already great clouds of smoke were arising above the city, and it looked as if the Confederates themselves intended to destroy it. But it was afterwards found that the smoke came from burning cotton.

Again a cannon boomed and a shell exploded over the heads of a crowd that appeared to be en-

gaged in looting the stores at the depot. The crowd scattered and General Sherman ordered all firing to cease.

"They are evacuating," said he, "and I do not wish the city injured any more, neither do I wish the life of a single noncombatant to be jeopardized."

Fred heard the order with a feeling of relief; the life of his darling was not to be imperiled. He would soon be in the city; he would see Lucille. Not for a moment did he take into consideration that she might flee from the city. No, she would stay to see him; she must know that he would be with Sherman. Such is the faith that love has; it is such faith as would remove mountains.

Fred was preparing to enter the city with the very first troops, when an orderly rode up and said that General Sherman wished to see him. He at once reported to his chief, and was thunderstruck when told that he was to be the bearer of dispatches to Kilpatrick.

"The dispatches are important," said the general, "and I wish General Kilpatrick to get them as soon as possible. I know no one who will carry them quicker than you. Part of the way also, will be through a country not occupied by our troops, and will, therefore, be dangerous. Take your scouts as an escort, and don't spare horseflesh."

To Fred the order sounded like his death warrant. He knew that Columbia would not be held by Sherman more than two or three days. He did not

know just how far Kilpatrick was away, how long it would take to reach him. It might be that he could not get back before Columbia was evacuated, and he might not be able to see Lucille. She would think that either he was dead, or else had forgotten her. The thought was torturing. Never before had he received an order that he felt inclined to disobey. Why could not some one else go? He would plead sickness—anything to keep from going.

But every impulse of his nature revolted against such a subterfuge. How could he look his chief in the face, if he deceived him. His honor as a soldier forbade such deception. He would go, even if it blighted every hope of the future, even if it lost to him the love of Lucille.

To a true man, there is one thing more precious than love—more precious than life—honor.

With a shaking hand, Fred took the dispatches, and summoning his scouts, he rode away as a man riding for his life. He looked back but once, and then saw nothing but a great black cloud hanging over the city. It was symbolical of the cloud hanging over his own heart.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN UNINVITED WEDDING GUEST.

**O**N one of the most beautiful streets of Columbia stood the residence of Lucille deCourtney. It was of the old colonial style, palatial in size and furnishing. It was situated in a spacious lawn guarded by grand old trees. Here Lucille was born, here she lived and grew to womanhood. Since the death of her mother, the household had been presided over by a maiden aunt, the sister of her father. Her childhood had been a happy one, and to her father she was as the apple of his eye. After the death of his wife, whom he idolized, all the love of his strong heart was centered on his motherless daughter.

Lucille's first real sorrow came, for she was too young to realize her loss in the death of her mother, when she parted with her father at the beginning of the war, he being sent to Europe, as we have seen, on a secret diplomatic mission, by the Confederate government. When the news came that he was about to return, Lucille counted the minutes that would elapse before she hoped to see him. Then came the dreadful tidings that the vessel in which he had embarked had foundered, and that he had been drowned within sight of the shore of his native land.

Lucille hardly knew how she lived for the next few weeks after she heard the news. Then came Colonel Kenyon with the story that her lover was dead. Weighed down with her sorrow, it is no wonder that the poor girl wavered, and almost yielded to the wishes of her uncle, now her legal protector.

Colonel Kenyon had learned from Judge Chambers that Lucille had inherited a large fortune, deposited by her father in the bank of England, and it made him more eager than ever to make her his wife.

After his unsuccessful attempt to capture Fred, he resolved that Lucille de Courtney must leave Columbia before the capture of the city by the Federals, for now it was known that the city must fall. The thought that he might lose Lucille stirred every evil passion of his heart. His rival lived; would soon be in Columbia; Lucille would meet him, know that the story of his death was false. Kenyon would be despised, scorned, spurned. His only hope was to get Lucille out of the city before the Federals came. He would, he must, accomplish this; she must remain in ignorance.

To obtain this end, he asked and received permission to be absent from his regiment for a few days on urgent personal business. He repaired to Columbia, and lost no time in calling on Lucille and trying to get her to consent to leave the city. He poured into her ears the most direful tales of the ravages of Sherman's army. The Yankees spared

neither age nor sex. Their pathway was one of fire, rapine, and death. In less than a week Sherman's army would be in Columbia, and the soldiers had sworn vengeance on the city—the city in which the flag of secession was first raised.

“The Yankees once here,” said the colonel, “not one stone will be left on another. Scenes too horrible to mention will be enacted. Fly, Lucille, fly, while there is yet time. It would kill me to know that you were in the power of these monsters.”

Tears actually stood in his eyes as he pleaded, and to his pleadings were added the sobbing appeals of her aunt. In fact, the good lady was nearly beside herself, and declared that if Lucille didn't go, she herself would go and leave her.

For a moment Lucille wavered. The story of the destruction caused by the advance of Sherman's army was no new thing in Columbia. Exaggerated a hundred-fold, it was on every tongue. The entire city was in a frenzy of excitement and fear.

But ever since Cato had told her that Fred was alive, that Colonel Kenyon had lied, Lucille had resolved to stay in the city. She must see for herself whether her lover was alive or not. The more she thought of it, the stronger grew her hope that Cato was right.

So, thanking Colonel Kenyon for the interest he showed in her safety, she refused to go, giving as her reason, that the governor's daughter was to be married on the evening of the 16th to Lieutenant LaRochelle, a distant relative of hers, that she was

to be one of the bridesmaids, that the preparations for the wedding were going on, and the marriage would be solemnized even if Sherman's army were thundering at the gates of the city.

"Surely if Governor Pickens can stay," said she, "if Annie Pickens is willing to stay and be married, it would be cowardly of me to run away and leave her. I will stay for the wedding. Then if I wish to go, I can make one of the governor's party."

"Of all foolish things I ever heard," cried her aunt, wringing her hands, "to have a wedding at such a time! Why don't they postpone it? I call it flying into the face of Providence."

"It's bad luck to postpone a wedding, auntie," answered Lucille.

"It's nonsense," broke in her aunt; "it's foolhardy; it's worse, it may mean death. Oh! Lucille, do give up your foolish notion of staying for the wedding, and let us go when we can."

Seeing that her aunt was nearly in a fit of hysteria, Lucille said: "Auntie, you go out to the plantation near Saluda. The cars are running now, and you can get there without trouble. Let me stay until after the wedding. Surely, if I wish, there will be time enough for me to go when Governor Pickens and his family go. I know Annie will be glad to have me accompany her."

"Well, if you will promise to go with the governor and his family," said her aunt, "I will go. I know I shall go crazy if I remain in Columbia another day."

Lucille did not promise; she made no answer, but in her excitement, her aunt did not notice it; Colonel Kenyon did, and drew his conclusions.

Everything was arranged, and on the early train the next morning Miss de Courtney left the city. Her last words to Lucille were: "Promise me, darling, you will not wait for the wedding, if the Yankees get too near."

"I do not suppose there will be any wedding if the Yankees get too near," answered Lucille. "Governor Pickens surely will not stay if the Yankees come."

Her aunt kissed her and went away weeping. Before she saw her again, the war was over.

It now lacked but two days of the wedding. The city was full of the most startling rumors. Sherman's army might appear before the city at any time. There was fighting only twelve miles away. The dull, heavy boom of the cannon could be heard. Citizens were fleeing by hundreds from the doomed city.

Colonel Kenyon once more called on Lucille to urge her to flee. The thought that Lucille did not intend to leave Columbia made him desperate.

"Lucille, you do not realize the fear I have for you!" he exclaimed, passionately; "I am beside myself because you did not accompany your aunt. Why did you stay for that wedding?"

"Lieutenant LaRochelle does not ask Annie Pickens to fly," Lucille answered, coldly. "He is a soldier, and she worthy to be a soldier's bride."



Colonel Kenyon winced under the sarcasm.

"Lucille," he cried, "consent to marry me, and we would have a wedding if a thousand cannon were thundering at the gates of the city. Why not make it a double wedding? Your aunt is gone; you are alone. Let me be your protector. Let these arms shield you from every danger. Oh, Lucille! be mine, now, now."

He looked handsome, noble, as he stood there pleading, but Lucille caught an expression in his eye that she did not like. She could not help thinking that he was acting a part, and Cato's words: "Kernel Kenyon one big liah, he bad man. He cut heart out of nigger if he git mad," came to her with redoubled force.

"Colonel," she replied, "you forget. Love was to be a forbidden subject between us, for at least a year."

Then the devil shone in his eye. In spite of his efforts to conceal his feelings, he exclaimed, angrily: "I don't believe you intend leaving the city."

"I am not obliged to tell of my intentions to Colonel Kenyon," she replied, with spirit.

Gulping down his anger, he replied, "Pardon me, Lucille; it is the great concern I feel for your safety, the love I have for you, which led me to speak as I did. I do not believe you realize the danger you are in."

"If evil comes, you will not be to blame, Colonel Kenyon," said Lucille, turning away.

Colonel Kenyon went from her presence with a

hell raging in his heart. He resolved that Lucille must, should be made to leave the city. He had promised her aunt that he would see her safely away, and he would keep his promise.

No sooner was he gone, than Cato came to Lucille and said: "Missy, yo' look out fo' dat Kernel Kenyon. If ebber I see de debbel in a man's face, I see it in his when he went 'way."

Since her aunt had gone, Cato had constituted himself the especial guardian of Lucille, and no watch-dog was ever more faithful.

At nine o'clock that evening, a carriage drove up to the door of Lucille's residence, and the footman presented a note purporting to come from the executive mansion, saying that Miss Pickens would be pleased to see Miss de Courtney at once in order to consult her about some particulars concerning the wedding which was to take place the next evening, and that a carriage had been sent for her.

As Lucille was to be one of the bridesmaids, she thought nothing of the summons, and sent word that she would be ready in a few moments.

Cato was on the alert. The carriage and horses were strange to him, and he was well acquainted with the equipages from the executive mansion. The coachman and footman were also strange to him. The footman, when he came back from delivering the note, happened to stop in the light of the lamp on the coach, and slightly push back one of the sleeves of his coat. Cato nearly fell with surprise—the footman's wrist was white.

The old negro rushed to Lucille's room and met her just as she came out, ready to obey the summons.

"Missy! Missy!" he cried.

"What is it, Cato?" she said, kindly; "quick, the carriage is waiting. Why, Cato, you are shaking like a leaf. What's the matter?"

Cato fell on his knees and raised his arms imploringly. "Don't go, sweet Missy, don't go," he pleaded. "De footman am a white man, blac'ed; he no nigger. Oh, Missy, dey mean to kill yo'!"

Lucille staggered back, as if wounded. Recovering herself, she gasped: "Cato, are you not mistaken?"

"No 'stake, Missy, see his wrist plain—white. Dat debbel kernel be after yo', suah."

Lucille thought a moment. It was strange that Miss Pickens should send for her at that time of night. She had seen her during the day, and as she supposed, everything had been arranged.

"Thank you, Cato," she said. "I will not go. Go and say to the footman, I have been taken suddenly ill. Tell him to convey my regrets to Miss Pickens, and that I will try and see her in the morning."

Lucille, when she said she was ill, told no untruth. She sought her room weak and trembling. She could scarcely stand, so great had been the shock to her. Was it possible Colonel Kenyon had deliberately planned to abduct her, so as to get her away from the city? It must be so. If there had



**CATO FELL ON HIS KNEES IMPLORINGLY.**



been any wavering in her mind, there was not now. Come what would, she would stay. The hope grew strong in her breast that Kenyon had been deceiving her all the time, and that Fred was yet alive.

In the meantime, Cato had delivered Lucille's message to the footman.

"You lie, you black rascal!" cried the footman, and in his excitement, he spoke with no negro accent. "I will see for myself," and he tried to push his way past Cato into the house.

But the old negro was too quick for him and slammed the door in his face, locking and bolting it.

Uttering a curse, the man spoke to the coachman, and jumping into the carriage, he was swiftly driven away. The carriage was driven, not to the executive mansion, but to a dark suburb of the city, where it was joined by Colonel Kenyon, accompanied by three mounted men.

"You have her, have you?" asked the colonel, in a hoarse whisper, riding up close to the carriage.

The driver drew up with a jerk. "Have her? no; she wouldn't come!" he exclaimed, with an oath.

The story was soon told. "Why didn't you take her by force?" demanded the colonel, nearly strangled with rage over his disappointment.

"I thought of trying that," said the man who personated the footman, "but the nigger shut the door in my face, locked it, and bolted it."

There was nothing more to be done, and order-

ing the carriage to return, Colonel Kenyon rode away, a prey to his own dark thoughts and fears.

The next morning Lucille sent over to the executive mansion and learned that no one had been sent for her the night before. She now became fully convinced that it was all a plot of Colonel Kenyon to get her out of the city.

The day was an exciting one. In the afternoon the Federal army appeared before the city on the opposite bank of the Congaree. Cannon thundered, and now and then a shell went hurtling over the city. The streets were filled with an excited multitude. Hundreds were piling their belongings into all sorts of vehicles, preparatory to fleeing. Engines shrieked as they started northward, dragging long trains of cars. Cavalrymen dashed through the streets regardless of life or limb. Stores were broken open, and valuable goods carried away, or scattered around. The fine bridges across the Congaree were a mass of flames.

But there were men and women in Columbia who did not tremble at the sight of the invading army. They would meet whatever fate had in store for them with the same *sang froid* that was manifested by the French nobility when going to the guillotine. They hated and despised the whole Yankee nation; they had been the first to raise the banner of revolt and hurl their defiance into the face of the United States government. Even now, with the enemy before them, they would show their contempt. They would laugh and be gay. They

would marry and be given in marriage. What if their homes would be in possession of the foe on the morrow. The Yankees could not cross the Congaree before morning. Then let the wedding-bells ring! Let the festal board be spread once more.

The executive mansion was ablaze with light. Its spacious halls and rooms were filled with fair women and brave men. The laugh and jest went round. Across the Congaree there came the roar of cannon, and then the thunderous explosion of a shell near at hand. From the Columbia side of the river, the Confederate artillery roared and thundered continuously.

The gay assemblage heard, but there was no "mounting in hot haste," or whispering with white lips: "The foe, they come, they come."

Oh, brave, gallant, but mistaken people; fearful was the penalty to be exacted at your hands!

The thunderous explosion of a shell shook the building.

"Are you not afraid?" asked an officer of a bright-eyed, dashing belle.

"Afraid!" she cried, gayly. "I am from Charleston. I have been accustomed to that kind of music for most four years."

"And I," cried another, "was in Atlanta during the siege. We only laughed at Yankee shells."

The officer bowed. "Pardon me, ladies," he said, "but to die for the brave women of the South would be a pleasure."

Would that the god of battle had chosen for his



victim one of these men of war. But the lamb for the sacrifice was to be the pure, sweet Annie Pickens. Death was to claim the bride as his own.

A hush came over the assembly, for the strains of the wedding march came softly floating through the air. The brave groom and the fair bride stood before the robed priest. They heeded not that a hostile army was beating at the portals of the city, that the roar of cannon shook the building. Their thoughts were only of each other; their happiness shone in their faces—sweet dream of love only to last a few seconds.

Close to the bride stood Lucille de Courtney robed in purest white. Her face was as pale as death, for a terrible presentiment had seized her—a presentiment that something dreadful was to happen.

The minister raised his voice: "If there be any one here who knows any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."

For answer there came a terrific crash, a blinding light, a thunderous report. The house rocked and reeled, as if smitten with an earthquake. Chandeliers fell crashing down, and from blinding light, there was total darkness. From out the darkness there came shrieks of terror, sobs, groans, prayers.

Then the bravest ran for lights, and with white, terror-stricken faces, the company looked around

to see who was killed; who was wounded. The bride lay on the floor reclining in the arms of her intended husband. The blood was gushing from her pure, white breast and crimsoning her bridal robes.

"Annie! Annie! speak to me!" cried her lover, in agonized tones. "Oh, my God! my God! she is dying!"

Slowly she opened her eyes and smiled upon him. Gathering her in his arms, he carried her to a sofa, and laid her gently down. Then turning to the trembling priest, he cried: "Marry us! Marry us! Let her die my wife."

The man of God looked at Governor Pickens, who stood in dumb agony by the side of his stricken daughter. The governor nodded; he could not speak.

"Annie! Annie!" sobbed Lieutenant LaRochelle, "we are to be married. Do you understand?"

Again she opened her eyes. Again the sweet smile came over her face. She essayed to reach forth her hand. Her lover clasped it. In a voice broken with emotion, and amid the tears and sobs of the assembled guests, the minister pronounced the words that made them man and wife.

The husband bent over her and pressed a kiss on the pale lips. "My wife! my darling! my life," he moaned.

For a moment she gazed into the eyes of her husband. A look of ineffable tenderness stole over her face, and then, with a gentle sigh, she closed her eyes forever.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

ON the forenoon of the 17th of February, the Fifteenth corps forced the passage of the Congaree, and took possession of Columbia. The troops found the place in the utmost confusion. Among the crowd which swarmed the streets, were two or three hundred Federal officers who had been held in prison, and their pitiable condition further excited the anger which the soldiers had toward the city.

Although hundreds of the citizens had fled, there were hundreds left, and these, thinking to gain the good will of the soldiers, not only welcomed them cordially, but began treating them to liquor. Even buckets and wash-boilers full of whisky were passed down the line, the soldiers drinking all they wished. The city also began to fill up with stragglers and bummers, and all of these had free access to the whisky; they lost no time in drinking their fill of the fiery beverage, and soon a drunken mob went bawling through the streets.

Colonel William Woods, commanding the brigade which had taken possession of the city, foreseeing what might be the consequences, ordered all the liquor found to be spilled. In one place fifteen

barrels were emptied into the gutter. But the mischief had already been done.

The Confederate cavalry, before they evacuated the city, had broken into and plundered many of the stores, and the open doors and exposed goods invited pillage, of which the negroes and drunken soldiers were not slow in taking advantage.

Long windrows of cotton bales had been piled in the principal street and fired. There was a strong wind blowing, and shreds of burning cotton were flying through the air endangering the whole city.

Night came, the wind increased to a gale, and three or four old buildings took fire. As if excited by the sight, the demon of destruction took possession of the drunken mob of negroes and soldiers, and fires suddenly broke out in scores of different places. Columbia was a seething mass of flames, and when morning came, half of the city lay a smoldering mass of ruins.

Lucille de Courtney hardly knew how she got home from the terrible scene enacted at the wedding. She reached her room more dead than alive. When her maid removed Lucille's wraps, the girl started back with a cry of horror. Lucille glanced down, and grew sick and faint. On her dress, so pure and white when she went to the wedding, there were great splotches of crimson—the life-blood of her friend.

“Take it off! take it off!” she gasped. “Never let me see it again—burn it. Oh, God! Poor Annie! poor Annie!”

Her heart was full of bitterness toward the foes of her country. Oh, how she hated them—murderers all—the slayers of innocent women! Yet she loved one of these murderers, she a Southern girl. But he might be dead; she almost wished it might be true, for then he could not have been a party to the death of her friend.

After a violent fit of weeping, she grew calmer, and reason resumed its sway. After all, were the Federals alone to blame for the death of poor Annie Pickens? Even as she listened, the roar of Confederate cannon smote her ears. If the city was to be given up in the morning, as every one said, why did the Confederates make a show of defending it? Why provoke the returning fire of the enemy? Oh, no! the Federals were not alone to blame for the death of her friend. These thoughts made her calmer, and took away much of the bitterness she felt.

Morning came; the streets were a rushing, roaring mass of excited humanity. Hundreds were fleeing as from a deadly plague. Squads of cavalry were dashing hither and thither. Women crazed with fear were wringing their hands, not knowing where to go, or which way to turn. The smoke of burning cotton and destroyed military stores hung heavy over the city. The demon of destruction was abroad, and there was no one to oppose him. The only happy people were the negroes. To them the day of jubilee had come; they laughed, danced, sang.

Lucille had fully made up her mind not to leave the city. She would risk the mercy of the enemy rather than fall into the hands of Colonel Kenyon. She gave orders that the house should be tightly closed, and every door locked and barred. Then she watched and waited—waited for that which she would not admit to herself.

The uproar in the streets grew less; the last of the Confederate cavalry were leaving. Suddenly there came a furious knocking at the door. Cato went to see who it was. He found Colonel Kenyon there demanding admittance.

“Missy Lucille hab ordered Cato to admit nobody,” said the old negro.

“Then she has not left the city!” furiously exclaimed the colonel. “Let me in, you black rascal, I must see her!”

“Missy Lucille say she see nobody,” replied the old negro, firmly.

“What! you old villain, you defy me? Let me in or it will be the worse for you,” and he tried to force his way in, but Cato slammed the door in his face.

For answer, a shot came through the door, barely missing Cato’s head.

“Cato, what is it?” It was Lucille, pale but calm, who asked the question.

“It’s dat Kernel Kenyon. He say he see yo’ enyway. He shoot at ole Cato. He try to break in de doah.”

“Open the door, Cato.”

The negro hesitated.

"Cato, do you hear me? Open the door."

Without a word, the negro did as he was bidden.

Colonel Kenyon started to rush in, but at the sight of Lucille, hesitated.

"Colonel Kenyon, what is the meaning of all this?" she asked, indignantly. "Why do you try to break in my door? Why shoot at my servant?"

"Great heavens, Lucille! don't you know that there is not a moment to lose? The city is already being deserted by the cavalry; the Yankees are crossing the river. Come, quick! You can take a horse. I will see that you have a guard to protect you."

Lucille's lip curled in scorn. "A fine protector you would make," she answered; "you who sent your minions to abduct me. And you pose as a gentleman."

Colonel Kenyon turned red, then pale. "What—do—you—mean?" he stammered. "I know nothing of any attempt to abduct you. Lucille, you are insane."

"You know well enough what I mean. Go! I never want to see you again."

"By heavens! I will not go. I know what ails you. You think that murdering Yankee lover of yours may not be dead; that he is with Sherman's cut-throats, and that you may see him. Your aunt placed you under my protection. I promised her that I would see that you left the city, and I shall see that you do, if I am compelled to use force."

Just then General Wade Hampton, accompanied by his staff, came dashing up the street. He was leaving the city. He was well known to Lucille. "General! General!" she called.

Hampton checked his horse so suddenly that he reared back on his haunches.

"Why, Miss de Courtney," he asked in a surprised tone, "is that you?"

"Yes, General. I have concluded to stay and protect my property; but Colonel Kenyon, here, insists on taking me away by force. I appeal to you for protection."

The general turned on Kenyon with a look that made him quail.

"Colonel Kenyon," he said, in a cold, severe tone, "did not I order you yesterday to stay with your command, and not leave it on any account? Why are you here? Your regiment is rear guard. See that you do your duty, or it will be the worse for you. As for Miss de Courtney, she has a perfect right to go or stay, as she chooses. I trust the Yankees will use you well, Miss de Courtney. Good-day," and the courtly general raised his hat and was gone.

Colonel Kenyon, with a look of baffled rage, mounted his horse and galloped furiously away, and Lucille saw him no more.

"Lock the door again, Cato," Lucille said, faintly, as she turned and sought her room.

The city became strangely quiet. Then there came to Lucille's ears the sound of distant cheer-



ing. The sound rose and fell like the notes of some mighty organ, and gradually came nearer and nearer, and grew in volume, until the whole welkin rang with the shouts of a victorious army.

The windows of Lucille's room looked out upon the street, and as the steady tramp, tramp of a marching column grew near, she drew close to the window to see. It was her first sight of the Federal army. Were those happy, singing, careless-looking fellows the monsters which had been pictured to her? They marched straight ahead, turning neither to the right nor the left. A mounted officer caught sight of her face at the window, and doffed his hat. Surely there was nothing to fear from those men. But Lucille was looking on a disciplined army marching under the eyes of its officers—an army with orders not to halt, but march through the city.

Hour after hour the steady tramp, tramp never ceased. Of the marching column there seemed to be no end. Lucille never left the window. With eager eyes, she scanned the face of every mounted officer for the sight of one her heart so longed to see; yet for one for whom she dared not ask, lest she hear that he was dead. As time passed, her hopes sank. Surely if he had been with the army, he would have sought her long before. He must be dead—dead.

Cato saw her growing paler and paler, as each regiment passed, and the look of hopelessness grew in her eyes.

“Missy, may Cato go out?” he asked. “Heaps o’ niggers on the street. He want to see de sogers.”

Lucille nodded; her heart was too full to speak.

If Cato had told Lucille he was going to find Captain Shackelford she would have forbidden him. The crafty old negro surmised this, and said nothing.

Cato did not find his task as easy as he had imagined. Some of the soldiers he asked answered him rudely; others told him all sorts of stories, and kept him running from one place to another, until he was tired out. One cruelly told him Captain Shackelford was dead and buried long ago. He turned away with a sad heart. How could he go back and tell his young mistress? Seeing his distress, a comrade of the jesting soldier said: “What is it, Uncle? What can I do for you?”

“Nuthin’ now,” answered the old negro, in a trembling voice. “I wanted to see Cap’n Shackelford, an’ he say he be dead,” and tears stood in his eyes.

“Pshaw! that fellow don’t know any more about Captain Shackelford than I do, and I know nothing. There are hundreds of captains in the army, Uncle, and a private soldier knows mighty few outside of his own regiment. Pardon, Colonel,” continued the soldier, saluting his commanding officer, who was just then passing, “but here is a darky who seems to be very anxious to learn something about a Captain Shackelford. Do you know of any such captain?”

“Shackelford—Shackelford! Why, there is a captain of that name on Sherman’s staff—his chief of scouts,” responded the colonel.

“Dat de one! dat de one!” cried Cato. “Be he dead?”

“No, at least he was not last night. I haven’t seen him to-day.”

“Tank yo’, Massa, tank yo’,” and Cato was away like a flash.

On his return, he found Lucille still at the window, watching with weary eyes, although but few soldiers were passing.

“Oh! Missy Lucille,” he fairly shouted, in his glee, “Massa Shackelford, he alive. Cato foun’ out. Dat Kernel Kenyon, he lied. Cato knew it.”

But the effect on Lucille was different from what Cato expected. A flash of joy did suffuse her face for a moment, but it receded, leaving her gasping for breath. She tottered and would have fallen, if she had not clutched the window-sill; for with the first thrill of joy had come the bitter thought that he was alive, was in Columbia, and had not sought her out. He had forgotten her; his words of love had been a passing cloud. It was worse than if he were dead, for as dead, she could love and cherish his memory; but now—”

The thought did occur to her that her lover was a soldier, that he was not his own master, and that his duties might have carried him away from the city; but she dismissed the thought as an evidence

of weakness. He surely could have got word to her, if he could not have come himself.

Then pride came to her relief. She was a Southern girl; she would be brave, strong. She would tear the love she bore him from her heart. This was her punishment for loving an enemy of her country.

Dismissing her maid, she sat alone, fighting the battle with her own heart—a battle between love and pride, a battle which in the eyes of the world pride often wins; but pride knows that love, entrenched in the secret citadel of the heart, never surrenders.

Night came, her maid knocked; did missus want anything—a cup of tea, a piece of toast?

“No, no,” answered Lucille, “I want nothing but to be alone. If I wish anything I will ring.”

A dull, red glow began to show through the windows. She did not notice it. The glow grew brighter. A knock was heard at the door, and the voice of Cato crying: “Missy Lucille! Missy Lucille, de city am all on fiah!”

She sprang up as one awakening from a dream. The light now shone through the windows bright and red. In the distance she could see the flames leaping and dancing.

“Cato, go and see if we are in any danger. There was no tremor in her voice. The pain in her heart dulled the sense of fear.

Grumbling that he was obliged to leave his beloved mistress, even for a short time, Cato obeyed. He soon came back quaking with fear.

"Missy, de debble is to pay!" he cried; "the sogers am drunk! de niggers am drunk! dey settin' fiah to de whole city. Oh, Missy, Missy, we be all burnt up, suah. What am we-uns to do?"

"Hush, Cato, perhaps the fire will not come as far as here. I shall stay until I am obliged to go. Cato, you can go, though, if you are afraid."

The faithful old servitor gave her such a look of injured feelings that she quickly corrected herself, and said: "You wish to stay, Cato?"

"Yes, Missy, Cato nebber leabe yo'; die first. Told Massa Shackelford so."

"Cato," she cried, sharply, "never mention that name to me again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Missy," replied the negro, with a wondering look.

"Cato, can you shoot?" she cried, with sudden energy.

"I kin try, Missy."

"Come with me, then."

Going to the library, she selected a sharp Italian stiletto which Mr. de Courtney had kept as an ornament. This she concealed in her bosom. Then placing a loaded revolver in Cato's hands, she said: "Cato, use this only if I am in danger. Let no man, white or black, lay hands on me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Missy, no man touch yo' while Cato is alive."

They went back to her room. The three or four women servants left in the house, followed

them, weeping and wailing. They were beside themselves with terror, and cowering in a corner, moaned and prayed.

"Hush," said Lucille to them; "whatever happens, you are in no danger. It is I, not you, that have cause to fear."

The fire had spread. Even as they looked, it burst forth in a score of new places. The whole sky was changing from black to blood-red. The clouds, swiftly driven by the wind, looked like flaming chariots from which streamed rivers of blood. Earth and sky seemed bathed in blood.

As Lucille looked, the bitter thought came to her that all that she had heard of the Yankee army was true. Colonel Kenyon was right; they were a set of vandals. Why had she not listened to reason and fled from the city with her aunt? But it was now too late.

Nearly half of the city was now on fire. The flames leaped and danced, as if rejoicing in their work of destruction. Flaming boards, shingles, and shreds of cotton went flying through the air like fiery meteors.

Nearer and nearer the flames crept down the street on which the de Courtney residence stood, until the fire burst forth not more than half a block away. Men, looking like demons in the glare of the flames, would dart into a house, and a moment afterwards, the fire would burst forth.

Lucille caught sight of three negroes, one with an ax in his hands, running across the lawn toward

the house. A moment afterwards, heavy blows could be heard on the door.

"Dey be breakin' in de doah," cried Cato. "Shall I go an' shoot dem?"

"No, no, Cato, don't leave me; don't endanger your life," gasped Lucille. "Perhaps they will set fire to the house and leave. Then we can escape. Don't leave me alone, Cato." There was a pitiful pleading in her voice.

A moment they listened, breathless, and then heavy steps were heard on the stairs, and a hoarse voice said: "If Missy Lucille heah, she be mine; de white gal be Sambo's."

Lucille started and trembled with terror. It was the voice of a huge, brutal negro whom Mr. de Courtney once owned, and whom he had flogged, and then sold on account of viciousness. She could only cower in a corner, and pray that she might have the courage to die.

A thundering blow came on the door of the room in which they were, and it flew from its hinges, and the ferocious, demoniac face of Sambo appeared in the opening. He had dropped his ax and was brandishing a huge knife. Cato fired, but in his hurry and nervousness, missed him, but killed one of his companions, who stood a little behind him.

Before Cato could fire again Sambo, roaring like a savage beast, was on him. Again and again did Sambo strike, and Cato fell bleeding and dying. He had kept his word, he had yielded up his life in defending the honor of his young mistress.

The flames shining through the windows lit up the room as light as day, and Lucille saw it all. She gave a scream of mortal terror that rang through the house like the cry of an affrighted soul about to be plunged into perdition.

Sambo turned his horrible, distorted countenance toward her; it was the countenance of a devil incarnate. He dropped his reeking knife and took a step toward her.

Lucille saw and knew, and the hand of the Huguenot girl never faltered. As her ancestors went to the stake for conscience' sake, so would she die that she might not be defiled. She sprang from her crouching position; her form was drawn to its utmost height, her eyes shone with as holy a fire as gleamed in those of any martyr of old. She snatched the stiletto from her bosom. As the light caught the shining steel, Sambo started back; its sharp point was not turned toward him, but toward her own heart.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CRY OF DESPAIR.

**A**S Fred left to carry the dispatches to General Kilpatrick on the fateful morning of February 17th, he was actuated but by one idea, that of getting back as soon as possible. He must, he would, see Lucille if she was in the city. That she was in any actual danger, he did not for a moment suppose. Of the dreadful tragedy of the night before he had no knowledge. That the city would be burned was a catastrophe of which not a single officer in the army had the least idea. It was well that Fred had no thought of these things happening, for his heart was heavy enough as it was. He took with him his full body of scouts as an escort, for after leaving the left flank of the infantry, the way would be dangerous. Just where Kilpatrick was, he did not know; he might be miles away.

“Captain, don’t ride so fast,” expostulated Darling. “You will kill the men as well as the horses.”

“My orders are to travel fast,” was all the answer Fred made, and he kept up his killing pace.

Small scouting parties of the enemy were seen, but they quickly got out of the way. It was noon before Kilpatrick was found and the orders delivered. They had ridden nearly fifty miles.

An hour's rest, the horses carefully fed and groomed, and Fred was ready to start back.

"Why not wait and return with us?" said General Kilpatrick. "My orders are to close in on the left of the infantry before Columbia."

"I cannot wait," replied Fred. "I must return. It is imperative that I see Columbia to-night."

His men, thinking that he had orders to that effect, made no complaint.

Owing to the tired condition of the horses, they did not return so quickly as they went, and when night fell, they were still a number of miles from Columbia. As the party ascended the brow of a hill, Fred noticed a dull red glare in the sky in the direction of the city.

"It is some public building or arsenal burning," thought Fred, yet he could not keep that ominous glare out of his mind, and he ordered a swifter pace. His way now led through a wood, which cut off all view in the direction of the city. When next Fred came to a place where he had a clear view, the glow had increased to a fiery red, and the whole sky seemed streaked with blood.

"Great heavens! the city is burning," groaned Fred, and he urged Prince forward at full speed. The tired horse responded nobly, and soon Fred was near enough to see the furious leaping and dancing of the flames. His worst fears were realized; the whole city seemed to be on fire. The soldiers who were encamped around the city were

watching the sublime spectacle, some expressing satisfaction, others lamenting the fact.

"Where are General Sherman's headquarters?" was the only question which Fred asked, as he dashed through the camps. Being directed to the headquarters of Sherman, Fred found the general up, and moodily watching the burning city.

"Why, you back already, Captain?" he exclaimed, when he saw Fred. "I did not expect you before to-morrow. Did you find Kilpatrick?"

"Yes, General, and delivered your dispatches all right; but the city, General, the city! Why is it burning?"

"It is too bad, too bad," replied the general, "but it is through no fault of mine. I would have saved it if I could. They brought it on themselves—they brought it on themselves."\*

"General," cried Fred, "the young lady who befriended me, who saved my life when I escaped from Andersonville, is somewhere in the city."

"I hope neither she nor hers will suffer," replied the general. "Captain, if you can find her, see that every protection is furnished her and her property."

The words were scarcely out of the general's

\*The above are the exact words of General Sherman, as he watched the burning city. He gave orders that no private property in Columbia should be molested; therefore no one was more surprised at the conflagration than he. The burning of Columbia gave rise to a bitter controversy between General Sherman and General Wade Hampton, the latter contending that the city was wantonly burned, Sherman doing nothing to prevent it; while General Sherman averred that the fire began in the cotton ignited by the orders of Hampton himself, and then spread by the high wind blowing, and that his soldiers had nothing to do with it. The facts seem to be as narrated in the story; some old buildings caught fire from the cotton, and then the fire was spread by incendiarism. Of course, the high wind blowing had much to do with spreading the fire.

mouth before Fred was away. He rode to where the fire was raging. The sight was a terrible one. Whole streets were solid banks of flames. Most of the citizens he met were too excited or frightened to tell him anything. At last he noticed a fine-looking elderly gentleman, who stood calmly smoking a cigar and watching a burning block with the air of a stoic. Fred spoke to him, and removing the cigar from his mouth, he pointed to the burning block, and said: "There goes all I am worth. It makes a fine fire, sah, a fine fire."

Without noticing the sarcasm in his tone, Fred asked: "Do you know where Miss Lucille de-Courtney lives?"

"Yes, sah, six blocks down thiis street."

"The house! the house!" cried Fred.

"It stands alone, surrounded by trees, sah. It may escape, if not set on fire. It's a big brick house, on the left hand side, sah."

The street down which the old gentleman pointed was a wide one, but it was banked by solid walls of flames on both sides, making the heat intense.

"Thank you" replied Fred, as he wheeled his horse.

"Mercy, sah! you are not going to ride into that furnace?" cried the citizen.

But Fred did not hear him; he was already spurring Prince down the flame-swept street. For once the horse hesitated to obey. He reared and plunged and trembled with fear. Fred soothed him with word and hand, and at last he plunged

forward. The air was like a furnace. The flames leaped and roared, and darted out their fiery tongues, as if eager for their prey. With blood-red nostrils, and quivering in every limb, Prince ran the fiery gantlet.

The air grew cooler, and Fred, to his joy, saw that the flames did not reach to within half a block of the de Courtney residence. If there, Lucille was yet safe. With a fervent "Thank God!" Fred dashed up to the door, when to his horror he saw that it had been smashed in. Bidding Prince stand still, Fred sprang from his back and up the steps. As he did so, a piercing shriek rang through the house. With revolver in hand Fred sprang through the hall and up the stairs, for it was from one of the upper rooms that the shriek came.

By the glare of the flames, through a shattered door, Fred caught the figure of a man. Leaping over the body of the negro who had been killed by Cato, he bounded into the room. There stood Lucille about to drive the dagger into her own heart. Her hand was steady, her eyes upturned to heaven, her face, the face of an angel.

"Lucille!" Fred's voice rang out as full of agony, of terror, as had her voice sounded a moment before.

Sambo heard the cry and turned his head to see from whom it came. Fred caught sight of the distorted, fiendish countenance, the smutty hand and arm dripping with blood. The brute opened his mouth to utter a cry of fear, but it died away in a gurgle, for a bullet crashed through his brain. The



**SHE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IF FRED HAD NOT CAUGHT  
HER IN HIS ARMS.**



remaining negro, with a howl of terror, started to escape, but a ball from Fred's revolver pierced his heart, and he fell all doubled up, looking for all the world like a huge, malignant toad.

Lucille had heard Fred's cry, and it stayed her hand. The tragedy enacted before her eyes, in a brief second, seemed to her to have taken years. Then a dim consciousness of what had happened came to her. The tense muscles relaxed, the stiletto dropped from her nerveless hand and fell ringing to the floor. She wavered like a broken lily, and would have fallen, if Fred had not caught her in his eager arms.

He gathered her dear form to his breast. On her pale, bloodless lips he pressed kiss after kiss.

"Lucille! Lucille!" he cried, "it is I, Fred. Oh, my love! speak to me—speak to me!"

Then the cowering negro women found their tongues. "She fainted, Massa," cried one. "Me get watah," and she ran out.

Now, for the first time, Fred noticed the room. It looked like a slaughter-pen. The bodies of the three dead negroes lay around, two of them distorted and with the faces of devils. But Cato lay calm and peaceful, and with a smile on his face, as if to die for his mistress had been a pleasure. But Fred, in his excitement, did not notice this, nor did he recognize that one of the dead bodies was Cato's. He only knew that Lucille must be borne from the room, that her eyes when first opened must not look on that blood-bespattered room,



those ghastly, horrible bodies. Gently he carried her unconscious form to another room, and laid her on a sofa. Then, with the water the negro woman had brought, he eagerly bathed her face, all the while calling her the most endearing names.

So long did she remain in the swoon, that Fred's heart grew faint with fear, and he moaned: "Oh! she is dead! she is dead!"

But at last there was a sigh, a slight tremor, and her eyes slowly opened. Fred's arms were around her, his face was close to hers. "Oh, my love! my love!" he was saying.

Her eyes looked into his, and in their depths she saw his great love, his faithfulness. A great peace came over her. Forgotten was the burning city, the hostile army, the horror through which she had passed. She only felt that she was safe, that her lover was true, that he was speaking to her in endearing accents.

Like a child, she nestled close to him, and as his kisses rained on her face, she was happy. Then, as full recollection came to her, and she saw the smiling faces of the negro women as they looked on, a deep blush suffused her face, brow, and neck. Gently disengaging herself from Fred's arms, she sat up.

"Captain Shackelford forgets himself," she said; "but I thank you, oh! I thank you for saving me."

"Thank God; He led me here in time," whispered Fred.

"Has all danger passed?" she asked, with trembling lips.

"Yes, love," whispered Fred, "there will be no more danger."

"But the fire, the fire, isn't the house on fire?"

"I think not, but there may be danger. I will see. Rest without fear, Lucille, for I will guard you from every danger. I shall be gone but a moment."

Fred went out and found that the fire had not approached any nearer, and soldiers were now engaged in fighting it. Another brigade, one not crazed with liquor, had been ordered by General Sherman into the city. Stretched out like a great drag-net, this brigade had swept through the unburned portion of the city, gathering in everything before them. Hundreds of drunken soldiers, negroes, as well as all citizens upon the streets, were corralled, and the city was cleared of all dangerous characters. The brigade then went to work with a will to check the flames.

Fred found his faithful horse where he had left him. Giving him in charge of a soldier to guard until he needed him, he sought the commander of the brigade. To his joy he found that it was General Ainsworth, an old friend.

A word to him, and a strong guard was at once thrown around Lucille's house. Fred had a detail made to remove the dead bodies of the negroes, and to obliterate the bloody evidence of the tragedy that had been enacted within. He then went back

to Lucille and told her what he had done. "You can now," said he, "rest as securely as if you were in your mother's arms. There will be no more burning, no more—" he stopped, he could not say the word.

"But Cato, Captain," said Lucille, "what have you done with the body of poor Cato? He died defending me," and she wept piteously.

Fred started. "Was he one of those dead negroes?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. Oh! see that his remains are not mistreated."

"I will, Lucille. I have given orders that the bodies of those wretches be removed like so much carrion. But Cato, he was one of God's noblemen. I will see that he not only has a Christian, but a soldier's, burial."

"Now, Captain," pleaded Lucille, "leave me for to-night with my servants; they are faithful. You say the house is securely guarded. I cannot think; I cannot talk to-night, but oh, how I thank you! Come to-morrow. I shall be more myself."

"God bless and keep you, darling," he whispered, and taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and went out into the night—the night made light with the glare of the burning city; but no more did he notice the leaping flames, or think of the destruction going on around him. He had found Lucille. She loved him, although she had not said so in so many words. What was the rest of Columbia to him? His darling, his love was

safe. In his happiness, he heeded not that other hearts might be breaking, or that bitter tears were being shed in Columbia that night. Yet who can blame him? Who, in his place, would have felt differently?

Pressing a bill into the hand of the sergeant who had command of the guard around the house, Fred said: "Guard that house as carefully as if it sheltered your mother."

The sergeant's eyes glistened, and he answered with a tremor in his voice: "My mother, God bless her! She is praying for me now in her Northern home. Captain, no harm shall come to this house or those who dwell therein."

Fred went away satisfied. He knew that a soldier who thought of his mother, who blessed her for praying for him, could be trusted.

The next morning when Fred visited Lucille, he found her greatly recovered from the terrible experiences of the night before. The love that she felt for him shone in her eyes, and when he held out his arms for her to come to him, she did not refuse. Her head pillowed on his breast, her long pent-up feelings found vent in tears—tears which Fred did not try to check, for did he not kiss them away? It was a blissful two hours they spent together; and then, Lucille had so much to tell him.

When she told him of how Colonel Kenyon had reported him dead, and how the story was partially corroborated by a letter from her uncle, and how she believed it until Cato caused her to doubt, Fred

said: "Noble Cato! he shall have a monument. I owe much to him. Lucille, I now see it was not only a mistake, but very foolish in me to make that visit to your uncle. Darling, how it has caused you to suffer; but I was famishing to hear of you."

"I am not sorry you went," she whispered, "because—because—"

"Because what, darling?"

"Because, it showed how much you loved me," she said, with a blush.

When Lucille spoke of her father, she could not restrain her tears; she spoke also of the loving, kind letter her uncle wrote her, begging her to accept Colonel Kenyon.

"It was a terrible trial," said Lucille. "I thought you dead; my father was dead; my uncle is my legal guardian, and I had nowhere to go for advice. And Colonel Kenyon seemed so kind, so sympathetic, so different from what he once was; he did not even say a word against you. I bade him wait a year before he spoke of love."

"Lucille, you did not promise to marry that man in a year, did you?" The voice did not sound like Fred's; it was so full of pain.

"No," answered Lucille, and her clear, honest eyes looked straight into Fred's; "but I was alone; the pleading of my uncle touched my heart, and I resolved to try to love Colonel Kenyon if I could. If not, I should never have married him. With you gone, my heart seemed dead, but I did not know, I wanted to please uncle. I am not

sorry, even if you are angry. I now know that even if you had been dead, I would never have married Colonel Kenyon, for he was only acting a part. Here is the letter uncle wrote," and she handed him the letter.

As she did so, Fred noticed that she had drawn away from him, that she appeared cold and distant. He hastily read the letter through; he saw as by a calcium light, the conflict to which Lucille had been subjected.

"Darling, forgive me!" he exclaimed; "but even the thought of your ever considering of marrying that scoundrel and hypocrite is madness. But you did right. Neither would you have married him. Your pure spirit would have shrunk from him; you could never have loved him. Lucille, do you know that he has basely deceived your uncle as well as you?"

Then he told her all that he knew of Colonel Kenyon's double dealing; how he had set the mob on that he might appear as the judge's friend.

"Only let your uncle know this," said Fred, "and you need fear nothing more from him for refusing Kenyon's suit."

Lucille, in return, told Fred how desperate the colonel had become, how he had tried by every means in his power to get her to leave the city, and, at last, had gone so far as to try to abduct her.

Fred listened with a tempest raging in his heart, and he almost wished he had not spared him when he had him in his power at the spring.

"Let us be thankful, Lucille," he said, "that all clouds have now rolled away. And as the clouds which surrounded us have passed away, so do I believe that the war clouds which hang over the country will soon pass away. The war cannot last much longer; the North and the South will soon be at peace."

"But with the South utterly crushed," answered Lucille, with much feeling. "Oh, Fred! what will happen when the South yields? Will our property be confiscated? Our best and noblest men hanged for treason?"

"Have no fears, darling," replied Fred; "this is a war for the restoration of the Union, not for conquest. I know how General Sherman feels. You people think him a monster, but instead he has nothing but sympathy for you. It was not his fault that Columbia was burned; he would have saved it if he could. He believes you a brave, noble, but terribly mistaken people. There will be no confiscation, no hanging for treason. The South will simply be asked to accept the situation and come back into the Union. She will lose her slaves, and she ought, for if there had been no slavery, there would have been no war."

Fred then told her what his mother had said on her death-bed, that God would never prosper a nation whose chief corner-stone was human slavery.

"She told the truth! she told the truth!" cried Lucille, "but terribly has God punished us for our sins."

"Aye, and the North, too," said Fred, "for the North is not guiltless in this thing. The whole nation has been made to tread the wine-press of God's wrath. Let us hope his anger has been appeased, and that he will let the light of his countenance shine upon us."

"Amen," whispered, Lucille, and as she said it, she looked with a sigh over the ruins of her native city.

Fred spent two happy days, and then came the inexorable command that the army move on.

"Lucille," said Fred, "we march to-morrow."

"Oh, Fred! so soon as that? Can't you stay?"

"And be a prisoner before the army is out of sight of Columbia?"

"Oh, Fred, I didn't think. Yes, you must go."

"And what will you do, darling?"

She thought a moment, and then replied: "I think I will go to Uncle Chambers. He is my guardian, the executor of my father's will. I have nothing to keep me in Columbia. Half of the city is in ruins, the servants are scattered, you say they will be free, and—and—"

"And what, Lucille?"

"I am afraid of Colonel Kenyon. If he return, he will persecute me, I know it. There is no telling what he may do. You know he is a man of influence, of power. With Uncle Chambers I shall be safe."

"Your resolve is a wise one, Lucille," answered Fred. "When the war is over, I will seek you



there; and it will not be long, darling, not many months."

So it was decided that Lucille should go to her uncle's as soon as she could arrange her affairs.

Fred lingered in Columbia as long as a soldier remained. It was a sad yet happy parting between him and Lucille—happy because they loved and trusted each other—sad because they must part, neither knowing when they might meet again.

The last soldier had left Columbia, when Fred sprang onto Prince and galloped away; but as long as he could see Lucille, he waved back his farewells.

She watched him until he was out of sight, and then, with faltering steps and tear-dimmed eyes, she turned and went into the house. But notwithstanding the sorrow of parting and the scene of destruction around her, her heart was singing with the happiness of love.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

**I**T is not the intention of the author to trace every step of Sherman's march from Columbia to Goldsboro. It was a march which took a month to make, and through difficulties almost insurmountable. On the flank and rear of the army swarmed an enraged cavalry, ready to pick up every straggler, and more than one of Sherman's bummers suffered an ignominious death.

But there was nothing that could stop the onward march of Sherman's army. Miles of road were corduroyed, almost as quickly as if a genius had been summoned by the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. Sometimes the army could be seen strung along for miles, each soldier carrying a rail on his shoulder, and as each man would reach the end of the corduroy, he would deposit his rail, and thus the road would be made passable for wagons and artillery. Where swamps had to be crossed, great trees would be felled, and the places between the logs would be filled in with poles and rails. In spite of all these difficulties, the army, on an average, advanced ten miles per day. No wonder General Johnston exclaimed: "There has been no such army, no such general, since the days of Julius Cæsar!"

Notwithstanding the severe labor to which the soldiers were subjected, the hardships which they were called upon to endure, their spirits never flagged. They were being continually drenched with the wintry rain; they waded swamps waist-deep with freezing water, but there was no complaining. They sang as they marched, and "Uncle Billy," as they called General Sherman, was their idol. The soldiers knew they were ending the war, and they were happy. They fully expected to be in at the finish before Richmond, but the end came quicker than they thought.

The whole way from Columbia to Goldsboro was a continual skirmish; but the force of the enemy was not large enough to offer any serious resistance, until North Carolina was reached. The garrisons of the sea-port cities which had been evacuated were hurried to Sherman's front. Hood's depleted legions had been brought across the states of Georgia and South Carolina, and the old armies of Johnston and Sherman once more confronted each other. Thus it was that when Sherman crossed over into North Carolina, he found himself confronted with a veteran army of between thirty and forty thousand men, under the command of that ablest of generals, Joseph E. Johnston.

During the busy and toilsome days of the march from Columbia, Fred found plenty to do. The labor that his scouts performed, the amount of information they obtained, was of the utmost value to Sherman. One day when Fred was out on the

flank, he noticed a forager whose appearance looked strangely familiar. The fellow had two chickens tied together by their legs, and thrown over one of his shoulders. He was swaggering along apparently unconcerned, yet Fred could see that he was keeping a sharp look-out on everything that was passing around him. He stopped a soldier, drew a bottle from his pocket, treated him, and then talked with him for some time.

“Who is that fellow you have been talking to!” asked Fred, riding up to the soldier who had been treated.

“Don’t know,” was the answer; “he seems a clever fellow, but mighty inquisitive. Wanted to know about the position of all our corps, just as if he shouldn’t know as much about it as I do.”

Fred asked no more questions, but spurred his horse after the inquisitive soldier. The fellow saw him coming, gave a start as if in surprise, pulled his hat down over his eyes, left the road, and struck across the fields. But Fred was after him.

“Look here, you fellow with the chickens, halt, there!” called out Fred. “What have you been doing that you seem to be ashamed of yourself?”

“Haven’t been doin’ nuthin’,” mumbled the soldier, halting, but not looking up.

Fred rode up to him, and by a quick movement, jerked his hat from his head. “Great God! Calhoun!” gasped Fred, turning pale.

The supposed Federal forager was no other than

Captain Pennington, who had come into North Carolina with the remnant of Hood's army.

"Yes, Calhoun," he responded, moodily.

"Calhoun, I am sorry," began Fred, who seemed to be fully as much distressed as Calhoun over his capture; "what evil genius made me run foul of you?"

"You are no more sorry than I am," answered Calhoun, with something of his old vivacity.

"Cal, you know what will happen if I turn you over as a prisoner."

Brave as he was, Calhoun turned pale; he well knew what would happen; he would be tried and executed as a spy.

Just then firing was heard, and they saw that the foragers were being driven in by a force of Confederate cavalry. In a few moments, quite a brisk fight was in progress.

Fred hesitated a moment, and then said loud enough for some soldiers to hear, who were standing near: "Throw down those chickens, and go and help repel that attack. The next time I tell you not to leave your company, see that you obey me."

Then lowering his voice, he continued, hurriedly: "Cal, manage to get taken prisoner by your own men. It is the only chance for you."

Calhoun did not wait to be told the second time, but threw down his chickens, and was soon in the thickest of the fight. A regiment of infantry came up, and the Confederates were driven back, but Fred looked in vain for Calhoun.

One of the soldiers who had seen Fred talking to Calhoun, said: "Captain, that fellow you were talking to was a blamed fool. He rushed ahead as if he were afraid of nothing, and a squad of Johnnies swooped down on him and gobbled him."

Fred breathed a sigh of relief. He knew that Calhoun had obtained no knowledge that would harm Sherman, and he rejoiced that he had escaped.

Little did Fred think when he lay down to rest that night, that before many hours the liberty he gave Calhoun meant life for himself. But such proved to be the case.

A couple of days afterwards, while on a scout with only two of his men, Fred found himself surrounded, and that to resist simply meant death, so he surrendered. To his dismay, he found that the Confederates who had captured him were under the command of Colonel Kenyon. He now bitterly regretted he had not died fighting, but it was too late; he must meet whatever fate was in store for him.

When Colonel Kenyon discovered whom he had among his prisoners, a look of hellish triumph came into his eyes. He would run no risk, he would make short work of it.

"So, it is you, my gallant Captain Shackelford," he said, with a sneer. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, except that I demand the treatment due to a prisoner and a soldier," replied Fred.

"I will give you the treatment due to a sneak

and a spy," answered Kenyon, with an oath. "I have told you that I should live to see you hanged, and I will make my words good." Then turning to one of his men, he said: "Bring me a rope!"

The trooper grinned, and commenced taking a rope halter from his horse.

"Is that the way you serve prisoners, Colonel Kenyon?" demanded Fred, indignantly. "Beware, Colonel, my death may be avenged."

"It's the way I serve spies and vandals, and I would hang you, even if the whole Confederate government forbid. But I have no fears, and your threats are idle. You will not be the first Yankee to be strung up on this raid. So be prepared to meet the devil, your master."

Fred saw it was no use to argue. He would meet his fate like a soldier. Of all men, Colonel Kenyon should not see him show any fear. He thought of Lucille, and though the thought pierced his heart like a knife, he did not wince. He had so much to live for; he was so young, so full of hope; the world seemed so bright since Lucille had given him her love. It was hard to die, and to die in such an ignominious way.

"Heah is the rope, Kernel," said the soldier.

"Lead his horse under that tree; fasten one end of the rope around that projecting limb, and the other around his neck, then drive the horse from under him."

One of the Confederates sprang into the tree, and commenced tying the rope to the limb, while

another on the ground busied himself with making a noose at the other end.

"I will make that famous horse of yours serve as a scaffold," said Kenyon, with a grin, "and then you may have the satisfaction of knowing that I shall ride him."

Fred did not deign to answer the brute.

"Have you any word to send to Miss Lucille de Courtney? I understand that young lady is somewhat interested in you," said Kenyon, with a leer.

The taunt pierced through Fred's stoicism. He had thought not to say a word. "It is profanation," he answered, fiercely, "for you to take that pure name on your polluted lips. Whatever happens to me, she is not for you. She knows your duplicity, your hypocrisy. I saw her in Columbia. She promised to be my wife."

"Up with him!" shouted Kenyon, fearing that he would say more, and that the story would become public. "Up with the spy and liar!"

"All ready, Colonel," said the soldier, and one of them led Prince under the tree.

Just then an interruption occurred. A squadron of cavalry came dashing up, and at their head was Captain Calhoun Pennington.

Colonel Kenyon saw who it was, and fairly shrieked: "Swing him off, quick! quick!"

One glance, and Calhoun snatched a revolver from the holster and thundered: "Stop! the soldier who dares touch that rope dies!"



“Why do you interfere?” roared Kenyon. “Men, hang that spy, or I will have every one of you shot!”

“And if they execute that order, I will send a ball through your heart!” exclaimed Calhoun, covering the colonel with his revolver.

The soldiers looked at each other in astonishment. What did this quarrel mean between their officers?

Colonel Kenyon hesitated, but only for a moment; then he shouted: “Shoot the traitor! shoot him without mercy!”

Some of Colonel Kenyon’s command commenced to draw their weapons, but Calhoun’s men, seeing the danger of their captain, drew their weapons, and gathered around him. The situation was critical, and it looked as if the Confederates would fly at each other’s throats, when the suspense was broken by Chambers, who for gallantry had been promoted to a colonelcy. He came galloping up at the head of his regiment, crying: “The Federals are advancing. They will be on us in a few moments.”

Then he caught sight of Fred, the dangling halter, and the threatening attitude of the men.

“What does this mean?” he demanded, in astonishment.

“It means,” roared Kenyon, “that Captain Pennington has threatened my life. I ordered his arrest as a traitor, and his command are inclined to resist. I reiterate the order. Take him men, and

hang that spy (pointing at Fred), and hang him quick!"

"Hold!" the voice of Colonel Chambers rang out like a trumpet. "Captain Pennington, how is this?"

"It means," answered Calhoun, coolly, "that Colonel Kenyon was going to murder a prisoner in cold blood, and I interfered."

Colonel Chambers looked at Fred. "Captain Pennington speaks the truth," said Fred. "If it had not been for him, I should have been in eternity, hanged by the orders of that man," pointing at Colonel Kenyon, "who disgraces the uniform he wears."

"And hang you shall," growled Kenyon. "Colonel Chambers, that spy is my prisoner. I am the senior officer present. I will not be balked. Men, string that spy up."

"I forbid!" cried Colonel Chambers. "Men," and he turned to his regiment, "protect that prisoner."

There is no telling what would have happened, if at that moment General Wade Hampton had not come on the scene.

"What are you doing?" he demanded, angrily. "Why are your men not deployed? Do you not know the Yankees are advancing?"

The general then for the first time noticed Fred and the dangling rope. "What does this mean?" he asked, a deep scowl coming over his face.

"It means, General," replied Fred, "that out

of pure revenge for a fancied personal grievance, Colonel Kenyon was going to hang me, and Colonel Chambers and Captain Pennington were trying to prevent the outrage. General, as a Federal officer, I ask your protection. I know I shall not ask in vain—”

“He is a spy,” broke in Kenyon, “and I demand that Captain Calhoun Pennington be arrested as a traitor. This officer is Captain Shackelford, a notorious Federal spy. Captain Pennington is his cousin, and trying to protect him.”

By this time the firing had become hot in front, and many Confederates were galloping wildly back.

“This is no time to listen to complaints,” answered Hampton, testily. “Colonel Kenyon, you deploy your regiment at once, and you, Colonel Chambers, deploy your regiment on the left of Colonel Kenyon’s.

Then turning to two of his orderlies, he bade them take charge of Fred, and galloped to another part of the field.

“Come on,” said the two Confederates who had been placed in charge of Fred. “It’s goin’ to be as hot as blazes here in about three minutes. Thank yer, Yank, for takin’ us out of the battle. So the Kernel was goin’ ter hang yer, was he?”

“It looked like it,” replied Fred, with a shudder, as he glanced at the dangling rope, and he rode away with his guards with a thankful heart.

They had not proceeded more than half a mile, when the battle was roaring fiercely in their rear.



SINKING HIS SPURS IN PRINCE'S SIDES, HE GAVE A SHARP COMMAND.



Looking back, Fred said: "I reckon you fellows are getting the worst of it."

The soldiers looked back, then halted, and wheeled their horses to gaze on that magnificent spectacle, a spirited cavalry fight.

Fred saw his opportunity. Sinking his spurs in Prince's sides, he gave a sharp command. The horse sprang as if he were shot, nearly overthrowing the horse of one of the Confederates. Before the guards recovered from their surprise, Fred was yards away. They fired, but missed. A number of Confederate soldiers near by took up the pursuit, but Prince easily outstripped them all. Fred rode somewhat to the rear, so as to miss any of the Confederates who might be falling back, then straight away, until the battle sounded faintly in his ears. Inside of half an hour, he was safe in the Federal lines. He found that the fight was over, the Confederates having been driven from the field. From one of the prisoners captured, he learned that Colonel Kenyon had been severely wounded in the arm during the fight.

His narrow escape from death made a deep impression on Fred. He knew that he was indebted to Calhoun for his timely interference, but for that his career would have been ended. Neither did he forget Colonel Chambers. In showing mercy and sparing the lives of Calhoun and Chambers, he now saw that he had saved his own.

A few days after this adventure of Fred, the battle of Aversboro was fought, and then that of

Bentonville. It was at Bentonville, that the armies of General Sherman and General Johnston met in battle for the last time. The conflict was a severe one, resulting in a victory for the Federals, with a loss of fifteen hundred, to that of two thousand five hundred for the Confederates.

Shortly afterwards, General Sherman formed a junction with the forces of Schofield at Goldsboro, and the long march was over. At Goldsboro, General Sherman was once more in communication with the outside world, and the whole North again rang with the glad news of his success. But the North had ceased to worry over Sherman. The nation fully believed that he and his army were invincible.

At Goldsboro, General Sherman found himself at the head of an army almost as large as he had led against Atlanta, and he prepared to deal Johnston a crushing blow. But before he could move came the news of the evacuation of Richmond, and then of the surrender at Appomattox.

Fred never forgot the day the news of Lee's surrender was received. The army went wild. Bronzed soldiers embraced each other, the tears running down their cheeks. That for which they had fought for four long years had come to pass. Visions of home, of meeting with loved ones danced before their eyes. Over were the fatigue, the long marches, the battles. No wonder they laughed and danced and shouted.

But in the midst of their rejoicing came the tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln.

Their joy was turned into sorrow; their laughter into tears. Every soldier looked on Lincoln as a father. It is said that when William, the prince of Orange, was assassinated, little children went weeping through the streets. So at the death of Lincoln, a nation was plunged into grief.

When General Johnston heard of the surrender of Lee, he made overtures to General Sherman to surrender, and terms were agreed upon between them. These terms were rejected at Washington, and General Sherman was ordered to move on Johnston at once. The man who was looked upon as a monster by the South, had granted them more liberal terms, had been more merciful than the government would allow.

Then came those days of misrepresentation and of cruel charges against Sherman. Fred's heart bled for his chief; he knew how greatly he was misunderstood both by the North and the South. General Grant came down to Goldsboro, virtually with orders to supersede Sherman; but he dealt kindly with his favorite, and merely ordered him to move against Johnston.

General Sherman did not hesitate a moment, but advanced on Raleigh. The soldiers received the orders with surprise. They thought the war over, and here came the orders for battle. But there was no hesitancy.

"We will make short work of it," they cried, and short work they would have made of it, but fortunately the end came without bloodshed. Gen-



eral Johnston surrendered on the same terms granted to Lee, and the war was over.

Among those who came in to be paroled, were Captain Calhoun Pennington and Colonel Charles Chambers. If one had seen the way Fred greeted them, it would have been hard to believe that they had ever faced each other in deadly conflict.

There was a joyful reunion in Fred's quarters that night. A number of both Federal and Confederate officers had been invited to join in the festivities. Fred and Calhoun told of their youthful friendship, of the oath they took to be ever true to each other, on that eventful day they first met Nelson.

"And, Cal," said Fred, "we have both kept that oath, haven't we, and sometimes nearly to our undoing."

"I should say we had," replied Calhoun. "Fred, do you remember that time you nearly came making angels out of both of us, down in Tennessee, just before the battle of Shiloh?"

"Don't mention that; let us forget it," cried Fred, with a shiver.

But the curiosity of the company was excited, and the story had to be told, and they all wondered that the issue of a great battle was decided by as trivial a matter as the taking of an oath by two boys.\*

Colonel Chambers told Fred that nothing had come of the charges of Colonel Kenyon against

\*Bee General Nelson's Scout.

Calhoun; in all probability owing to the wounding of the colonel and the early termination of the war. Kenyon had so far recovered from his wound, that when the surrender came, he and hundreds of others of Hampton's cavalry rode away, refusing to surrender, or to give their parole.

During this time an incident happened which greatly pleased Fred. He was approached by a young Confederate lieutenant, who gave him his card, saying: "I have greatly wanted to meet you, Captain Shackelford, and thank you for what you have done for me. I am more your debtor than you think."

"You surprise me, Lieutenant; I do not remember having met you before," answered Fred.

"Neither have you, but you rendered a kindness to one who is dearer to me than life."

The lieutenant then told Fred that he belonged to Hood's army; that in their journey through Georgia, on their way to North Carolina, he got leave of absence to visit his betrothed, Miss Clara Richards; "and," said he, "she told me all about your brave defense of her, and bade me, if ever I met you, to return you her heartfelt thanks."

"Lieutenant, I congratulate you on winning such a prize," cried Fred. "Tell her she shall have a wedding present from me when the happy event comes off."

It is needless to say Miss Richards in due time received the present.

When Fred told Darling of his meeting with the

lieutenant, he put on a disconsolate look, and said: "Just my luck, Captain; I thought you gave that girl to me."

"Dick, I simply yielded up my claim; you must now settle with the lieutenant," laughed Fred.

"No use, the war is over, I shall now have to look elsewhere."

"And may you not look in vain, old fellow."

"Thank you; none in mine. I have been scorched once, that is enough," and Darling went away, whistling.

The work of paroling over, the sad, dejected Confederate army started for their homes, provided with rations, and as far as possible, with transportation, by the Federal government. But no amount of kindness could take away the sting of defeat. For four long years they had fought and suffered, as few soldiers had ever fought and suffered, and they had lost.

There was something so sad, so pathetic in the disbanding and going home of the Confederates, that the hearts of the Federals were touched, and many were the words of comfort and cheer they received. But the recollection of their homes made desolate by war, embittered the thoughts of the Confederates, and their hearts were as lead. Years were to go by before they were to see that the hand of God was in their defeat, and that it was all for the best.

Before Colonel Chambers left, Fred gave into his hand a bulky letter which he was to deliver to

Lucille. "No doubt," said Fred, "she is safe with your father before this time."

He also pressed upon the colonel a liberal sum of money. "Your money is worthless," said Fred, "and this money will enable you to travel as a gentleman."

After some hesitation, Colonel Chambers consented to take the money with the proviso that it was to be considered as a loan, and to be paid back with interest.

In due time Colonel Chambers reached home, and Fred's letter was delivered to Lucille, who had found a safe refuge with her uncle. How many times she read that letter, how she treasured every word, is not for us to say. Neither will we peep into its privacy with the exception of one little paragraph: "Before the June roses cease to bloom, I hope to visit you in your Georgia home."

How Lucille treasured those words! How eagerly she looked forward to June!

As for Calhoun, Fred would hear of nothing but that he should accompany him to Washington. This Calhoun consented to do, if Fred could get permission to proceed directly to Washington, instead of marching through with the army.

This Fred had no difficulty in doing, as his command was an independent one. The two spent a number of happy days in Washington, even taking in New York and Boston, before the arrival of the armies at the capital.

As for Sherman's gallant soldiers, they had to

take up the march for Richmond, and from Richmond to Washington. The march from Richmond to Washington was characterized by one of the most senseless and cruel acts of the war. Some of the generals at a dinner, inflamed with wine, began to boast of the marching qualities of their men. It ended by a wager being made as to which division would reach Washington first. For this reason, the march, instead of being made leisurely, giving the soldiers a chance to recuperate, was turned into a race for Washington. If the capital city had been in danger from a hostile force, greater haste could not have been made. Hundreds of soldiers who had made the march from Atlanta to the sea, and from the sea to Richmond fell exhausted and fainting by the way. More than one soldier who had been cheered by the thoughts of returning home, of once more greeting loved ones and friends, did not live to return. Those who waited and prayed to see them, waited and prayed in vain. These soldiers were killed—killed a thousand times more cruelly than if they had been slain by the balls of the enemy—sacrificed to the vanity of their generals.

At last the Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Grand Army were gathered at Washington. Then came that grand review—a review the like of which this country never saw before, and it is to be hoped will never see again, for it marked the close of the greatest civil war of modern times.

Proudly did Fred ride in that parade, proudly did thousands upon thousands of soldiers march by

that reviewing stand, their rifles garlanded with flowers, their pathway a bed of roses scattered by the hands of youth and beauty.

A few more days, and that mighty army was scattered; their work was done. With swelling hearts, they saw Old Glory floating everywhere. From the great dome of the capitol it was waving over a saved, purified nation—purified in the fierce crucible of war.

Millions of voices were shouting pæans of praise, and over the nation, on golden pinions, hovered the Angel of Peace, proclaiming to the world that the war of brother against brother was over.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### KATE FLIES THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

**L**EAVING Fred at Washington, we will turn our attention to what had happened in Tennessee, since the battle of Nashville. After Hood, in his retreat, had crossed the Tennessee River, he gathered the shattered remnants of his army at Tupelo, Mississippi. He then resigned, a disappointed and heart-broken man. History had not yet done full justice to his military genius, and in all probability never will. The world never does justice to the unfortunate, or to those who fail.

Rash, Hood was, but he was brave. He was also full of resources, and always kept his opponent wondering what he would do next. His march from Atlanta to Nashville showed him an antagonist to be feared. Never was a general nearer to a great success, and failed, than was Hood at Spring Hill. His greatest fault lay in the fact of his trying to saddle on others his own mistakes. He did not possess the spirit of Lee, who, after Pickett's disastrous charge at Gettysburg, said: "I alone am to blame."

Hugh Raymond followed the fortune of the Army of the Cumberland, first in the pursuit of Hood, then into eastern Tennessee, then back into northern Alabama.

When General Wilson started on his great cavalry raid, Hugh longed to be one of the number, for he saw no prospect of any more fighting with the infantry. But his position on the staff of General Stanley forbade his going.

This raid of General Wilson, occurring as it did, near the close of the war, has never attracted the attention it deserves. The storming and capture of Selma, Alabama, was one of the most brilliant and daring achievements in the annals of war. The infantry had to take off their hats, and acknowledge the prowess of the cavalry. Even Hugh had to give in, and none shouted the praise of the cavalry louder than he.

At the close of the war, Hugh found himself back in Nashville. During the months he had been absent, his thoughts had been continually with Kate Shackelford. Sleeping or waking, her image had ever been before him. Careless as Hugh appeared, he felt that his happiness depended on his winning the proud, imperious Kate. Now that the war was over, would she still consider him an enemy to her country? Time only could tell.

To Hugh's great joy, he found that Colonel Shackelford had nearly recovered from his wound. Although greatly depressed over the result of the war, he was glad it was over. He seemed pleased to see Hugh, and gave him a cordial welcome.

"Captain, I feel that I owe you my life," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion. "You saved me when, rightfully, I had forfeited all claims



on your protection. I now see how wrong it was for me to shoot that soldier when I was surrounded, and there was no hope of my escaping. To the poor fellow's summons to surrender, I answered by taking his life. But I was crazed with grief over the defeat of our army, and the dire danger in which I saw Kate. If that soldier's comrade had plunged his bayonet into my breast, he would only have done his duty. You mercifully struck down his gun."

"Say no more about it, Colonel," replied Hugh; "it's all over now. We are citizens of the same country. I am only too glad I had the opportunity to render you a service."

Kate's greeting to Hugh was much more reserved than that of her father. She was shy, and had little to say. The collapse of the Confederacy had well-nigh broken her heart. The devotion of her life was now given to her father. As she stood by his side, one hand on his head, gently toying with his hair, Hugh thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. It was not the high-strung, passionate Kate before him, but the loving, devoted daughter. A great resolve came into Hugh's heart; he would risk all, he would tell Colonel Shackelford of the love he bore his daughter.

"Colonel Shackelford —" he hesitated and stopped, it was so hard to say it after all; but with a desperate effort, he went on—"pardon me if I say a word of myself. Why, you will learn before I am through. I went into the army a mere boy;

in fact, I ran away to enlist. I have now been a soldier for four years. In all that time I have never been sick, never wounded, therefore never had an excuse to ask for a furlough. I have just waked up to the fact that I have a father, a mother, and brothers and sisters. For the first time in all these years, I am homesick. General Stanley tells me there is a probability of the Fourth corps being ordered to Texas. I do not want to go. An inactive life in the army would kill me. I enlisted to help to save the Union, and it is saved. I have decided to offer my resignation. I will go home. I long for a mother's kisses—for—for a mother's pantry."

Hugh said the last in such a comical tone, that the colonel had to laugh.

"You are not the first soldier, Captain, who has felt homesick when he thought of his mother's cupboard," he replied.

"When I enlisted," continued Hugh, "father was a merchant in a small Indiana village. While I have been in the army he has moved to Indianapolis. He writes me he has been doing well, that he has prospered despite the war. In fact, he hints I shall be surprised when I return home. I do not know what the governor has been about, but, Colonel, my folks are respectable."

Hugh stopped and cleared his throat. The colonel looked curious as if to ask, "Why are you telling me all this?" Kate had left the room; she had a premonition of what was coming.

With a great effort Hugh went on: "You may wonder why I have told you all this. It is because I love your daughter."

The colonel gasped in his surprise. "Why! why!" he stammered, "you astonish me. Kate has never hinted there was anything between you."

"Neither is there, Colonel, as far as she is concerned. Kate has never given me any encouragement, for the reason, I am vain enough to think, not because she does not love me, but because I am a Union soldier. Now that the war is over, I am in hopes she will look upon me differently. I shall soon be a private citizen, and the country is all one again.

Colonel Shackelford shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, moodily, "that you take too rosy a view. The North and the South will never be one country again. The wounds are too many, too deep; they will never heal. We may be subjugated, but we can never love our conquerors. Kate is as much a rebel to-day as ever. As for that, so am I. My heart lies buried with the dead Confederacy."

"Time softens all sorrows, heals all wounds," replied Hugh, in a low voice. "Colonel, I hope I have not offended you. All I ask is that if Kate looks with favor on my suit, you will not object."

The colonel put his hand to his brow, as if weary. He thought a moment, and then said: "Captain, you woo as you fought, bravely and like a true man. I will be equally frank with you.

The happiness of my child is everything to me. If I thought that her happiness depended on your suit, that she loved you, I should not object. But I believe your suit is hopeless. I do not think that Kate will ever look with favor on a suitor who has worn the Federal uniform. And candor compels me to say I am glad of it. Much as I honor you, Captain Raymond, I have no desire to have a Yankee for a son-in-law."

"Colonel, all I ask is that I may see Kate, and learn from her own lips my fate. This I believe you have granted," replied Hugh, coldly. The manner and tone of the colonel had stung him. A hot reply was on his tongue, but he smothered it.

"I cannot deny the preserver of my life this request, but I warn you, Captain Raymond, do not build any hopes upon it. I believe I know Kate. But come to-morrow, I must have a talk with her. Good-day."

Hugh left the house, his head in a whirl. "Still harping on the defunct Confederacy," he muttered. "Confound them! will they never forget, or forgive? I may have been a fool for mentioning my love for Kate, but I am in for it, and I will see it through, or my name is not Hugh Raymond."

Hugh was glad that the Rubicon had been crossed, but he was a very uneasy Cæsar after all, and not at all confident of victory.

That night Kate's father and mother had a long talk with her. To their surprise, she admitted with flaming cheeks that she loved Hugh. "But I can

never, never marry him," she wailed. "I can never marry an enemy to the South. I have fought against this, but I can't help loving him. I despise myself—" and she stamped her foot in anger—"that I have not remained true to the memory of Louis Gerrard. I will never, never marry," and she threw herself out of the room in a passion of tears.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Shackelford looked after her deeply distressed. "Poor child!" sighed Mrs. Shackelford; "the war is over, but its curse remains with her, and I am afraid it will blight her life."

"The whole South is blighted; our country will never be what it was," answered the colonel, bitterly.

The next day Kate gave Hugh the desired interview, but it was only after a severe conflict with herself that she granted it. Although she met him outwardly calm, her heart was beating wildly. As for Hugh, he would rather have charged up to the flaming mouth of a cannon. The bravest man trembles and becomes a coward in the presence of the woman he loves.

After the mere commonplace words of meeting, there was an awkward silence; but, at length, Hugh broke it by saying: "Kate, I had the temerity yesterday to tell your father that which you have known for a long time—that is that I love you."

It was rather an unfortunate speech. Kate at once flared up.

"Yes," she retorted, "and I think it was a piece

of presumption on your part, and entirely uncalled for. I have never given you any cause to speak as you did."

"I know that, Kate, and I told your father so," replied Hugh, humbly. "I love you regardless of how you feel toward me."

"What good is that?" asked Kate, pettishly. "You know I won't marry a Yankee. Why make yourself miserable? Surely there are girls in Indiana who would be glad to wed the brave Captain Raymond."

This speech caused Hugh to forget his embarrassment; his old rollicking, happy-go-lucky way returned.

"Kate," he exclaimed, with a comical expression of countenance, "no doubt what you say is true. For aught I know, there may be a hundred girls in Indiana just crying out their eyes for me—nice, pretty girls, too. But I had rather love you. You can't keep me from loving you. I had rather live an old bachelor all my days, and die loving you, than marry the best woman alive. Why, it's enough to make a man happy to know he loves such a woman as you. Come to think about it, I am the happiest man alive."

Kate had to smile, she couldn't help it. Hugh took courage, and drawing his chair closer to her, he said, half entreatingly, half provokingly: "Now, Kate, be good; let's be friends, and—and something more. Tell me that you love me just a little—just a wee bit. Is it possible that I have

been deceived—that you are totally indifferent to me? Kate, you know I love you, that I have loved you ever since I first saw you. You told me a moment ago not to make myself unhappy. Are you not making yourself unhappy? Kate, be honest. If I wore the gray instead of the blue, would you not love me? Is it not the uniform instead of the man you are rejecting? Kate, I love you none the less because you are true to your convictions. It's Hugh Raymond, the man, who pleads with you, not Captain Raymond, the soldier. The war is over, our country is now one; no longer are we enemies. Oh, Kate! Kate! be true to yourself, true to the promptings of your heart. Be mine."

While he was speaking, Hugh had arisen, and he now stepped toward her and held out his arms imploringly.

As Hugh spoke, Kate's face became flaming red, then the blood receded, leaving her pale and trembling. Her heart was beating tumultuously; her resolves were melting into thin air. She longed to cry out: "Oh, Hugh, Hugh! I love you, only you!"

Her heart would have conquered if she had not turned to look out of the window in order to hide her confusion. As she did so, her gaze happened to fall on the capitol of the state. Above it the stars and stripes were waving. She started as if stung by an adder. All her hopes, her prayers that that flag might be lowered—all that she had dared

and suffered that it might be so—came rushing over her like an avalanche.

She turned to Hugh, no longer a trembling, hesitating girl, about to yield to the yearning of her heart, but a defiant woman, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving with her pent-up emotions.

“Captain Raymond,” she said, pointing to the flag, and with a voice vibrating with passion, “do you see that flag? It floats over a subjugated people—a people who have no lot or sympathy with it. For three long years I have seen it float there. It has been the prayer of my life to see it come down—to behold in its place the stars and bars. You know what I have dared and suffered that it might be so, how I almost forgot I was a woman, and did that which now makes my cheeks burn with shame when I think of it. I turned liar, hypocrite; I pretended to love; I faced an ignominious death; I was tried as a spy, condemned, thrown into prison. For three years I have had concealed in this house a flag—a flag made by my own hands, which I had hoped to see waving above that dome. That hope is dead; yet for three years it has been my very life. Oh! if I could see the flag, the flag that I made, float over the capitol, even for one brief moment, I believe I could die happy. But now—now it is all over.”

She stopped a moment, gasped for breath, and then continued, brokenly: “Captain Raymond, you have asked me to be honest with you. I will. I do love you, and I hate myself for it. But if I



loved you ten thousand times more than I do, I would tear that love from my heart, if it killed me. Go! go! I do not want to see you ever again," and she sank into a chair, and pointed toward the door.

Poor Hugh stood helpless before this fierce outburst, but with his helplessness, there came a thrill of happiness, for Kate had confessed she loved him. Then like a flash of inspiration, there came to him the thought that he might cause Kate's flag to float over the capitol for a brief moment.

"Kate, a word before you turn me away forever," exclaimed Hugh; "I had no thought of hurting you so. I think I know how you feel. You say you have a flag, one made by your own hands; that if you could see it float, even for a moment, over yon dome, the sight might make you feel different. Kate, if I should cause it to so float, would it make you any happier?"

"How could you?" she whispered.

"Never mind how; would it make you any happier?"

"Yes, it would be like taking a last look at a dear, dead one. It would fill my heart with agony, but oh, how sweet in after years, would be the memory of that moment!"

"Kate, I will see you again this evening. I will see what I can do. Do not banish me right away. I will cause your flag to float, or die in the attempt. Think kindly of poor Hugh Raymond, if no more," and he was gone.

Kate gazed after him with wondering eyes.

What was he going to attempt to do? She started up as if to call him back, but sank back moaning: "If I could only hate him! if I could only hate him!"

Hugh went away with a firm resolve that, in some way, he would cause Kate's flag to be unfurled above the capitol. He had already handed in his resignation. Even if it were found out who did it, he being a private citizen, his punishment would not be severe. He sauntered up to the capitol, and to his delight found the building in charge of Captain John Stewart, an old comrade whom he had not met for years. Together they had served as orderlies to General Nelson. Together they had borne dispatches from General Buel to General Mitchel, at Huntsville, a few days after the fall of Corinth. In the discharge of this duty, they had met with some of Forrest's cavalry, and Stewart had been wounded nearly unto death. He had been kindly cared for by a Southern physician, and had wooed and won the doctor's daughter.\*

Stewart had been promoted for his gallantry, but his wounds were of such a nature that he was unfit for active service, so Hugh found him in charge of the state capitol.

With Stewart in command, Hugh believed that half of his difficulty had vanished, but his old comrade had so much to tell him, it was some time before he could come to the subject so near to his heart. At last Hugh found an opportunity to tell

\*See On General Thomas's Staff.

his whole story, and ended with: "Now, John, this is a strange thing I am asking of you, but don't go back on me; the happiness of my life may depend on it."

Stewart had listened to Hugh in silence. After he was through, he did not speak for some time, and then said, quietly: "It is a hard thing you ask of me, Hugh; one that, if found out, would cause my dismissal from the army in disgrace. But if your Kate is anything like my Ruth, I would, if I were you, blow up the whole of the old capitol, but I would get her. Yes, Hugh, I will help you. Meet me here on the steps of the capitol at ten o'clock to-night, and bring the flag."

Hugh could only grasp the hand of his friend, and wring it in silence. He was too full of gratitude to speak.

Early in the evening Hugh went to keep his appointment with Kate. "I have come for the flag," he said, smiling.

She looked at him incredulously. "Captain Raymond, you are joking," and tears trembled in her eyes as she spoke.

"Never was I more serious in my life," replied Hugh.

"Captain Raymond, I will not permit it," cried Kate, when fully convinced that he was in earnest. "I will not let you have the flag. I will not be a party to bring disgrace on you, after your long and honorable career in the army. Oh, why do you tempt me?" and she burst into tears.

"See here, Kate," said Hugh, "there will be no danger. I have it all arranged. God bless you for caring for me so, for now I know you love me. But have no fears, I shall never be found out. You take your stand by the window here to-morrow morning as soon as it is light, and you will see your flag floating over the capitol. Look sharp, for it will not float long."

"And you are doing this for me?" There was a tremor in her voice as she asked the question.

"For you, Kate; you deserve it, after all you have done and suffered. Now get the flag. It will be returned, for I know it is precious to you."

"Thank you," she whispered.

She went out, and in a moment returned with the flag. Hugh took it reverently, and telling her to be on the lookout for it, bade her good-night.

Kate did not sleep any that night. Long before it was light, she was at the window watching in feverish excitement. The night was dark and murky. At length the gray of morning began to show through the mists, and the dark outlines of the buildings took on huge, grotesque shapes. She could just discern the capitol; it looked like a great pile of darkness. At last she could trace the course of the Cumberland, which wound around the city like a great black ribbon. The growing light grew stronger, and with clasped hands, her gaze was now intently fixed on the capitol. Gradually the building grew into shape; the dome stood out against the dull, gray sky. Kate clasped her hands tighter;

she hardly breathed, so intent was her gaze. Yes, there was a flag floating, but it was only a blot in the sky.

The light grew. The first rays of the rising sun touched hilltop and spire, and caused the great dome to glow like burnished gold, and there proudly floating in the breeze was the flag of the dead Confederacy—her flag. The wind lingered lovingly in its folds; the sun kissed each bar. With an exclamation of delight, the girl saw, and her face became as one glorified.

Suddenly a passing cloud obscured the sun, and the flag became indistinct. Then, like a bird wounded unto death, it fluttered slowly downward, and another flag was run up. Just as it reached the top of the staff, the sun burst forth, its golden rays bringing into bold relief each star and stripe, and the breeze touched each fold with its caressing fingers, and it danced and waved as if in glee—the flag of a free and reunited people.

When Kate saw her flag come down in the shadows, and the flag victorious greeted with the outburst of light from the King of Day, her overtaxed strength gave way, and she fell fainting. Her mother found her some time afterwards, and with difficulty brought her to. But a slow fever set in, and it was some days before Hugh could see her. In the meantime, her flag had been returned, and every day a bouquet of beautiful flowers found its way to her bedside. There was no name on the flowers, and she never asked who sent them, but

she well knew. More than once when her mother silently entered the room, she found her with her eyes closed, as if asleep, and the flowers pressed to her heart. At such times, the mother, her heart full of pity for her child, would steal out of the room as silently as she came.

The morning that Kate's flag went up, early risers in Nashville declared they saw a Confederate flag floating over the capitol, but that it was soon lowered and the Federal flag run up in its place. But the tale was so ridiculed and laughed at, that even those who saw it were ashamed to mention it, and became half-way convinced that they might have been mistaken.

But the story came to the ears of the commanding general, and when Captain John Stewart was asked about it, he smiled and said that some unreconstructed rebel must have been seeing double, and there the matter ended.

Hugh's resignation was duly accepted, but he lingered in Nashville until Kate was able to see him. She scarcely recognized the smart young gentleman who appeared before her dressed in a fashionable suit of civilian's clothes.

"Captain Raymond no longer," said Hugh, with a smile, "but plain citizen Raymond. Kate, I am no longer in arms against the South."

Kate's eyes shone as she looked at him, yet in her heart, she thought he did not look so grand as he did in his uniform.

"I return home to-morrow," continued Hugh,

"and Kate, may I not write to you—only friendly letters," he added, as he noticed a shade of dissent pass over her face, "surely we can be friends."

"I shall always consider Captain Raymond among my friends," faintly replied Kate.

"God bless you for that assurance; as for me, you know how I feel toward you. Good-bye, and may happier days come," and taking her hand, Hugh gently pressed it to his lips, and was gone.

Kate started as if she would call him back, then weeping, she sought her room, and was not seen for the rest of the day.



When Hugh reached Indianapolis, he took a cab for the street and number where his letters told him his father resided. Instead of a modest, unpretentious dwelling, he stood before one of the finest residences in the city.

"Have you not made a mistake?" asked Hugh of the cab-driver.

"No mistake, sir. Mr. Luke Raymond lives here," answered cabbie.

Hugh went up the marble steps and rang the doorbell. A negro butler in faultless attire answered the call.

"Is Mr. Raymond at home?" asked Hugh.

"No, sah, he is at de office."

"Is Mrs. Raymond in?"

"Yes, sah."

"I should like to see her."

“Yo’ card, sah.”

“Tell her that a friend of her son in the army would like to see her.”

“Yes, sah, step dis way, sah,” and Hugh was ushered into a magnificent reception-room.

In a moment, Hugh heard a light step, and his mother entered the room.

“I hear,” she began, “that a friend of my son wishes to see me—” she stopped, looked earnestly at the handsome young man before her, took a step forward, looked again, and then, with a wild cry of “My son! my son!” she was in Hugh’s arms sobbing and crying for joy.

How many such meetings took place at the close of the war, and how many mothers sat clothed in mourning weeds, weeping for their sons who never came back!

“Why, Hugh, how you have grown!” exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, after the joy of the first greeting was over. “You are a man, Hugh, and a fine-looking one, too,” and she gazed on him fondly.

“Thank you, mother; and you don’t look a bit older; but where are the children?”

“At school, with the exception of one you have never seen. Oh! you must see darling little Dorothy.”

Hugh soon had his baby sister in his arms, who blinked at him as much as to say: “Who are you?”

“Well,” exclaimed Hugh, after spending a happy hour with his mother, “I reckon I will walk down to the office and see father.”



"Wait, and let me call the carriage," said his mother.

"The carriage? Bless me, mother, how you must have prospered! Has father discovered a gold mine?"

Mrs. Raymond smiled. "Not a gold mine, Hugh, but your father has been doing pretty well. He will tell you about it."

The carriage, drawn by a span of splendid horses, driven by a coachman in livery, was soon at the door. Hugh almost held his breath, as he stepped into the sumptuous vehicle. Surely something had happened.

At the office, Hugh found his father smoking a fragrant havana, and a large diamond flashed on his shirt front.

"Hugh, as I live!" shouted the old gentleman, and for a moment Mr. Raymond forgot his dignity as he welcomed his son.

"Hugh, my boy, how you have grown!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, as he surveyed Hugh through his glasses. "You are a man—a man to be proud of. I am proud of you. You are an honor to the family. I am proud of your army record. It has been a great help to me in my business to have such a son as you in the army. I forgave you long ago for running away and enlisting."

"Father," said Hugh, as he looked around the richly furnished office, and saw a number of clerks busy at work, "I don't understand it all. I went away leaving you in moderate circumstances: now

I return and find you living like a nabob. What has happened?"

Raymond *père* took the cigar from his mouth, blew a fragrant cloud of smoke from his lips, and a twinkle came into his eyes, as he answered: "Hugh, this is a great country; neither you nor I need cry over the war. You went in and fought for the flag, and have come back well and sound, and covered with glory. I stayed at home and turned government contractor. There has been money in it, my boy, money."

Hugh looked at his father a moment, and then laughing, said: "So, so, I see! I hope the shoddy clothing, pasteboard soled shoes, and rotten bacon that we have received did not come from you."

Mr. Raymond turned red in the face, and then replied: "I have the name of being a very honest contractor. I simply charged a good price. The profit on good goods was enough to satisfy any reasonable man."

"Glad to hear it, father, and I am not sorry that you have received some of the good things growing out of the war."

"Well, I can't say I feel very badly over the war, although it has been a terrible thing. As long as it was here, I saw no harm in taking advantage of the situation," replied Mr. Raymond. "Now, Hugh, you are back, what do you think of doing with yourself?"

"Stay with you, father; I reckon, from a cursory glance over your office, I can find plenty to do."

“Good, again, Hugh, just what I was going to propose. You are the very man we need. The South is going to open up a vast field for investment. A number of us are already talking railroad; you may find your field of usefulness in the South.”

Hugh's heart jumped as he heard what his father said. What if Nashville should be chosen as his field in which to work? He sincerely hoped so. Of course, he was thinking of Kate.

Hugh's hope was fulfilled. Before the year was old, he was back in Nashville, engaged in a vast railroad scheme, which was to open up a large, undeveloped territory in the South.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### JUNE ROSES

**T**HE day after the Grand Review in Washington, Fred sought General Sherman, and told him it was his intention to resign from the army.

“Captain, think before you take that step,” replied the general. “You are on my staff, I can easily get you a commission in the regular army. You are young; a glorious military career may be before you. Knowing you as I do, I can say without flattery that you have military genius of a high order, and I see no reason why, in time, you may not aspire to the highest rank.”

Fred shook his head. “General,” he replied, with much feeling, “I thank you for your kind words, but I have no wish or inclination for a military career. I have seen enough of war. In the conflict just closed, I have done the best I could, for I considered popular government at stake. If the South had been successful, the republic of our fathers would have been no more. Slavery would have triumphed over freedom. A free press and free speech would have been unknown in the South. I so loved the old flag that I fought against my kindred—against my father. The Union is saved; slavery, thank God, is dead. But the end is not yet. The

coming years will be stormy ones. The South will be slow in accepting the new order of things. The waste places must be built up. The wounds left by the war are legion; it will take years to heal them. Some of them will never heal. The South needs me now; my duty leads me into paths of peace, not of war."

The general was deeply moved by the words of Fred. Grasping him warmly by the hand, he said: "Captain, you are right; you have chosen the nobler part. I know the South looks upon me as a monster, but if she would let me be her friend, she would have none better. The people of the South, to perpetuate slavery, plunged the country into war, and brought all their misery upon themselves, but I pity them from the bottom of my heart."

"I know it, General, I know it," replied Fred. "I know what you would do, if it were possible; but it is not. They will not have it so; they will know better sometime—but not now."

Fred offered his resignation, and in due course of time it was accepted. It was with the deepest feeling he parted with his chief. General Sherman had a place in his heart equal only to the place held by General Thomas.

When Darling found that Fred was going to resign, he also offered his resignation. "I have no wish to stay in the army, if you don't, Captain," said the faithful fellow.

"What are you going to do, Dick?" asked Fred.

‘I don’t know; take a rest, I reckon, and then go at something.’

Come home with me for your rest. In fact, Dick, you must come.’

So it happened that Fred, Calhoun, and Darling left Washington together. All went well until Cincinnati was reached, when Calhoun said: ‘Before I go home, there is a little golden-haired girl up here in Ohio I want to see. I reckon her father, the blamed old Abolitionist, will want to kick me out, but see that girl I will.’

‘One of Morgan’s men should find a way,’ laughed Fred.

Calhoun left with wishes for the best of luck on the part of Fred and Darling.

‘Glad I haven’t any girl troubling me,’ said Darling to Fred, after Calhoun had gone. ‘You and Calhoun both are in misery. I tell you being in love isn’t what it is cracked up to be.’

‘It is a kind of sweet misery,’ answered Fred, ‘one that a fellow wouldn’t get rid of for anything.’

As Fred neared his home, his anxiety to see the dear ones there increased. It was nearly four years since he had left it, disowned by his father—an outcast from his kindred. It seemed to him a lifetime had been crowded into those four years. When he came in sight of the house—the house in which he was born, in which his mother died, around which clustered all the memories of his childhood, he could scarcely restrain his emotions.

On the porch stood his father, and by his side a tall, graceful girl.

"There he comes! there he comes!" she shouted, and bounded down the path like a doe, and almost before Fred could dismount, his sister Belle was in his arms laughing and crying at the same time.

The meeting between father and son was a tender one. The gray-haired veteran, who had given all to the cause of the Confederacy, and lost; and Fred, young, hopeful, and crowned with victory, silently clasped hands. Between them there was to be no more war; peace and love were to reign.

Darling was introduced, and met with a genuine Kentucky welcome. Neighbors began to drop in, for good tidings spread fast. Many who had ridden with Morgan gave Fred the warmest greetings. Friends who had been estranged shook hands, and resolved to be friends once more. The example set by General Shackelford and Fred was contagious. Well would it have been with the South, if the same spirit had prevailed all over her territory.

As for Belle, she was nearly crazed with happiness. She sang, she danced, she would play a few bars on the piano, and then run to her father, and then to Fred, giving each of them a hug and a kiss.

One of Fred's first acts was to visit his mother's grave. As he stood, with uncovered head, by the mound which covered her remains, how vividly he remembered her sweet, pale face, and with what force her words came back to him, as she took his hand and said: "My son, be true to the old flag.

God will never prosper a nation that has made human slavery its chief corner-stone."

How prophetic her words were! Yet rivers of blood had been shed that slavery might die.

In a few days Calhoun made his appearance, looking as disconsolate as if the Confederacy had fallen for the second time. When Fred asked him what kind of a reception he had met, he gave a sickly smile, and said: "Why, that blamed old fool of an Abolitionist actually declared he had rather see his daughter dead, than married to one of Morgan's cut-throats. Cut-throats! just think of it. I could hardly keep from throttling him, even if he was her father. But I will have that girl yet; see if I don't."

"Going to elope?" queried Fred.

"No, the girl is too puritanical for that. She is an obedient little thing. I wanted her to elope, but she wouldn't hear of it. But she said she would wait for me for years, that it would come out all right in time."

"Cal, she is of the right kind," answered Fred. "A girl who is true to her parents will be true to her lover. You can afford to wait; you are young yet."

"Fred, I will serve for that girl as long as Jacob served for Rachel," cried Calhoun, with enthusiasm.

"Well said, Cal, but I have other plans for both of us, better than marrying right away, to which I hope you will agree." Fred proceeded to unfold



his plans, and Calhoun readily fell in with them. What they were we shall presently see.

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On his return from the war, General Shackelford found his affairs in much better shape than he had dared to hope. John Stimson, his manager, had the plantation in splendid shape. The country had not been devastated with any large bodies of troops since the Bragg-Buel campaign, in the fall of 1862. Stimson had raised large crops, saved most of them, and secured the high prices of war times. When emancipation came, he readily accepted the situation, and kept most of the slaves by using them well, and paying fair wages. Only the idle and shiftless left. Thus, to General Shackelford's surprise, he found himself as well off as he was at the beginning of the war, notwithstanding the loss of his slaves.

One thing which gave Fred great happiness was the welcome he received from the freedmen who had remained on the plantation. Old George nearly went wild with delight.

"De Lawd bress yo', Massa Fred," he exclaimed, with uplifted hands; "it does my ole eyes good to see yo' once mo'. Now ole George can die in peace, he will nebber lebe yo'." And he never did; he lived and died on the old plantation.

After Fred had been at home a few days, he had a long talk with his father as to the future. He frankly told him of his love for Lucille, and that she had promised to be his wife.

General Shackelford, although somewhat surprised at Fred's avowal, said: "My son, not for a moment will I stand in the way of your happiness. But I was in hopes you would complete your college course. I have the laudable ambition of seeing you, before I die, in the halls of Congress."

"I have thought of all that, father," answered Fred; "I am still young, not quite twenty-one. Lucille is only nineteen. We can afford to wait. Calhoun and I have been talking over future prospects, and we have both concluded to enter Harvard, your old *alma mater*, in the fall.

"God bless you both," replied the general. "I see you and Cal have come back reasonable beings. If your girls are worth having, they will wait."

June had come, and almost gone, when Fred prepared for his journey South. Darling had remained with him, up to this time, but now he said: "Captain, our ways now part. I have had my rest, and I think I will take to civil engineering. I had nearly completed a course in that branch when that girl I spoke about sent me out West to grow up with the country. You go South by the way of Louisville, do you not?"

"Yes, Dick. Saying good-bye to you is the hardest thing yet. I only wish you were going with me."

"So I will, Captain, as far as Elizabethtown. You know John Smith lived there, and when he was dying, we promised to convey to his wife and daughters his last words."

“Dick, I am ashamed of myself. In my happiness, I had forgotten them. We—we must see them.”

On reaching Elizabethtown, they were surprised to find Mrs. Smith a refined, well educated lady. She had married John Smith against the bitter opposition of her parents, who considered the marriage beneath her, and in consequence, she had been disowned. But she had never regretted her decision, for John Smith, although rough and uncouth, had made a kind and indulgent husband. The two daughters, Lucy and Mary, had been carefully educated by their mother, and were as pretty girls as one could wish to see.

“We were very happy,” said Mrs. Smith, through her tears, “until the war came. Then my husband’s whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in the cause of the Union. He spoke of you two in his letters. He was not much of a writer, and we did not hear from him very often. Then came that dreadful silence through all the long months he was in Andersonville. We had given him up for dead long before we received Captain Shackelford’s letter, telling when and how he died. It was a great comfort to us to know that friends were with him to cheer his last moments, and to close his eyes.”

The poor woman could say no more, for tears and sobs choked her voice.

Waiting until she became calmer, Fred said: “He was one of the truest friends I ever had. No

man ever had a nobler heart. When he died, I wept for him as I would for a father."

Fred then gave her a full account of his last moments, and the message that he gave to him and Darling when he was dying, and assured her that his last thoughts were of his wife and children.

After spending a pleasant day with Mrs. Smith and her daughters, Fred continued on his journey, leaving Darling in Elizabethtown.

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It was near the close of a warm June day when Fred drew rein before the residence of Judge Chambers. The country around had never felt the ravages of war, yet it looked sadly neglected. There were but few black people working in the fields—they yet had to learn the hard lesson that freedom did not mean immunity from labor.

"Is Judge Chambers at home?" asked Fred of a colored boy, who slouched lazily forward to take his horse.

"Yes, sah," was the answer.

Fred dismounted, and going up the steps, was met on the porch by the judge, who saluted him civilly, and asked him to take a seat. Fred was startled at his appearance; he looked at least ten years older than he did when Fred had seen him but a few months before.

"How are you, Judge," said Fred, pleasantly; "I see you have forgotten me."

The judge started, and then looked at him

earnestly. "Is it—is it possible, that this is Captain Shackelford?" he at length asked.

"Frederic Shackelford, at your service, captain no longer."

The judge gave him his hand, but there was no warmth in it. He had not forgotten the imposition practiced on him by Fred, or that he once belonged to the hated Yankee army.

Fred noticed the coldness of his reception, and his spirits fell; but just then Colonel Chambers came riding up, and no sooner did he see who it was, than he was by his side, warmly shaking Fred's hand, and crying: "Captain Shackelford, as I live! Old fellow, I am glad to see you; and Lucille, well, she will have to speak for herself. But she isn't in just now; she went for a canter after supper. I reckon you will find her at a little spring you may know of. It seems to be a favorite resort for her."

"Here, boy, bring back that horse," shouted Fred. "I will see you later," he called to Colonel Chambers, as he mounted and rode away.

Before Fred reached the spring, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and proceeded on foot. At length, he caught sight of Lucille. She, too, had dismounted, and was sitting by the side of the spring, looking into the depths of the clear, sparkling water. Never had it reflected back a fairer face. Pinned to her corsage was a bouquet of pure white roses.

Silently stealing up behind her, Fred bent over her until his own face was reflected in the water



**ONE LOOK, AND WITH A GLAD CRY SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS.**



beside hers. She gave a little shriek of surprise, and sprang to her feet. One look, and with a glad cry of "Oh, Fred!" she was in his arms.

What they said, of the happiness which sang in their hearts, it is not for us to write. Hand in hand they walked to where John Smith was buried. Fred found the grave carefully tended, and on it lay a bouquet of fresh roses.

"I place a bouquet here every day for your sake, love," whispered Lucille.

"God bless you," answered Fred, as he impressed a kiss on her lips.

That evening Fred had a talk with Lucille on his plans, and in return Lucille told hers, in which Fred fully concurred.

The next day Fred had a long conversation with the judge and his son. The judge was still reserved, and seemed like a man broken in spirit.

"When Lucille is of age," he said to Fred, "she can marry whom she pleases, but until she is, I cannot give my consent. I cannot forget that you fought with the enemies of the South. Look around you and see the effects of your emancipation. I see nothing before me but ruin. My slaves are scattered; the lazy rascals will not work."

Like so many of the older men of the South, the judge could not reconcile himself to the new order of things.

Fred found that while Colonel Chambers took a more cheerful view of things than the judge, he was in anything but a hopeful frame of mind. He then



told them of the way John Stimson had done, and of his success.

"Let the worthless and shiftless negroes go," said Fred; "keep the good ones. Call them together, tell them they are free; that they can go where they please, but that if they will stay, you will use them well, and pay them decent wages. My word for it, in less than three years you will be raising more cotton, and at less expense, than before the war."

Judge Chambers shook his head; he had no faith. "There is no good in a nigger," he said, "except as a slave." But Colonel Chambers grasped the idea, and told Fred that he would try it.

"Now," continued Fred, addressing the judge, "I wish to speak to you of Lucille. I see that you are not favorable to my suit, that you still consider me an enemy. You say that when Lucille becomes of age, she can marry whom she pleases, but until that time, you will not give your consent. Neither Lucille nor I think of marrying at present. We are both young. I have promised my father to take a course in college. It will take four years. Lucille and I have talked it all over, and are perfectly agreed. She tells me that her father left her a large fortune deposited in the Bank of England. She is anxious to spend the four years I am in college in traveling in Europe, and in perfecting her education. As her guardian, Judge, you should accompany her. The next few years will be rather troublesome ones. Why not leave your son, the

colonel, here to look after your affairs, and you and Mrs. Chambers accompany Lucille to Europe?"

"Just the thing!" cried the colonel.

The judge at first demurred, but Lucille pleaded so earnestly, that he at last consented, and it was all arranged that as soon as preparations could be made, they would go. Fred remained until they were ready to start, and the days thus passed were the happiest of his life, hitherto.

From Lucille and Colonel Chambers, Fred learned that when the surrender came, Colonel Kenyon, like so many of General Wade Hampton's command, refused to give their paroles, and fled. The colonel became one of President Davis's escort, in his flight, but escaped capture.

"After the president was captured," said Colonel Chambers, "Kenyon made his way here. He was in a desperate plight, and begged that we would give him shelter. Father had learned of his treachery and hypocrisy and refused to see him. Of course I sheltered him, and when he left, gave him some money—by the way, some of the money you lent me—to continue his flight. While here, he begged piteously that Lucille would see him, but she absolutely refused. In fact, she kept her room all the time he was here; said she was afraid of him. I reckon she was right, for he had the appearance of being a desperate man. He left with the determination of making his way to Mexico."

This Fred found out years afterwards that he did, being one of the malcontents who sought refuge

in that country; and he espoused the cause of the ill-fated Maximilian. From Mexico, Kenyon made his way to Brazil, having heard that a number of South Carolinians had sought refuge in that country. Here he married the daughter of a wealthy coffee planter, and word came back, in 1870, that he had died of yellow fever.

The month which the judge took to prepare for his trip to Europe passed rapidly, and then the party, accompanied by Fred, started for New York by the way of Nashville and Louisville.

The parting of Fred and Lucille was sacred to themselves. Lucille expected to stay in Europe the four years that Fred was in college, but not a shadow of doubt crossed the mind of either. Their love for each other was too great.

Colonel Chambers accompanied the party to New York, and on his way back, he paid a visit to Fred's home, which proved the forerunner of many others. While there he learned much from John Stimson about managing free negroes, and he went home with the determination to give the plan a fair trial. This he did, and to his surprise, he found that at the end of three years, he was raising more cotton than ever, and at less expense. So successful was he, that the envy of many of his neighbors was aroused, and he was accused of creating dissatisfaction among the colored people, by treating and paying his laborers too well. This caused him much trouble during the days of reconstruction, and more than once he was threatened, but he

bravely stood up for his rights, and at last was let alone.

In the fall of 1865 Fred and Calhoun entered Harvard, and devoted their entire energies to study.

It was during the early winter of 1866 that Fred received a letter from Richard Darling, which pleased him greatly. It ran:

DEAR CAPTAIN:

You remember I once told you it was the fickleness of a girl whom I thought an angel, but who proved very earthly, that drove me into the wilds of the West. I thought then, and for years afterwards, that I would never again trust one of womankind. But I have changed my mind. Sweet Lucy Smith has promised to be my wife. We are to be married Christmas. You must come and dance at the wedding. I have a good position here, with chance of rising higher. Mrs. Smith and Mary will live with us. I have no fears of my prospective mother-in-law. Mary has a position in the public schools as a teacher. We shall make a happy household. Don't fail to be at the wedding.

Yours ever,

DICK.

"Dear old Dick!" said Fred to himself; "I will be there, and the bride shall have a wedding present that will make her heart sing for joy."

Hugh Raymond became one of the leading railroad magnates of the South. But it was not until Tennessee had been admitted into the Union, and was once more in possession of her full rights as a state, that Kate yielded and promised to become his wife.

"Hugh, I have kept my word," she exclaimed, with an arch look. "I said I never would marry an enemy of my country, and I am not going to. We now have the same country."

"Why, bless your heart, Kate," replied Hugh, "it has been one country all the time, only you wouldn't have it that way. But you are worth all the years of waiting, dearest; I am content." And he folded her to his heart, and planted kiss after kiss on her blushing cheeks.

"I have loved you all the time, Hugh," said Kate, with a roguish smile, "and I have been a very foolish, foolish girl."

"How is that, Kate?"

"I once refused a brave and gallant soldier, and now have taken up with nothing but a carpet-bagger."

"Served you right," was Hugh's answer.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### YEARS AFTERWARDS.

**Y**EARS have come and gone since the events chronicled in these pages. A new generation have been born and grown to manhood and womanhood, since the close of the great Civil War, in fact, it might be said almost a new nation has come into existence.

Toward the close of the year 1898, a notable gathering took place at the residence of the Honorable Frederic Shackelford in his Kentucky home.

It was a gathering of those whose fortunes our readers have followed all through the dark days of the war. General Richard Shackelford, Colonel Shackelford, Judge Pennington, and Judge Chambers had all been gathered to their fathers, and were now resting where wars and rumors of war never come. All the younger people were there—but young no longer.

Conspicuous among the guests was Judge Calhoun Pennington. For years he had been filling the honorable position held by his father before him. By his side was his wife, daughter of the "old Abolitionist," as Calhoun was wont to speak of his father-in-law. This gentleman departed this life, just as Calhoun had finished his college course;

on his death-bed, he relented, and gave his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Calhoun, although he had been one of Morgan's men. The girl was a little golden-haired thing, and Calhoun was always immensely proud of her.

Sweet Mabel Vaughn was there, now Mrs. General Ainsworth. The years had touched Mabel gently. She was still an angel of mercy to the poor and afflicted around her. The friendship she and Fred bore for each other never withered. To Fred she was still sister Mabel. As for General Ainsworth, he idolized his wife; and from the looks of love and affection with which he regarded her, one would never have surmised he was the same Captain Ainsworth who nearly lost both honor and life for the love he bore Kate Shackelford.

Hugh Raymond and Kate were there. Hugh was the same jovial, rollicking fellow as of old. His wife declares he will always be a boy, and says that she frequently catches him turning summersaults with his boys. Kate still has some of her old imperious ways, but Hugh affirms she is one of the most gentle and obedient of wives.

Among Kate's most sacred relics is a faded Confederate flag. Once a year, she unfolds it and lovingly touches each star and bar. Strange to say, she keeps it wrapped in a United States flag.

"They are both dear to me," she says. "The love I bear for the old flag is the love one has for

buried hopes. My present hopes, my living love is for the Stars and Stripes."

Well can Kate say this, for her eldest son is a colonel, at the head of his regiment in Cuba.

Gallant Dick Darling and his wife were there. He is now the chief engineer of one of the large railroad systems of the country. But his special pride is in his son, John Smith Darling.

Colonel Charles Chambers, now a member of Congress from Georgia, was there. The handsome, matronly woman by his side was once Miss Belle Shackelford. Colonel Chambers always boasts that while Fred got the best of him in the war, he beat him afterwards, for he stole his sister, while Fred in return only got his cousin.

But when Fred looks on his wife, confessedly the handsomest matron in Kentucky, he finds no fault with the exchange. His eldest son was with Dewey in Manila Bay. He is named Nelson, in honor of that bluff old navy officer and soldier who won Fred's heart when a boy, and whose scout he was.

And Prince, we must not forget him. His last days were full of peace. For years before he died, he neither felt the touch of saddle nor of bridle. He died of old age, and was buried with military honors.

Before the company broke up, Fred arose, and said: "Dear friends, old comrades all, before we part, let me propose a toast:



## OUR COUNTRY.

“The blood which was shed in a fratricidal war has become the cement binding the North and the South together in bonds too strong to be broken. As the old flag is now carrying liberty to the oppressed of Cuba, and the far-off isles of the sea, may it yet carry liberty throughout the whole world.”

And from every lip there came the response:

“AMEN AND AMEN.”





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